

THE ENGLISH REVIEW

MAY, 1913

The Riddle

By Arthur H. Adams

I stood beneath the Night's unmoved expanse.
And lo! upon the fallow darkness sown
Like seeds, the stars; or bright confetti thrown
Upon the dusty floor of Circumstance;
Or hung, a jewelled necklace, to enhance
The throat of Night! And to some Power unknown
I cried, "Is Man then but a mote alone
Caught in a falling rain-drop—dust of Chance?"
Yet in the desert of this sterile Space
A living moss upon a crumbling clod
Tenacious finds a brief abiding-place:
An Insignificance that has its dream—
A mind that reads a meaning in the scheme—
A heart whose craving dares create a God!

To Harriet Shelley

By George Herbert Clarke

As some blithe schooner sailing on the breast
Of ocean, thrilled by the sheer voyaging,
Heedless that wave and wind must hourly bring
Her near and nearer to the haven-rest;—
Yard-arms akimbo, carelessness confest,
Dancing through worlds of water, white of wing
And light of heart;—finds harbour, wondering
Where now the roar, the rigour, and the zest:—
Creature of chance, so was it with thy life,
Who knew not, hardly loved, the element
Upbearing thee, but, glad to be a wife,
Took little thought *whither* the compass bent,---
Crossing the troubled deep of Shelley's spirit,
The silent Dark thereafter to inherit!

SONNETS

At the Taj-Mahal : the Tomb and the Garden of Ârjamund the Beloved

By Geoffrey Cookson

A BREATH, a shadow, chills the marble dome,
Changing the rose-blush to sepulchral clay;
Quenched are heaven's seas, that broke in golden foam,
And frozen, ere it fell, their airy spray.
The colours on the water fade away;
The long, bright mirrors, flashing blue and gold,
Are cumbered with the ruins of the day;
And stars, that give no light, dawn dim and cold.
Come, O Beloved, through the warm dusk air,
While the dark cypress whispers to the rose,
And the young moon a-down thy glimmering stair
Her shadow, like a shaft of jasper, throws :
And you, vain human shadows, hush your tread,
And leave her garden to the deathless dead.

Consolation

By F. S. Flint

WHAT if my life be cast in barren ways,
Between brick walls, where flowers do not grow,
Where golden fields of corn wave not nor glow,
And cold unfriendly faces meet my gaze---
There still are trees in London : in the maze
Of noisy streets I meet them as I go,
Dejected and bewildered, to and fro,
And my heart leaps and with rejoicing says :
Still have I golden books where men have limned
The flowers of their spirit and its songs--
Birds singing in the branches of my mind ;
And, O my love, your image is undimmed,
While chiming in my soul like silver gongs
Your voice and laughter through its silence wind.

SONNETS

Any Lover to Any Mistress

By Hamilton Fyfe

YOUR curving lips were made for kisses, Sweet :
Your slim, firm fingers to be held in mine :
Your soft, strong arms around my neck to twine :
Your heart beneath its blue-veined breast to beat
In sudden, short-lived ecstasies : your feet
To dance a Pagan measure of pure joy :
Your tingling, tender body very meet
For service exquisite in Love's employ.
And God who made that body for delight
Should there have stayed, and left a perfect thing,
Nor added to your loveliness a soul.
So had He spared you sharpest suffering,
Dark waves of pain that o'er your spirit roll,
And sobs which shake you through the lonely night.

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Rose and Amaranth

By Stephen Southwold

WHEN I do see the laggard sun uprise,
Red herald of the death of sullied night;
Scattering the largess of a victor's prize
With unthrift hand, grim usury's delight;
I muse on all the pomp, and worldly state;
The brave rich trappings of dead yesterday,
That Time, in jocund partnership with Fate,
Has levelled with his scythe, and swept away.
Scarce still the dust of ruin, ere in turn
New glories rise, with all the livery
Of youthful splendour, which is fain to spurn
The destined empire of posterity.
Yet ever day from night the day has won;
And night, unknighly, slays the dying sun.

Overruled: A Dramatic Study*

By Bernard Shaw

A lady and gentleman are sitting together on a chesterfield in a retired corner of the lounge of a seaside hotel. It is a summer night: the French window behind them stands open. The terrace without overlooks a moonlit harbor. The lounge is dark. The chesterfield, upholstered in silver grey, and the two figures on it in evening dress, catch the light from an arc lamp somewhere; but the walls, covered with a dark green paper, are in gloom. There are two stray chairs, one on each side. On the gentleman's right, behind him up near the window, is an unused fireplace. Opposite it on the lady's left is a door. The gentleman is on the lady's right.

The lady is very attractive, with a musical voice and soft appealing manners. She is young: that is, one feels sure that she is under thirty-five and over twenty-four. The gentleman does not look much older. He is rather handsome, and has ventured as far in the direction of poetic dandyism in the arrangement of his hair as any man who is not a professional artist can afford to in England. He is obviously very much in love with the lady, and is, in fact, yielding to an irresistible impulse to throw his arms round her.

THE LADY. Dont—oh dont be horrid. Please, Mr. Lunn [*she rises from the lounge and retreats behind it*]! Promise me you wont be horrid.

GREGORY LUNN. I'm not being horrid, Mrs. Juno. I'm not going to be horrid. I love you: thats all. I'm extraordinarily happy.

MRS. JUNO. You will really be good?

GREGORY. I'll be whatever you wish me to be. I tell you I love you. I love loving you. I dont want to be tired and sorry, as I should be if I were to be horrid. I dont want you to be tired and sorry. Do come and sit down again.

MRS. JUNO [*coming back to her seat*] Youre sure you dont want anything you oughtnt to?

GREGORY. Quite sure. I only want you [*she recoils*]. Dont

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be alarmed: I like wanting you. As long as I have a want, I have a reason for living. Satisfaction is death.

MRS. JUNO. Yes; but the impulse to commit suicide is sometimes irresistible.

GREGORY. Not with you.

MRS. JUNO. What!

GREGORY. Oh, it sounds uncomplimentary; but it isn't really. Do you know why half the couples who find themselves situated as we are now behave horridly?

MRS. JUNO. Because they can't help it if they let things go too far.

GREGORY. Not a bit of it. It's because they have nothing else to do, and no other way of entertaining each other. You don't know what it is to be alone with a woman who has little beauty and less conversation. What is a man to do? She can't talk interestingly; and if he talks that way himself she doesn't understand him. He can't look at her: if he does, he only finds out that she isn't beautiful. Before the end of five minutes they are both hideously bored. There's only one thing that can save the situation; and that's what you call being horrid. With a beautiful, witty, kind woman, there's no time for such follies. It's so delightful to look at her, to listen to her voice, to hear all she has to say, that nothing else happens. That is why the woman who is supposed to have a thousand lovers seldom has one; whilst the stupid, graceless animals of women have dozens.

MRS. JUNO. I wonder! It's quite true that when one feels in danger one talks like mad to stave it off, even when one doesn't quite want to stave it off.

GREGORY. One never does quite want to stave it off. Danger is delicious. But death isn't. We court the danger; but the real delight is in escaping, after all.

MRS. JUNO. I don't think we'll talk about it any more. Danger is all very well when you do escape; but sometimes one doesn't. I tell you frankly I don't feel as safe as you do--if you really do.

GREGORY. But surely you can do as you please without injuring anyone, Mrs. Juno. That is the whole secret of your extraordinary charm for me.

MRS. JUNO. I don't understand.

GREGORY. Well, I hardly know how to begin to explain. But the root of the matter is that I am what people call a good man.

MRS. JUNO. I thought so until you began making love to me.

GREGORY. But you knew I loved you all along.

MRS. JUNO. Yes, of course; but I depended on you not to tell me so; because I thought you were good. Your blurting it out spoilt it. And it was wicked besides.

OVERRULED: A DRAMATIC STUDY

GREGORY. Not at all. You see, it's a great many years since I've been able to allow myself to fall in love. I know lots of charming women; but the worst of it is, they're all married. Women don't become charming, to my taste, until they're fully developed; and by that time, if they're really nice, they're snapped up and married. And then, because I am a good man, I have to place a limit to my regard for them. I may be fortunate enough to gain friendship and even very warm affection from them; but my loyalty to their husbands and their hearths and their happiness obliges me to draw a line and not overstep it. Of course I value such affectionate regard very highly indeed. I am surrounded with women who are most dear to me. But every one of them has a post sticking up, if I may put it that way, with the inscription: *Trespassers Will Be Prosecuted*. How we all loathe that notice! In every lovely garden, in every dell full of primroses, on every fair hillside, we meet that confounded board; and there is always a gamekeeper round the corner. But what is that to the horror of meeting it on every beautiful woman, and knowing that there is a husband round the corner? I have had this accursed board standing between me and every dear and desirable woman until I thought I had lost the power of letting myself fall really and wholeheartedly in love.

MRS. JUNO. Wasn't there a widow?

GREGORY. No. Widows are extraordinarily scarce in modern society. Husbands live longer than they used to; and even when they do die, their widows have a string of names down for their next.

MRS. JUNO. Well, what about the young girls?

GREGORY. Oh, who cares for young girls? They're unsympathetic. They're beginners. They don't attract me. I'm afraid of them.

MRS. JUNO. That's the correct thing to say to a woman of my age. But it doesn't explain why you seem to have put your scruples in your pocket when you met me.

GREGORY. Surely that's quite clear. I—

MRS. JUNO. No: please don't explain. I don't want to know. I take your word for it. Besides, it doesn't matter now. Our voyage is over; and to-morrow I start for the north to my poor father's place.

GREGORY [*surprised*]. Your poor father! I thought he was alive.

MRS. JUNO. So he is. What made you think he wasn't?

GREGORY. You said your poor father.

MRS. JUNO. Oh, that's a trick of mine. Rather a silly trick, I suppose; but there's something pathetic to me about men: I find myself calling them poor So-and-So when there's nothing whatever the matter with them.

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GREGORY [*who has listened in growing alarm*] But I— is? —wa—? Oh Lord!

MRS. JUNO. Whats the matter?

GREGORY. Nothing.

MRS. JUNO. Nothing! [*Rising anxiously*] Nonsense: youre ill.

GREGORY. No. It was something about your late husband—

MRS. JUNO. My late husband! What do you mean? [*Clutching him, horror-stricken*] Dont tell me he's dead.

GREGORY [*rising, equally appalled*] Dont tell me he's alive.

MRS. JUNO. Oh, dont frighten me like this. Of course he's alive—unless youve heard anything.

GREGORY. The first day we met—on the boat—you spoke to me of your poor dear husband.

MRS. JUNO [*releasing him, quite reassured*] Is that all?

GREGORY. Well, afterwards you called him poor Tops. Always poor Tops, or poor dear Tops. What could I think?

MRS. JUNO [*sitting down again*] I wish you hadnt given me such a shock about him; for I havnt been treating him at all well. Neither have you.

GREGORY [*relapsing into his seat, overwhelmed*] And you mean to tell me youre not a widow!

MRS. JUNO. Gracious, no. I'm not in black.

GREGORY. Then I have been behaving like a blackguard! I have broken my promise to my mother. I shall never have an easy conscience again.

MRS. JUNO. I'm sorry. I thought you knew.

GREGORY. You thought I was a libertine?

MRS. JUNO. No: of course I shouldnt have spoken to you if I had thought that. I thought you liked me, but that you knew, and would be good.

GREGORY [*stretching his hands towards her breast*] I thought the burden of being good had fallen from my soul at last. I saw nothing there but a bosom to rest on: the bosom of a lovely woman of whom I could dream without guilt. What do I see now?

MRS. JUNO. Just what you saw before.

GREGORY [*despairingly*] No, no.

MRS. JUNO. What else?

GREGORY. Trespassers Will Be Prosecuted: Trespassers Will Be Prosecuted.

MRS. JUNO. They wont if they hold their tongues. Dont be such a coward. My husband wont eat you.

GREGORY. I'm not afraid of your husband. I'm afraid of my conscience.

MRS. JUNO [*losing patience*] Well! I dont consider myself at all a badly behaved woman; for nothing has passed between us that was not perfectly nice and friendly; but really! to hear a grown-up man talking about promises to his mother!—

OVERRULED: A DRAMATIC STUDY

GREGORY [*interrupting her*] Yes, yes : I know all about that. It's not romantic : it's not Don Juan : it's not advanced ; but we feel it all the same. It's far deeper in our blood and bones than all the romantic stuff. My father got into a scandal once : that was why my mother made me promise never to make love to a married woman. And now I've done it I can't feel honest. Don't pretend to despise me or laugh at me. You feel it too. You said just now that your own conscience was uneasy when you thought of your husband. What must it be when you think of my wife?

MRS. JUNO [*rising aghast*] Your wife!!! You don't dare sit there and tell me coolly that you're a married man!

GREGORY. I never led you to believe I was unmarried.

MRS. JUNO. Oh! You never gave me the faintest hint that you had a wife.

GREGORY. I did indeed. I discussed things with you that only married people really understand.

MRS. JUNO. Oh!!

GREGORY. I thought it the most delicate way of letting you know.

MRS. JUNO. Well, you are a daisy, I must say. I suppose that's vulgar ; but really! really!! You and your goodness! However, now we've found one another out there's only one thing to be done. Will you please go?

GREGORY [*rising slowly*] I ought to go.

MRS. JUNO. Well, go.

GREGORY. Yes. Er—[*he tries to go*] I—I somehow can't. [*He sits down again helplessly*] My conscience is active : my will is paralysed. This is really dreadful. Would you mind ringing the bell and asking them to throw me out? You ought to, you know.

MRS. JUNO. What! make a scandal in the face of the whole hotel! Certainly not. Don't be a fool.

GREGORY. Yes ; but I can't go.

MRS. JUNO. Then I can. Goodbye.

GREGORY [*holding her hand*] Can you really?

MRS. JUNO. Of course I—[*she wavers*] Oh dear! [*They contemplate one another helplessly*]. I can't. [*She sinks on the lounge, hand in hand with him*].

GREGORY. For heaven's sake pull yourself together. It's a question of self-control.

MRS. JUNO [*dragging her hand away and retreating to the end of the chesterfield*] No : it's a question of distance. Self-control is all very well two or three yards off, or on a ship, with everybody looking on. Don't come any nearer.

GREGORY. This is a ghastly business. I want to go away ; and I can't.

MRS. JUNO. I think you ought to go [*he makes an effort ; and she adds quickly*] but if you try to I shall grab you round

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chesterfield, not noticing the two palpitating figures blotted against the walls in the gloom. The figures flit away noiselessly through the window and disappear].

JUNO [*officiously*] Ah: here we are. [*He leads the way to the sofa*]. Sit down: I'm sure you're tired. [*She sits*]. That's right. [*He sits beside her on her left*]. Hullo! [*he rises*] this sofa's quite warm.

MRS. LUNN [*bored*] Is it? I don't notice it. I expect the sun's been on it.

JUNO. I felt it quite distinctly: I'm more thinly clad than you. [*He sits down again, and proceeds, with a sigh of satisfaction*] What a relief to get off the ship and have a private room! That's the worst of a ship. You're under observation all the time.

MRS. LUNN: But why not?

JUNO. Well, of course there's no reason: at least I suppose not. But, you know, part of the romance of a journey is that a man keeps imagining that something might happen; and he can't do that if there are a lot of people about and it simply can't happen.

MRS. LUNN. Mr. Juno: romance is all very well on board ship; but when your foot touches the soil of England there's an end of it.

JUNO. No: believe me, that's a foreigner's mistake: we are the most romantic people in the world, we English. Why, my very presence here is a romance.

MRS. LUNN [*faintly ironical*] Indeed?

JUNO. Yes. You've guessed, of course, that I'm a married man.

MRS. LUNN. Oh, that's all right. I'm a married woman.

JUNO. Thank Heaven for that! To my English mind, passion is not real passion without guilt. I am a red-blooded man, Mrs. Lunn: I can't help it. The tragedy of my life is that I married, when quite young, a woman I simply couldn't help being very fond of. I longed for a guilty passion: for the real thing: the wicked thing; and yet I couldn't care twopence for any other woman when my wife was about. Year after year went by: I felt my youth slipping away without ever having had a romance in my life; for marriage is all very well; but it isn't romance. There's nothing wrong in it, you see.

MRS. LUNN. Poor man! How you must have suffered!

JUNO. No: that was what was so tame about it. I wanted to suffer. You get so sick of being happily married. It's always the happy marriages that break up. At last my wife and I agreed that we ought to take a holiday.

MRS. LUNN. Hadn't you holidays every year?

JUNO. Oh, the seaside and so on! That's not what we meant. We meant a holiday from one another.

MRS. LUNN. How very odd!

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JUNO. She said it was an excellent idea; that domestic felicity was making us perfectly idiotic; that she wanted a holiday too. So we agreed to go round the world in opposite directions. I started for Suez on the day she sailed for New York.

MRS. LUNN [*suddenly becoming attentive*] Thats precisely what Gregory and I did. Now I wonder did he want a holiday from me! What he said was that he wanted the delight of meeting me after a long absence.

JUNO. Could anything be more romantic than that? Would anyone else than an Englishman have thought of it? I daresay my temperament seems tame to your boiling southern blood—

MRS. LUNN. My what!

JUNO. Your southern blood. Dont you remember how you told me, that night in the saloon when I sang "Farewell and adieu to you dear Spanish ladies," that you were by birth a lady of Spain? Your splendid Andalusian beauty speaks for itself.

MRS. LUNN. Stuff! I was born in Gibraltar. My father was Captain Jenkins. In the artillery.

JUNO [*ardently*] It is climate and not race that determines the temperament. The fiery sun of Spain blazed on your cradle; and it rocked to the roar of British cannon.

MRS. LUNN. What eloquence! It reminds me of my husband when he was in love—before we were married. Are you in love?

JUNO. Yes; and with the same woman.

MRS. LUNN. Well, of course, I didnt suppose you were in love with two women.

JUNO. I dont think you quite understand. I meant that I am in love with you.

MRS. LUNN [*relapsing into deepest boredom*] Oh, that! Men do fall in love with me. They all seem to think me a creature with volcanic passions: I'm sure I dont know why; for all the volcanic women I know are plain little creatures with sandy hair. I dont consider human volcanoes respectable. And I'm so tired of the subject! Our house is always full of women who are in love with my husband and men who are in love with me. We encourage it because it's pleasant to have company.

JUNO. And is your husband as insensible as yourself?

MRS. LUNN. Oh, Gregory's not insensible: very far from it; but I am the only woman in the world for him.

JUNO. But you? Are you really as insensible as you say you are?

MRS. LUNN. I never said anything of the kind. I'm not at all insensible by nature; but (I dont know whether youve noticed it) I am what people call rather a fine figure of a woman.

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JUNO [*passionately*] Noticed it! Oh, Mrs. Lunn! Have I been able to notice anything else since we met?

MRS. LUNN. There you go, like all the rest of them! I ask you, how do you expect a woman to keep up what you call her sensibility when this sort of thing has happened to her about three times a week ever since she was seventeen? It used to upset me and terrify me at first. Then I got rather a taste for it. It came to a climax with Gregory: that was why I married him. Then it became a mild lark, hardly worth the trouble. After that I found it valuable once or twice as a spinal tonic when I was run down; but now it's an unmitigated bore. I dont mind your declaration: I daresay it gives you a certain pleasure to make it. I quite understand that you adore me; but (if you dont mind) I'd rather you didnt keep on saying so.

JUNO. Is there then no hope for me?

MRS. LUNN. Oh yes. Gregory has an idea that married women keep lists of the men theyll marry if they become widows. I'll put your name down, if that will satisfy you.

JUNO. Is the list a long one?

MRS. LUNN. Do you mean the real list? Not the one I shew to Gregory: there are hundreds of names on that; but the little private list that he'd better not see?

JUNO. Oh, will you really put me on that? Say you will.

MRS. LUNN. Well, perhaps I will. [*He kisses her hand*]. Now dont begin abusing the privilege.

JUNO. May I call you by your Christian name?

MRS. LUNN. No: it's too long. You cant go about calling a woman Seraphita.

JUNO [*ecstatically*] Seraphita!

MRS. LUNN. I used to be called Sally at home; but when I married a man named Lunn, of course that became ridiculous. Thats my one little pet joke. Call me Mrs. Lunn for short. And change the subject, or I shall go to sleep.

JUNO. I cant change the subject. For me there is no other subject. Why else have you put me on your list?

MRS. LUNN. Because youre a solicitor. Gregory's a solicitor. I'm accustomed to my husband being a solicitor and telling me things he oughtnt to tell anybody.

JUNO [*ruefully*] Is that all? Oh, I cant believe that the voice of love has ever thoroughly awakened you.

MRS. LUNN. No: it sends me to sleep. [*Juno appeals against this by an amorous demonstration*]. It's no use, Mr. Juno: I'm hopelessly respectable: the Jenkinses always were. Dont you realize that unless most women were like that, the world couldnt go on as it does?

JUNO [*darkly*] You think it goes on respectably; but I can tell you as a solicitor—

MRS. LUNN. Stuff! Of course all the disreputable people

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who get into trouble go to you, just as all the sick people go to the doctors; but most people never go to a solicitor.

JUNO [*rising, with a growing sense of injury*] Look here, Mrs. Lunn: do you think a man's heart is a potato? or a turnip? or a ball of knitting wool? that you can throw it away like this?

MRS. LUNN. I dont throw away balls of knitting wool. A man's heart seems to me much like a sponge: it sops up dirty water as well as clean.

JUNO. I have never been treated like this in my life. Here am I, a married man, with a most attractive wife: a wife I adore, and who adores me, and has never as much as looked at any other man since we were married. I come and throw all this at your feet. I! I, a solicitor! braving the risk of your husband putting me into the divorce court and making me a beggar and an outcast! I do this for your sake. And you go on as if I were making no sacrifice: as if I had told you it's a fine evening, or asked you to have a cup of tea. It's not human. It's not right. Love has its rights as well as respectability [*he sits down again, aloof and sulky*].

MRS. LUNN. Nonsense! Here! heres a flower [*she gives him one*]. Go and dream over it until you feel hungry. Nothing brings people to their senses like hunger.

JUNO [*contemplating the flower without rapture*] What good's this?

MRS. LUNN [*snatching it from him*] Oh! you dont love me a bit.

JUNO. Yes I do. Or at least I did. But I'm an Englishman; and I think you ought to respect the conventions of English life.

MRS. LUNN. But I am respecting them; and youre not.

JUNO. Pardon me. I may be doing wrong; but I'm doing it in a proper and customary manner. You may be doing right; but youre doing it in an unusual and questionable manner. I am not prepared to put up with that. I can stand being badly treated: I'm no baby, and can take care of myself with anybody. And of course I can stand being well treated. But the one thing I cant stand is being unexpectedly treated. It's outside my scheme of life. So come now! youve got to behave naturally and straightforwardly with me. You can leave husband and child, home, friends, and country, for my sake, and come with me to some southern isle—or say South America—where we can be all in all to one another. Or you can tell your husband and let him jolly well punch my head if he can. But I'm damned if I'm going to stand any eccentricity. It's not respectable.

GREGORY [*coming in from the terrace and advancing with dignity to his wife's end of the chesterfield*] Will you have

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the goodness, sir, in addressing this lady, to keep your temper and refrain from using profane language?

MRS. LUNN [*rising, delighted*] Gregory! Darling [*she enfolds him in a copious embrace*]!

JUNO [*rising*] You make love to another man to my face!

MRS. LUNN. Why, he's my husband.

JUNO. That takes away the last rag of excuse for such conduct. A nice world it would be if married people were to carry on their endearments before everybody!

GREGORY. This is ridiculous. What the devil business is it of yours what passes between my wife and myself? You're not her husband, are you?

JUNO. Not at present; but I'm on the list. I'm her prospective husband: you're only her actual one. I'm the anticipation: you're the disappointment.

MRS. LUNN. Oh, my Gregory is not a disappointment. [*Fondly*] Are you, dear?

GREGORY. You just wait, my pet. I'll settle this chap for you. [*He disengages himself from her embrace, and faces Juno. She sits down placidly*]. You call me a disappointment, do you? Well, I suppose every husband's a disappointment. What about yourself? Don't try to look like an unmarried man. I happen to know the lady you disappointed. I travelled in the same ship with her; and—

JUNO. And you fell in love with her.

GREGORY [*taken aback*] Who told you that?

JUNO. Aha! you confess it. Well, if you want to know, nobody told me. Everybody falls in love with my wife.

GREGORY. And do you fall in love with everybody's wife?

JUNO. Certainly not. Only with yours.

MRS. LUNN. But what's the good of saying that, Mr. Juno? I'm married to him; and there's an end of it.

JUNO. Not at all. You can get a divorce.

MRS. LUNN. What for?

JUNO. For his misconduct with my wife.

GREGORY [*deeply indignant*] How dare you, sir, asperse the character of that sweet lady? a lady whom I have taken under my protection.

JUNO. Protection!

MRS. JUNO [*returning hastily*] Really you must be more careful what you say about me, Mr. Lunn.

JUNO. My precious! [*He embraces her*]. Pardon this betrayal of feeling; but I've not seen my wife for several weeks; and she is very dear to me.

GREGORY. I call this cheek. Who is making love to his own wife before people now, pray?

MRS. LUNN. Wont you introduce me to your wife, Mr. Juno?

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MRS. JUNO. How do you do? [*They shake hands; and Mrs. Juno sits down beside Mrs. Lunn, on her left*].

MRS. LUNN. I'm so glad to find you do credit to Gregory's taste. I'm naturally rather particular about the women he falls in love with.

JUNO [*sternly*] This is no way to take your husband's unfaithfulness. [*To Lunn*] You ought to teach your wife better. Wheres her feelings? It's scandalous.

GREGORY. What about your own conduct, pray?

JUNO. I dont defend it; and theres an end of the matter.

GREGORY. Well, upon my soul! What difference does your not defending it make?

JUNO. A fundamental difference. To serious people I may appear wicked. I dont defend myself: I am wicked, though not bad at heart. To thoughtless people I may even appear comic. Well, laugh at me: I have given myself away. But Mrs. Lunn seems to have no opinion at all about me. She doesnt seem to know whether I'm wicked or comic. She doesnt seem to care. She has no moral sense. I say it's not right. I repeat, I have sinned; and I'm prepared to suffer.

MRS. JUNO. Have you really sinned, Tops?

MRS. LUNN [*blandly*] I dont remember your sinning. I have a shocking bad memory for trifles; but I think I should remember that—if you mean me.

JUNO [*raging*] Trifles! I have fallen in love with a monster.

GREGORY. Dont you dare call my wife a monster.

MRS. JUNO [*rising quickly and coming between them*] Please dont lose your temper, Mr. Lunn: I wont have my Tops bullied.

GREGORY. Well, then, let him not brag about sinning with my wife. [*He turns impulsively to his wife; makes her rise; and takes her proudly on his arm*]. What pretension has he to any such honor?

JUNO. I sinned in intention. [*Mrs. Juno abandons him and resumes her seat, chilled*]. I'm as guilty as if I had actually sinned. And I insist on being treated as a sinner, and not walked over as if I'd done nothing, by your wife or any other man.

MRS. LUNN. Tush! [*She sits down again contemptuously*].

JUNO [*furious*] I wont be belittled.

MRS. LUNN [*to Mrs. Juno*] I hope youll come and stay with us now that you and Gregory are such friends, Mrs. Juno.

JUNO. This insane magnanimity—

MRS. LUNN. Dont you think youve said enough, Mr. Juno? This is a matter for two women to settle. Wont you take a stroll on the beach with my Gregory while we talk it over? Gregory is a splendid listener.

JUNO. I dont think any good can come of a conversation

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between Mr. Lunn and myself. We can hardly be expected to improve one another's morals. [*He passes behind the chesterfield to Mrs. Lunn's end; seizes a chair; deliberately pushes it between Gregory and Mrs. Lunn; and sits down with folded arms, resolved not to budge*].

GREGORY. Oh! Indeed! Oh, all right. If you come to that—[*he crosses to Mrs. Juno; plants a chair by her side; and sits down with equal determination*].

JUNO. Now we are both equally guilty.

GREGORY. Pardon me. I'm not guilty.

JUNO. In intention. Dont quibble. You were guilty in intention, as I was.

GREGORY. No. I should rather describe myself as being guilty in fact, but not in intention.

JUNO	} <i>rising and</i>	{ What!		
MRS. JUNO			} <i>exclaiming</i>	{ No, really—
MRS. LUNN				

GREGORY. Yes: I maintain that I am responsible for my intentions only, and not for reflex actions over which I have no control. [*Mrs. Juno sits down, ashamed*]. I promised my mother that I would never tell a lie, and that I would never make love to a married woman. I never have told a lie—

MRS. LUNN [*remonstrating*] Gregory! [*She sits down again*].

GREGORY. I say never. On many occasions I have resorted to prevarication; but on great occasions I have always told the truth. I regard this as a great occasion; and I wont be intimidated into breaking my promise. I solemnly declare that I did not know until this evening that Mrs. Juno was married. She will bear me out when I say that from that moment my intentions were strictly and resolutely honorable; though my conduct, which I could not control and am therefore not responsible for, was disgraceful—or would have been had this gentleman not walked in and begun making love to my wife under my very nose.

JUNO [*flinging himself back into his chair*] Well, I like this!

MRS. LUNN. Really, darling, theres no use in the pot calling the kettle black.

GREGORY. When you say darling, may I ask which of us you are addressing?

MRS. LUNN. I really dont know. I'm getting hopelessly confused.

JUNO. Why dont you let my wife say something? I dont think she ought to be thrust into the background like this.

MRS. LUNN. I'm sorry, I'm sure. Please excuse me, dear.

MRS. JUNO [*thoughtfully*] I dont know what to say. I must think over it. I have always been rather severe on this sort of thing; but when it came to the point I didnt behave as I

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thought I should behave. I didnt intend to be wicked; but somehow or other, Nature, or whatever you choose to call it, didnt take much notice of my intentions. [*Gregory instinctively seeks her hand and presses it*]. And I really did think, Tops, that I was the only woman in the world for you.

JUNO [*cheerfully*] Oh, thats all right, my precious. Mrs. Lunn thought she was the only woman in the world for him.

GREGORY [*reflectively*] So she is, in a sort of way.

JUNO [*flaring up*] And so is my wife. Dont you set up to be a better husband than I am; for youre not. Ive owned I'm wrong. You havnt.

MRS. LUNN. Are you sorry, Gregory?

GREGORY [*perplexed*] Sorry?

MRS. LUNN. Yes, sorry. I think it's time for you to say youre sorry, and to make friends with Mr. Juno before we all dine together.

GREGORY. Seraphita: I promised my mother—

MRS. JUNO [*involuntarily*] Oh, bother your mother! [*Recovering herself*] I beg your pardon.

GREGORY. A promise is a promise. I cant tell a deliberate lie. I know I ought to be sorry; but the flat fact is that I'm not sorry. I find that in this business, somehow or other, there is a disastrous separation between my moral principles and my conduct.

JUNO. Theres nothing disastrous about it. It doesnt matter about your conduct if your principles are all right.

GREGORY. Bosh! It doesnt matter about your principles if your conduct is all right.

JUNO. But your conduct isnt all right; and my principles are.

GREGORY. Whats the good of your principles being right if they wont work?

JUNO. They will work, sir, if you exercise self-sacrifice.

GREGORY. Oh, yes: if, if, if. You know jolly well that self-sacrifice doesnt work either when you really want a thing. How much have you sacrificed yourself, pray?

MRS. LUNN. Oh, a great deal, Gregory. Dont be rude. Mr. Juno is a very nice man: he has been most attentive to me on the voyage.

GREGORY. And Mrs. Juno's a very nice woman. She oughtnt to be; but she is.

JUNO. Why oughtnt she to be a nice woman, pray?

GREGORY. I mean she oughtnt to be nice to me. And you oughtnt to be nice to my wife. And your wife oughtnt to like me. And my wife oughtnt to like you. And if they do, they oughtnt to go on liking us. And I oughtnt to like your wife; and you oughtnt to like mine; and if we do we oughtnt to go on liking them. But we do, all of us. We oughtnt; but we do.

JUNO. But, my dear boy, if we admit we are in the wrong

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wheres the harm of it? We're not perfect; but as long as we keep the ideal before us—

GREGORY. How?

JUNO. By admitting we're wrong.

MRS. LUNN [*springing up, out of patience, and pacing round the lounge intolerantly*] Well, really, I must have my dinner. These two men, with their morality, and their promises to their mothers, and their admissions that they were wrong, and their sinning and suffering, and their going on at one another as if it meant anything, or as if it mattered, are getting on my nerves. [*Stooping over the back of the chesterfield to address Mrs. Juno*] If you will be so very good, my dear, as to take my sentimental husband off my hands occasionally, I shall be more than obliged to you: I'm sure you can stand more male sentimentality than I can. [*Sweeping away to the fireplace*] I, on my part, will do my best to amuse your excellent husband when you find him tiresome.

JUNO. I call this polyandry.

MRS. LUNN. I wish you wouldnt call innocent things by offensive names, Mr. Juno. What do you call your own conduct?

JUNO [*rising*] I tell you I have admitted—

GREGORY	}	<i>together</i>	{	Whats the good of keeping on at that?
MRS. LUNN				Oh, not that again, please.
MRS. JUNO				Tops: I'll scream if you say that again.

JUNO. Oh, well, if you wont listen to me—! [*He sits down again*].

MRS. JUNO. What is the position now exactly? [*Mrs. Lunn shrugs her shoulders and gives up the conundrum. Gregory looks at Juno. Juno turns away his head huffily*]. I mean, what are we going to do?

MRS. LUNN. What would you advise, Mr. Juno?

JUNO. I should advise you to divorce your husband.

MRS. LUNN. You want me to drag your wife into court and disgrace her?

JUNO. No: I forgot that. Excuse me; but for the moment I thought I was married to you.

GREGORY. I think we had better let bygones be bygones. [*To Mrs. Juno, very tenderly*] You will forgive me, wont you? Why should you let a moment's forgetfulness embitter all our future life?

MRS. JUNO. But it's Mrs. Lunn who has to forgive you.

GREGORY. Oh, dash it, I forgot. This is getting ridiculous.

MRS. LUNN. I'm getting hungry.

MRS. JUNO. Do you really mind, Mrs. Lunn?

MRS. LUNN. My dear Mrs. Juno, Gregory is one of those terribly uxorious men who ought to have ten wives. If any

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really nice woman will take him off my hands for a day or two occasionally, I shall be greatly obliged to her.

GREGORY. Seraphita: you cut me to the soul [*he weeps*].

MRS. LUNN. Serve you right! You'd think it quite proper if it cut me to the soul.

MRS. JUNO. Am I to take Sibthorpe off your hands too, Mrs. Lunn?

JUNO [*rising*]. Do you suppose I'll allow this?

MRS. JUNO. You've admitted that you've done wrong, Tops. Whats the use of your allowing or not allowing after that?

JUNO. I do not admit that I have done wrong. I admit that what I did was wrong.

GREGORY. Can you explain the distinction?

JUNO. It's quite plain to anyone but an imbecile. If you tell me I've done something wrong you insult me. But if you say that something that I did is wrong you simply raise a question of morals. I tell you flatly if you say I did anything wrong you will have to fight me. In fact, I think we ought to fight anyhow. I don't particularly want to; but I feel that England expects us to.

GREGORY. I won't fight. If you beat me my wife would share my humiliation. If I beat you, she would sympathize with you and loathe me for my brutality.

MRS. LUNN. Not to mention that as we are human beings and not reindeer or barn-door fowl, if two men presumed to fight for us we couldn't decently ever speak to either of them again.

GREGORY. Besides, neither of us could beat the other, as we neither of us know how to fight. We should only blacken each others eyes and make fools of ourselves.

JUNO. I don't admit that. Every Englishman can use his fists.

GREGORY. You're an Englishman. Can you use yours?

JUNO. I presume so: I never tried.

MRS. JUNO. You never told me you couldn't fight, Tops. I thought you were an accomplished boxer.

JUNO. My precious: I never gave you any ground for such a belief.

MRS. JUNO. You always talked as if it were a matter of course. You spoke with the greatest contempt of men who didn't kick other men downstairs.

JUNO. Well, I can't kick Mr. Lunn downstairs. We're on the ground floor.

MRS. JUNO. You could throw him into the harbor.

GREGORY. Do you want me to be thrown into the harbor?

MRS. JUNO. No: I only want to show Tops that he's making a ghastly fool of himself.

GREGORY. [*rising and prowling disgustedly between the chesterfield and the windows*] We're all making fools of ourselves.

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JUNO [*following him*] Well, if we're not to fight, I must insist at least on your never speaking to my wife again.

GREGORY. Does my speaking to your wife do you any harm?

JUNO. No. But it's the proper course to take. [*Emphatically*] We must behave with some sort of decency.

MRS. LUNN. And are you never going to speak to me again, Mr. Juno?

JUNO. I'm prepared to promise never to do so. I think your husband has a right to demand that. Then if I speak to you after, it will not be his fault. It will be a breach of my promise; and I shall not attempt to defend my conduct.

GREGORY [*facing him*] I shall talk to your wife as often as she'll let me.

MRS. JUNO. I have no objection to your speaking to me, Mr. Lunn.

JUNO. Then I shall take steps.

GREGORY. What steps?

JUNO. Steps. Measures. Proceedings. Such steps as may seem advisable.

MRS. LUNN [*to Mrs. Juno*] Can your husband afford a scandal, Mrs. Juno?

MRS. JUNO. No.

MRS. LUNN. Neither can mine.

GREGORY. Mrs. Juno: I'm very sorry I let you in for all this. I don't know how it is that we contrive to make feelings like ours, which seem to me to be beautiful and sacred feelings, and which lead to such interesting and exciting adventures, end in vulgar squabbles and degrading scenes.

JUNO. I decline to admit that my conduct has been vulgar or degrading.

GREGORY. I promised—

JUNO. Look here, old chap: I don't say a word against your mother; and I'm sorry she's dead; but really, you know, most women are mothers; and they all die some time or other; yet that doesn't make them infallible authorities on morals, does it?

GREGORY. I was about to say so myself. Let me add that if you do things merely because you think some other fool expects you to do them, and he expects you to do them because he thinks you expect him to expect you to do them, it will end in everybody doing what nobody wants to do, which is in my opinion a silly state of things.

JUNO. Lunn: I love your wife; and that's all about it.

GREGORY. Juno: I love yours. What then?

JUNO. Clearly she must never see you again.

MRS. JUNO. Why not?

JUNO. Why not! My love: I'm surprised at you.

MRS. JUNO. Am I to speak only to men who dislike me?

JUNO. Yes: I think that is, properly speaking, a married woman's duty.

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MRS. JUNO. Then I wont do it: thats flat. I like to be liked. I like to be loved. I want everyone round me to love me. I dont want to meet or speak to anyone who doesnt like me.

JUNO. But, my precious, this is the most horrible immorality.

MRS. LUNN. I dont intend to give up meeting you, Mr. Juno. You amuse me very much. I dont like being loved: it bores me. But I do like to be amused.

JUNO. I hope we shall meet very often. But I hope also we shall not defend our conduct.

MRS. JUNO [*rising*] This is unendurable. Weve all been flirting. Need we go on footling about it?

JUNO [*huffily*] I dont know what you call footling—

MRS. JUNO [*cutting him short*] You do. Youre footling. Mr. Lunn is footling. Cant we admit that we're human and have done with it?

JUNO. I have admitted it all along. I—

MRS. JUNO. Then stop footling.

The dinner gong sounds.

MRS. LUNN [*rising*] Thank heaven! Lets go in to dinner. Gregory: take in Mrs. Juno.

GREGORY. But surely I ought to take in our guest, and not my own wife.

MRS. LUNN. Well, Mrs. Juno is not your wife, is she?

GREGORY. Oh, of course: I beg your pardon. I'm hopelessly confused. [*He offers his arm to Mrs. Juno, rather apprehensively*].

MRS. JUNO. You seem quite afraid of me [*she takes his arm*].

GREGORY. I am. I simply adore you. [*They go out together; and as they pass through the door he turns and says in a ringing voice to the other couple*] I have said to Mrs. Juno that I simply adore her. [*He takes her out defiantly*].

MRS. LUNN [*calling after him*] Yes, dear. Shes a darling. [*To Juno*] Now, Sibthorpe.

JUNO [*giving her his arm gallantly*] You have called me Sibthorpe! Thank you. I think Lunn's conduct fully justifies me in allowing you to do it.

MRS. LUNN. Yes: I think you may let yourself go now.

JUNO. Seraphita: I worship you beyond expression.

MRS. LUNN. Sibthorpe: you amuse me beyond description. Come. [*They go in to dinner together*].

The Pond *

By Henri Fabre

THE pond, the delight of my early childhood, is still a sight whereof my old eyes never tire. What animation in that verdant world! On the warm mud of the edges the Frog's little Tadpole basks and frisks in its black legions; down in the water the orange-bellied Newt steers his way slowly with the broad rudder of his flat tail; among the reeds are stationed the flotillas of the Caddis-worms, half-protruding from their tubes, which are now a tiny bit of stick and again a turret of little shells.

In the deep places the Water-beetle dives, carrying with him his reserves of breath: an air-bubble at the tip of the wing-cases and, under the chest, a film of gas that gleams like a silver breastplate; on the surface the ballet of those shimmering pearls, the Whirligigs, turns and twists; hard by skims the insubmersible troop of the Pond-skaters, who glide along with side-strokes similar to those of the cobbler sewing.

Here are the Water-boatmen, who swim on their backs with two oars spread cross-wise, and the flat Water-scorpions; here, squalidly clad in mud, is the grub of the largest of our Dragon-flies, so curious because of its manner of progression: it fills its hinder parts, a yawning funnel, with water, spirts it out again and advances just so far as the recoil of its hydraulic cannon.

The Molluscs abound, a peaceful tribe. At the bottom the plump River-snails discreetly raise their lid, opening ever so little the shutters of their dwelling; on the level of the water, in the glades of the aquatic garden, the Pond-snails—*Physa*, *Limnæa* and *Planorbis*—take the air.

* Translated by Alexander Teixeira de Mattos. Copyright U.S.A. 1913
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THE POND

Dark Leeches writhe upon their prey, a chunk of Earth-worm; thousands of tiny, reddish grubs, future Mosquitoes, go spinning around and twist and curve like so many graceful Dolphins.

Yes, a stagnant pool, though but a few feet wide, hatched by the sun, is an immense world, an inexhaustible mine of observation to the studious man and a marvel to the child who, tired of his paper-boat, diverts his eyes and thoughts a little with what is happening in the water. Let me tell what I remember of my first pond, at a time when ideas began to dawn in my seven-year-old brain.

How shall a man earn his living in my poor native village, with its inclement weather and its niggardly soil? The owner of a few acres of grazing-land rears sheep. In the best parts he scrapes the soil with the swing-plough; he flattens it into terraces supported by walls of broken stones. Pannierfuls of dung are carried up on donkey-back from the cowshed. Then, in due season, comes the excellent potato, which, boiled and served hot in a basket of plaited straw, is the chief stand-by in winter.

Should the crop exceed the needs of the household, the surplus goes to feed a pig, that precious beast, a treasure of bacon and ham. The ewes supply butter and curds; the garden boasts cabbages, turnips and even a few hives in a sheltered corner. With wealth like that one can look fate in the face.

But we, we have nothing, nothing but the little house inherited by my mother and its adjoining patch of garden. The meagre resources of the family are coming to an end. It is time to see to it; and that quickly. What is to be done? This is the stern question which father and mother sat debating one evening.

Hop-o'-my-Thumb, hiding under the wood-cutter's stool, listened to his parents overcome by want. I also, pretending to sleep, with my elbows on the table, listen not to blood-curdling designs, but to grand plans that set my heart rejoicing. This is how the matter stands: at the bottom of the village, near the church, at the spot where the water of the large roofed spring escapes from its underground weir and joins the brook in the valley, an enterprising man, back from the war,* has set up a small

* The war of 1830 with Algiers.—*Translator's Note.*

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tallow-factory. He sells the scrapings of his pans, the burnt fat reeking of candle-grease, at a low price. He proclaims these wares to be excellent for fattening ducks.

"Suppose we bred some ducks," says mother. "They sell very well in town. Henri would mind them and take them down to the brook."

"Very well," says father, "let's breed some ducks. There may be difficulties in the way; but we'll have a try."

That night I had dreams of paradise: I was with my ducklings, clad in their yellow suits; I took them to the pond, I watched them have their bath, I brought them back again, carrying the more tired ones in a basket.

A month or two after, the little birds of my dreams were a reality. There were twenty-four of them. They had been hatched by two hens, of whom one, the big black one, was an inmate of the house, while the other was borrowed from a neighbour.

To bring them up the former is sufficient, so careful is she of her adopted family. At first everything goes perfectly: a tub with two fingers' depth of water serves as a pond. On sunny days the ducklings bathe in it under the anxious eye of the hen.

A fortnight later the tub is no longer enough. It contains neither cresses crammed with tiny shellfish nor Worms and Tadpoles, dainty morsels both. The time has come for dives and hunts amid the tangle of the water-weeds; and for us the day of trouble has also come. True, the miller, down by the brook, has fine ducks, easy and cheap to bring up; the tallow-smelter, who has extolled his burnt fat so loudly, has some as well, for he has the advantage of the waste water from the spring at the bottom of the village; but how are we, right up here, at the top, to procure aquatic sports for our broods? In summer we have hardly water to drink.

Near the house, in a freestone recess, a scanty source trickles into a basin made in the rock. Four or five families have, like ourselves, to draw their water there with copper pails. By the time that the schoolmaster's donkey has slaked her thirst and the neighbours have taken their provision for the day, the basin is dry. We have to wait four-and-twenty hours for it to fill. No, this is not

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the hole in which the ducks would delight, nor indeed in which they would be tolerated.

There remains the brook. To go down to it with the troop of ducklings is fraught with danger. On the way, through the village, we might meet cats, bold ravishers of small poultry; some surly mongrel might frighten and scatter the little band; and it would be a hard puzzle to collect it in its entirety. We must avoid the traffic and take refuge in peaceful and sequestered spots.

On the hills, the path that climbs behind the château* soon takes a sudden turn and widens into a small plain beside the meadows. It skirts a rocky slope, whence trickles, level with the ground, a streamlet, which forms a pond of some size. Here profound solitude reigns all day long. The ducklings will be well off; and the journey can be made in peace by a deserted footpath.

You, little man, shall take them to that delectable spot. What a day it was that marked my first appearance as a herdsman of ducks! Why must there be a jar to the even tenor of such joys? The too-frequent encounter of my tender skin with the hard ground had given me a large and painful blister on the heel. Had I wanted to put on the shoes stowed away in the cupboard for Sundays and holidays, I could not. There was nothing for it but to go barefoot over the broken stones, dragging my leg and carrying high the injured heel.

Let us make a start, hobbling along, switch in hand, behind the ducks. They, too, poor little things, have sensitive soles to their feet; they limp, they quack with fatigue. They would refuse to go any further if I did not, from time to time, call a halt under the shelter of an ash.

We are there at last. The place could not be better for my birdlets: shallow, tepid water, interspersed with muddy knolls and green eyots. The diversions of the bath begin forthwith. The ducklings clap their beaks and rummage here, there and everywhere; they sift each mouthful, rejecting the clear water and retaining the good bits. In the deeper parts they point their sterns into the air and stick their heads under water. They are happy;

* The Château de Saint-Léons, standing just outside and above the village of Saint-Léons, where the author was born in 1823.—*Translator's Note.*

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and it is a blessed thing to see them at work. We will let them be. It is my turn to enjoy the pond.

What is this? On the mud lie some loose, knotted, soot-coloured cords. One could take them for threads of wool like those which you pull out of an old, ravelly stocking. Can some shepherdess, knitting a black sock and finding her work turn out badly, have begun all over again and, in a movement of impatience, thrown down the wool with all the dropped stitches? It really looks like it.

I take up one of those cords in my hand. It is sticky and extremely slack; the thing slips through the fingers before they can catch hold of it. A few of the knots burst and shed their contents. What comes out is a black globule, the size of a pin's head, followed by a flat tail. I recognise, on a very small scale, a familiar object: the Tadpole, the Frog's baby. I have seen enough. Let us leave the knotted cords alone.

The next creatures please me better. They spin round on the surface of the water and their black backs gleam in the sun. If I lift a hand to seize them, that moment they disappear, I know not where. It's a pity: I should have much liked to see them closer and to make them wriggle in a little bowl which I should have put ready for them.

Let us look at the bottom of the water, pulling aside those bunches of green string whence beads of air are rising and gathering into foam. There is something of everything underneath. I see pretty shells with compact whorls, flat as beans; I notice little Worms carrying tufts and feathers; I make out some with flabby fins constantly flapping on their backs. What are they all doing there? What are their names? I do not know. And I stare at them for ever so long, held by the incomprehensible mystery of the waters.

At the place where the pond dribbles into the adjoining field are some alder-trees; and here I make a glorious find. It is a Scarab—not a very large one, oh no! He is smaller than a cherry-stone—but of an unutterable blue. The angels in paradise must wear dresses of that colour. I put the glorious one inside an empty snail-shell, which I plug up with a leaf. I shall admire the living jewel at

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my leisure, when I get back. Other distractions summon me away.

The spring that feeds the pond trickles from the rock, cold and clear. The water first collects into a cup, the size of the hollow of one's two hands, and then runs over in a stream. These falls call for a mill: that goes without saying. Two bits of straw, artistically crossed upon an axis, provide the machine; some flat stones set on edge afford supports. It is a great success: the mill turns admirably. My triumph would be complete, could I but share it. For want of other playmates, I invite the ducks.

Everything palls in this poor world of ours, even a mill made of two straws. Let us think of something else: let us contrive a dam to hold back the waters and form a pool. There is no lack of stones for the brickwork. I pick the most suitable; I break the larger ones. And, while collecting these blocks, suddenly I forget all about the dam which I meant to build.

On one of the broken stones, in a cavity large enough for me to put my fist in, something gleams like glass. The hollow is lined with facets gathered in sixes, which flash and glitter in the sun. I have seen something like this in church on the great saints'-days, when the light of the candles in the big chandelier kindles the stars in its hanging crystal.

We children, lying in summer on the straw of the threshing-floor, have told one another stories of the treasures which a dragon guards underground. Those treasures now return to my mind: the names of precious stones ring out uncertainly but gloriously in my memory. I think of the king's crown, of the princesses' necklaces. In breaking stones, can I have found, but on a much richer scale, the thing that shines quite small in my mother's ring? I want more such.

The dragon of the subterranean treasures treats me generously. He gives me his diamonds in such quantities that soon I possess a heap of broken stones sparkling with magnificent clusters. He does more: he gives me his gold. The trickle of water from the rock falls on a bed of fine sand, which it swirls into bubbles. If I bend over towards the light, I see something like gold-filings whirling where the fall touches the bottom. Is it really the famous

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metal of which louis, so rare with us at home, are made? One would think so, from the glitter.

I take a pinch of sand and place it in my palm. The brilliant particles are numerous, but so small that I have to pick them up with a straw moistened in my mouth. Let us drop this: they are too tiny and too bothersome to collect. The big, valuable lumps must be farther on, in the thickness of the rock. We'll come back later; we'll blast the mountain.

I break more stones. Oh, what a queer thing has just come loose, all in one piece! It is turned spiral-wise, like certain flat Snails which come out of the cracks of old walls in rainy weather. With its gnarled sides, it looks like a little ram's-horn. Shell or horn, it is very curious. How do things like that find their way into the stone?

Treasures and curiosities make my pockets bulge with pebbles. It is late; and the little ducklings have had all they want to eat. Come along, youngsters, let's go home. My blistered heel is forgotten in my excitement.

The walk back is a delight. A voice sings in my ear, an untranslatable voice, softer than any language and bewildering as a dream. It speaks to me for the first time of the mysteries of the pond; it glorifies the heavenly insect which I hear moving in the empty snail-shell, its temporary cage; it whispers the secrets of the rock, the gold-filings, the faceted jewels, the ram's-horn turned to stone.

Poor simpleton, smother your joy! I arrive. They catch sight of my bulging pockets, with their disgraceful load of stones. The cloth has given way under the rough and heavy burden.

"You rascal!" says father, at sight of the damage. "I send you to mind the ducks and you amuse yourself picking up stones, as though there weren't enough of them all round the house. Make haste and throw them away!"

Broken-hearted, I obey. Diamonds, gold-dust, petrified ram's-horn, heavenly beetle, are all flung on a rubbish-heap outside the door.

Mother bewails her lot:

"A nice thing, bringing up children to see them turn out so badly! You'll bring me to my grave. Green stuff I don't mind: it does for the rabbits. But stones, which

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ruin your pockets; poisonous animals, which'll sting your hand: what good are they to you, silly? There's no doubt about it: some one has thrown a spell over you!"

Yes, my poor mother, you were right, in your simplicity: a spell had been cast upon me; I admit it to-day. When it is hard enough to earn one's bit of bread, does not improving one's mind but render one more meet for suffering? Of what avail is the torment of learning to the derelicts of life? A deal better off am I, at this late hour, dogged by poverty and knowing that the diamonds of the duck-pool were rock-crystal, the gold-dust mica, the stone horn an Ammonite and the sky-blue beetle a *Hoplia*! We poor men would do better to mistrust the joys of knowledge: let us dig our furrow in the fields of the commonplace, flee the temptations of the pond, mind our ducks and leave to others, more favoured by fortune, the job of explaining the world's mechanism, if the spirit moves them.

And yet, no! Alone, among living creatures, man has the thirst for knowledge; he alone pries into the mysteries of things. The least among us will utter his whys and his wherefores, a fine pain unknown to the brute beast. If these questionings come from us with greater persistence, with a more imperious authority, if they divert us from the quest of lucre, life's only object in the eyes of the majority, does it become us to complain? Let us be careful not to do so, for that would be denying the best of all our gifts.

Let us strive, on the contrary, within the measure of our capacity, to force a gleam of light from the vast unknown; let us examine and question, and here and there wrest a few shreds of truth. We shall sink under the task; in the present ill-ordered state of society we shall end, perhaps, in the workhouse. Let us go ahead for all that: our consolation shall be that we have increased by one atom the general mass of knowledge, the incomparable treasure of mankind.

As this modest lot has fallen to me, I will return to the pond, notwithstanding the wise admonitions and the bitter tears which I once owed to it. I will return to the pond, but not to that of the small ducks, the pond a-flower with illusions: those ponds do not occur twice in a lifetime. For luck like that, you must be in all the new glory of your first breeches and your first ideas.

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Many another have I come upon since that distant time, ponds very much richer, and, moreover, explored with the maturer eye of experience. Enthusiastically I searched them with the net, stirred up their mud, ransacked their trailing weeds. None in my memories comes up to the first, magnified in its delights and mortifications by the marvellous perspective of the years.

Nor would any of them suit my plans of to-day. Their world is too vast. I should lose myself in their immensities, where life swarms freely in the sun. Like the ocean, they are infinite in their fruitfulness. And then any assiduous watching, undisturbed by passers-by, is an impossibility on the public way. What I want is a pond on an extremely reduced scale, sparingly stocked in my own fashion, an artificial pond standing permanently on my study-table.

A twenty-franc piece has been overlooked in a corner of the drawer. I can spend it without seriously jeopardising the domestic balance. Let us make this gift to Science, who, I fear, will be none too much obliged to me. A gorgeous equipment may be all very well for laboratories wherein the cells and fibres of the dead are consulted at great expense; but such magnificence is of doubtful utility when we have to study the actions of the living. It is the humble makeshift, of no value, that stumbles on the secrets of life. What did the best results of my studies of instinct cost me? Nothing but time and, above all, patience. My extravagant expenditure of twenty francs, therefore, will be a risky speculation if devoted to the purchase of an apparatus of study. It will bring me in nothing in the way of fresh views, of that I am convinced. However, let us try.

The blacksmith makes me the framework of a cage out of a few iron rods. The joiner, who is also a glazier on occasion—for in my village you have to be a Jack-of-all-trades if you would make both ends meet—sets the framework on a wooden base and supplies it with a movable board as a lid; he fixes thick panes of glass in the four sides. Behold the apparatus, complete, with a bottom of tarred sheet-iron and a trap to let the water out.

The makers express themselves satisfied with their work, a singular novelty in their respective shops, where

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many an inquisitive caller has wondered what use I intend to make of my little glass trough. The thing creates a certain stir. Some insist that it is meant to hold my supplies of oil and to take the place of the receptacle in general use in our parts, the urn dug out of a block of stone. What would those utilitarians have thought of my crazy mind had they known that my costly gear would merely serve to let me watch some wretched animals kicking about in the water!

Smith and glazier are content with their work. I myself am pleased. For all its rustic air, the apparatus does not lack elegance. It looks very well, standing on a little table in front of a window visited by the sun for the greater part of the day. Its holding capacity is some ten or eleven gallons. What shall we call it? An aquarium? No, that would be too pretentious and would, very unjustly, suggest the aquatic toy filled with rockwork, waterfalls and gold-fish beloved of the dwellers in Suburbia. Let us preserve the gravity of serious things and not treat my learned trough as though it were a drawing-room futility. We will call it the glass pond.

I furnish it with a heap of those limey incrustations wherewith certain springs in the neighbourhood cover the dead clumps of rushes. It is light, full of holes and gives a faint suggestion of a coral-reef. Moreover, it is covered with a short, green, velvety moss, a downy sward of infinitesimal pond-weed. I count on this modest vegetation to keep the water in a reasonably wholesome state, without driving me to frequent renewals which would disturb the work of my colonies. Sanitation and quiet are the first conditions of success. Now the stocked pond will not be long in filling itself with gases unfit to breathe, with putrid effluvia and other animal refuse; it will become a sink in which life will have killed life. Those dregs must disappear as soon as they are formed, must be burnt and purified; and from their oxidised ruins there must even rise a perfect life-giving gas, so that the water may retain an unchangeable store of the breathable element. The plant effects this purification in its sewage-farm of green cells.

When the sun beats upon the glass pond, the work of the water-weeds is a sight to behold. The green-

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carpeted reef is lit up with an infinity of scintillating points and assumes the appearance of a fairy-lawn of velvet studded with thousands of diamond pins'-heads. From this exquisite jewellery pearls break loose continuously and are at once replaced by others in the generating casket; slowly they rise, like tiny globes of light. They spread on every side. It is a constant display of fireworks in the depths of the water.

Chemistry tells us that, thanks to their green matter and the stimulus of the sun's rays, the weeds decompose the carbonic acid gas wherewith the water is impregnated by the breathing of its inhabitants and the corruption of the organic refuse; it retains the carbon, which is wrought into fresh tissues; it exhales the oxygen in tiny bubbles. These partly dissolve in the water and partly reach the surface, where their froth supplies the atmosphere with an excess of breathable gas. The dissolved portion keeps the colonists of the pond alive and causes the unhealthy products to be oxidised and disappear.

Old hand though I be, I take an interest in this trite marvel of a bundle of weeds perpetuating hygienic principles in a stagnant pool; I look with a delighted eye upon the inexhaustible spray of spreading bubbles; I see in imagination the prehistoric times when seaweed, the first-born of plants, produced the first atmosphere for living things to breathe at the time when the silt of the continents was beginning to emerge. What I see before my eyes, between the glass panes of my trough, tells me the story of the planet surrounding itself with pure air.

Boccaccio

By Walter Raleigh

WE know hardly anything of the intimate life of Boccaccio except what he has told us, and almost all that he has told us is presented to us under the guise of fiction. Was he speaking of himself? Here enter the two eternal schools of literary criticism with their tedious controversy. The early romances and poems of Boccaccio—the *Filocolo*, the *Filostrato*, the *Teseide*, the *Ameto*, the *Amorosa Visione*, the *Fiammetta*, the *Ninfale Fiesolano*—are all romances, poems, and allegories dealing with love; all point to a love-affair which reaches the summit of happiness and is then broken by desertion and separation. There was only one love-story, it seems, which interested Boccaccio; what wonder if it was his own? And his own, so far as we have independent knowledge of it, corresponds with the love-story of the romances and poems. The *Filostrato*, in its dedication to *Fiammetta*, asserts the identity:

“You are gone suddenly to Samnium, and . . . I have sought in the old histories what personage I might choose as messenger of my secret and unhappy love, and have found Troilus, son of Priam, who loved Cressida. His miseries are my history. I have sung them in light rhymes and in my own Tuscan, and so when you read the lamentations of Troilus and his sorrow at the departure of his love, you shall know my tears, my sighs, my agonies; and if I vaunt the beauties and the charms of Cressida, you will know that I dream of yours.”

Yet in these same works Boccaccio was inventing the various literary art-forms which he bequeathed to Europe. The *Filocolo* is a prose romance after the French fashion. The *Filostrato* and the *Teseide* are epics of love (*Troilus and Cressida* and *The Knight's Tale*) written in the *ottava rima*; the *Ameto* is a pastoral in prose and verse; the

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Amorosa Visione is a poem in *terza rima*; the *Fiammetta* is a psychological novel. In all that he does, Boccaccio shows the way to modern literature.

In his later life he was infected by the habits of the learned, and produced heavy compilations in Latin, encouraged thereto by his friend Petrarch. The *De Claris Mulieribus*, the *De Casibus Illustrium Virorum*, the *De Genealogiis Deorum*, the *De Montibus*, *Silvis*, *Lacubus*, *Fluminibus*, &c., were dictionaries of themes, mythological and geographical encyclopædias. They remind us how great a part of the business of the Renaissance was concerned with knowledge rather than art. Their influence has been enormous. The Legends of Good Women, the Falls of Princes, the Mirrors for Magistrates, the whole mythological apparatus of poetry—all have Boccaccio for a chief source. Indeed, his dull Latin works were in some ways more influential than his perfect Italian poems. They supplied poets with raw material.

Between these two groups of works there falls a greater thing than either: the hundred tales called the *Decameron*. If all the rest were lost and forgotten, we should lose many beautiful things, but the reputation of Boccaccio would be no lower than it is. I shall speak only of the *Decameron* and of its author. I believe that English readers sometimes find it difficult to understand how it is that the *Decameron* has placed its author in the highest seat along with the few great creators of modern literature. It is well to confront this difficulty at once, so that we may not take our own prejudices, and limitations, and modern conventions of sentiment as a measure of a wider world. Our taste must always be, more or less, the victim of our limitations, but we should beware of glorying in it, and, above all, we should beware of mistaking the aversions of timidity and sensibility for critical judgments.

Why has this writer of vain, light tales become an immortal? His success is not a success of scandal. Other writers have been as gay as he was, and less decent; yet they have gone down to the pit. What is his secret?

I must speak at large of the *Decameron*, but here, and at first, I will try to answer this question. The secret of Boccaccio is no hidden talisman; it is the secret of air and light. A brilliant sunshine inundates and glorifies his

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tales. The scene in which they are laid is as wide and well-ventilated as the world. The spirit which inspires them is an absolute humanity, unashamed and unafraid. He is willing to pass his time and cast in his lot with the brotherhood of men, whether they be in rags or fine linen. He is no lone thinker, living in those dark and fantastic recesses of the soul where ideas are generated. As soon as you open his book you are out of doors, subject to all the surprising chances of the world, blown upon by the wind and rain, carried hither and thither in our crowded life, to drinking parties and secret assignations and funerals. Shocked you may be, and incommoded by the diversity of your experience, but you are never melancholy and never outcast. The world, which is the touchstone of sanity, is always with you. Indeed, Boccaccio might be called the escape from Dante. The dreamer awakes, and tastes the air, and sees the colours of life, and feels the delight of moving his limbs. He is among men and women. He has touched ground after his dizzy flight of the spirit; he has come out of the prison-house of theological system, nobly and grimly architected, and is abroad again in the homely disorder of our familiar world. Small blame to him if he laughs.

The divine power, the highest wisdom, and the primal love made Hell, says Dante, very profoundly. But the world, which was also made by God, is a lighter thing, with less of the symmetry of an institution. It is like one of those suddenly conceived works (and this view has the warrant of orthodoxy) which are thrown off by the artist in happy moments of careless inspiration. Those who enter Hell, says Dante, must abandon hope. But the world is made of hope; and the *Decameron* is a portrait of the world.

There is more than this sense of relief from system in the *Decameron*. The world is wide; and its width supplies a kind of profundity in another dimension. In a confined place life can raise itself and be high; in a low-lying plain it can extend itself and be broad. The *Decameron* is so generous in its breadth, and so various, that no criticism from without is needed: it criticises itself. Experience cannot be criticised by our idea of what experience ought to be like; it can be criticised only by more

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experience. This is what is called the irony of life, which, in its literary reflection, is found in all the best drama. Life criticises itself. If any one of us desires to have a criticism of his own way of life, he will not find anything of worth in the ideas of a secluded student, who often enough is willing to tell his opinion of what such a life ought to be. When the secluded student is a passionate and eloquent creature, like Ruskin, his ideas often produce a great effect, and a whole generation of the weaker sort endeavours to conform itself, not to circumstances or the pressure of experience, but to the sentiments of a revered teacher. But this is only an echo, a prolongation of the murmur of applause that greeted the voice, and it soon dies. The life of, say, a professor or a resident fellow of a college is to be effectively criticised not by the ideas of another professor or another fellow of a college, but by the mere juxtaposition of other dissimilar lives—the life, say, of a soldier or a brewer's drayman. Boccaccio describes so many kinds of lives that each of them is seen in relation to all humanity; and this is the truest criticism; it gives the right perspective. He knows that the event of human actions is manifold and incomprehensible; he is very humble and very humane; so he accepts things as they are, and shows how dire effects spring from trivial causes, how a gay beginning may have a disgraceful and lamentable ending, and how a disgraceful beginning may be turned by the whim of Fate to laughter and ease. This is what is called the mixture of tragic and comic effects.

The best of Boccaccio's stories are so entirely like life that the strongest of the emotions awakened in the reader is not sympathy or antipathy, not moral approval or moral indignation, but a more primitive passion than these—the passion of curiosity. We want to see what happens. This is the passion of all watchers of life who are not pedantic or foolish. They know only that they are sure to be surprised. Life is an infinitely subtle game, delightful to watch, giving glimpses here and there of the underlying causes of things, luring on the gamblers who believe they have discovered a winning system, fortifying them in their folly by granting them a short run of luck, and then, by a turn of the wheel, overthrowing and mocking their calcula-

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tions. The interest of the game and the joy of its uncertainty give millions of readers to the daily newspapers. Indeed, to suppress the gambling news, you would have to suppress the news. The same interest gave a large public also to Boccaccio and the novelists, his followers. Here is set down a lively record of the miseries and happiness that have fallen to the lot of those who lived before us. In the world we see only scraps and fragments of the lives of others; in the book we may see the whole extent of the good and bad fortune that falls to man in this life. Often there is a moral, clear enough; flightiness and folly are seen to work their own punishment. But not always; and the moral is a very small part of the story; Boccaccio cares very little about it; he knows only that pleasure and sorrow chase each other across the sky, that no one can be sure to escape from suffering some of the bitterest and most awful of life's chances except by escaping from life itself; and life is what he loves.

I must sketch his own life briefly; and, in order to be brief, I must avoid all those controversies with which the narrative has been honeycombed. One misfortune which attends the growth of universities is that learned debates and investigations on the incidents of the life of a great man are carried on by trained bores, whom no one would dream of trusting to give judgment on any incident in the life of anyone who is still alive. Yet they publish papers, and their papers are quoted by others, so that the outlines of the record are in a fair way to be snowed under by masses of learned deposit. I shall state only the conclusions and inferences which I accept. They have not been disproved, and they correspond in the main with what I may call the traditional life of Boccaccio.

Giovanni Boccaccio (long ago naturalised in England by the name of John Boccace) was born in Paris in 1313. His father was a Florentine of humble birth, who achieved importance as a banker and moneylender. His mother's name was Jeanne, and she was a Frenchwoman. She was deserted by the elder Boccaccio, who returned to Florence and took another to wife. Boccaccio was sent to Florence in infancy or childhood, and passed his early time with his father and stepmother. He was not preoccupied with books or studies in these years. Indeed, the impulse to

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literature came to him at Naples from the life of the city and of the Court of King Robert. He was intended by his father for business, but he showed no aptitude for it, and (his home being perhaps an unhappy place for a step-child) he was sent to business in Naples, and later on was put to learn the Canon Law as a means of livelihood. "Naples," he says, "was gay, peaceful, rich, and splendid above any other Italian city, full of festas, games, and shows." In this city, for six years of his youth, he "did nothing but waste irrecoverable time." By wasting time he means attending intermittently to business and to the study of the Canon Law. He began to know what he wanted, and to think only of poetry as a profession.

It was probably in 1336, on the Vigil of Easter, in the Church of S. Lorenzo of the Franciscans, that he first saw Fiammetta, the lady "who was ordained to rule my mind, and who was promised me in my dreams." Her name was Maria D'Aquino, and she was the natural daughter of King Robert of Naples. She had been married at fifteen, and was famous for her beauty; in short, she was what would have been called in Queen Anne's time "a reigning toast." The scene in the church has been very exactly described by Boccaccio, and very exactly rendered or adapted by Chaucer in *Troilus and Cressida*. But Chaucer's Cressida is more modest and domestic than her original. Fiammetta had that shining, glittering beauty, those flashing eyes and bright red lips, delicately moulded like Cupid's bow, which, if the world is right, often indicate a cruel and sensual temper. The rest of Boccaccio's love-story is made up of a period of wooing, a short intoxication of complete happiness, and then betrayal and despair. In 1338 Fiammetta left Naples for Baia, and forbade him to follow her. By her excuses and her shifts to put him off, he gradually divined the truth. He was in a transport of rage and tenderness, jealousy and grief. At the same time he learned that his father was ruined, and he returned in 1340 to Florence and poverty.

The map of a lover's mind which Boccaccio has given us in the *Filostrato* is one of the truest and closest studies in all literature. Here is one passage, translated almost literally by Chaucer :

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Fro thennisforth he rideth up and doun,
And everything com him to remembraunce
As he rod for-by places of the toun
In which he whilom had al his plesaunce,
"Lo, yonder saw I last my lady daunce!
And in that templè with her eyen clere
Me caughte first my righte lady dere!"

This is an extract from the love-story, not of Chaucer, but of Boccaccio. And the later history of Boccaccio is contained in the lines that follow:

Than thoughte he thus: "O blisful Lord Cupide,
Whan I the proces have in my memorie,
How thou me hast werrey'd on every side,
Men mighte a book make of it, lik a storie."

Boccaccio made many books of it, and within a few years a name for himself.

The rest of his life was taken up with his unceasing labours in literature, varied by ambassadorial work for the Republic of Florence. In 1348 the great plague, or Black Death, desolated Italy. Fiammetta died of it in Naples; at the same time Boccaccio's father died in Florence, and he was alone in the world. The description of the plague which he has prefixed to the *Decameron* is perhaps the most vivid historical document of that century. We can see the streets of Florence as they were, the disorderly burials, and the mad pleasures, for, as Bacon remarks in his essay *Of Love*, "perils commonly ask to be paid in pleasures." There is something more than artistic cunning in that choice of a marvellous black background for the sunshine mirth and ease of the tales in the garden. It is consummate art; how pathetic and frail and brilliant the life of this world is seen to be when it is silhouetted against the bulk of death! But in Boccaccio's own life-history the plague was like a dark band across the very middle of its course. Everything was changed. He survived, a comparatively old man for his thirty-six years, deeply seen in suffering, disillusioned but not embittered, somewhat aloof from life, a quick observer, a lover of fair and noble things, above all a lover of that comedy which may be seen almost everywhere in human life by the eye of a dispassionate spectator, that comedy which is the best febrifuge, or specific against mania. He completed the *Decameron* in the space of some five years, by the time he was forty; from that

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time onwards his life ran another course. He first met Petrarch in Florence when Petrarch was on his way to Rome in connection with the public thanksgiving for the lifting of the plague, and his friendship with Petrarch fills the last twenty-five years of his life to his death in 1375. It was a happy and honourable friendship, a great resource to both men, and a means of developing what was most amiable in both their characters. But literature owes nothing to it on Boccaccio's account. I have praised the *Decameron*; I ought perhaps to quote what Petrarch thought of it. Writing to Boccaccio in 1374, about a month before he died, Petrarch says: "The book you have composed in our maternal tongue, probably during your youth, has fallen into my hands, I do not know by what chance. I have seen it, but if I should say I had read it, I should lie. The work is very long, and it is written for the vulgar—that is to say, in prose. Besides, I have been overwhelmed with occupations." Boccaccio was younger than Petrarch by nine years, and was a poor scholar in comparison; he was content to regard his own talent as an inferior vernacular thing, not to be mentioned in the same day as the niceties and severities of classical scholarship; so he put himself to school to Petrarch, who did not refuse the office of tutor. The greatest novelist of the modern world was taken in hand by a scholar, and in conformity with academic usage was made to pursue researches into the genealogy of the ancient gods. Boccaccio was quite simple and modest in regard to himself; he knew that some of his stories had been censured by grave and learned persons; he was advised to undertake work of a more exalted kind (namely, the investigation of the genealogy of the ancient gods), he cheerfully submitted to the discipline of his superiors, and breathed no word of protest. During these years the man of letters was dead, but the penman, who yet lived, an industrious ghost, went on writing his weary posthumous works. Ghosts are notorious for the dullness of their literary output, and this, the ghost of Boccaccio, was no exception to the rule. Here and there, but not often, nor for long, there is a gleam of the old splendour, a flush of the old warmth and geniality. It has been said that the periods of Italian literature during which the influence of Petrarch was strongest are the

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weakest periods of Italian literature. The life-history of Boccaccio throws some light on this statement.

One other event must be mentioned. In 1373 the city of Florence founded a Dante Chair, and appointed Boccaccio as the first holder. He produced a *Life of Dante*, and a Commentary on part of the *Inferno*. So Boccaccio was the first Professor of Modern Literature, and incomparably the most distinguished writer who ever took up with that uneasy trade.

The sources of Boccaccio's stories have been carefully investigated and catalogued. But this investigation does not belong to the study of Boccaccio, for he did not know the sources of his stories. He picked them up where he found them—the greater part, perhaps, in conversation. A man who buys wares and trinkets from a travelling pedlar does not generally concern himself much with the trade routes of Europe. But it is possible to make a rough classification of the stories—or of the plots, for the manner of telling them is Boccaccio's own. About a third of them are found among the *fabliaux* of the lower kind of minstrels in Northern France. Another group contains moral apologues, Oriental in origin and essence, but scattered through many countries. Last, and most important, there are the stories founded on real incidents of Italian life, some of them belonging to his own time. These are what I may call the newspaper stories; they have this enormous advantage over the others, that they were not invented to illustrate a moral lesson or to indulge a lewd fantasy; they are merely true. The *Hundred Merry Tales*, the *Seven Wise Masters*: these are famous examples of two kinds of popular anecdotes—the anecdotes of the tavern and of the pulpit. The one kind is commonly as extravagant as the other. Both are enormously popular, for they write their lessons large. The coarse jest is quite clear and intelligible; the moral parable is seldom elusive or subtle. But the truth of life is a much more delicate affair; it cannot be advertised on hoardings or sandwich-boards. By far the most precious of Boccaccio's bequests are those stories which tell us what actually happened during his own time, or not long before, in Italy and the Mediterranean. These set the standard; and the strange thing is that he is not satisfied with the wooden framework of the other stories,

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he tries to make them lifelike too, so that the most elaborate art of modern portraiture is applied to traditional indecencies and traditional moralities. Punch and Judy come to life. Let me take one instance—the first story in the *Decameron*, it will serve as well as another. The first story of the first day gives a notable example of hypocrisy; the last story of the last day, the famous story of Griselda, celebrates the virtue of patience. Both are raised to a height almost heroic, and yet both are almost brought to the likeness of humanity.

The hypocrite of the first story was a certain notary or small lawyer of Paris, called Master Chappelet du Prat. He held it in high disdain that any of his contracts should be found without falsehood. He bore false witness, when he was thereto entreated, as if it were the only pleasure in the world; and often when he was not entreated at all. He made no care or conscience to be perjured, and thereby won many law-suits. He delighted to cause enmities and scandals between kindred and friends. If he were called upon to kill anyone, he would go to it very willingly. He was a horrible blasphemer of God and His Saints. He basely contemned the Church and counted religion a vile and unprofitable thing, but he would very joyfully visit taverns and places of dishonest repute. He would steal both in public and private, as if it were a gift of nature. He was a great glutton and drunkard, also a confirmed gamester; and carried false dice, to cheat with them the very best friends he had.

“Why do I waste time,” says the narrator, “in adding many words? To be brief: there never was a worse man born.”

This lawyer was employed by a certain rich merchant in France, who, having to recover debts from the Burgundians, themselves versed in every deceit, chose Chappelet as a fit instrument. In the course of his collector's labours; Chappelet lodged in Dijon with two Florentine brothers, moneylenders, and there fell ill, so that the doctors despaired of his life.

And now Boccaccio begins to get to work. He lets you feel the anxiety of the two brothers and overhear their whispered conversations. What are they to do? We lodged him, they say, when he was well; to turn him out

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now that he is mortally sick will do us no credit. On the other hand, he has notoriously been a bad man; he probably will not make any confession nor take the sacrament; no Church will receive his body; he will have to be buried like a dog. Even if he were to confess, no priest would dare to absolve him from his many and monstrous sins. So he will die, and must be cast into some ditch, and the people of the town, who already do not like us, will mutiny against us, and say, "Why should we suffer these Lombard dogs, whom the Church rejects, to live among us?" Perhaps the people will attack our house, and rob our goods, and our lives will be in danger. What are we to do?

Now Master Chappelet lay in a neighbouring room, and had quick ears. He called the brothers to him and promised them that they should suffer no inconvenience on his account. "Only send me," he said, "the most holy and religious man that you can find, and I will take care of the rest." So they sent to him an aged, devout Friar, a master of the Holy Scriptures, a very venerable person, of a sanctified life. The Friar spoke words of comfort to him and asked how often he had been at confession. Master Chappelet (who had never been at confession in his life) replied, "Holy Father, I commonly go to confession once a week, sometimes much oftener, but it is true that eight days have now passed since I was confessed, so violent has been the extremity of my weakness." "My son," said the good old man, "you have done well; and since you have so often confessed yourself, I shall have the less labour in asking you questions."

"O good Father," said Chappelet, "do not talk like that; although I have been often confessed, I desire now to make a general confession of all the sins that come to my remembrance, from the very day of my birth to this present hour. I entreat you, holy Father, to question me closely, as if I had never been confessed before. And take no account of my sickness, for I had rather offend against my carnal welfare than hazard the perdition of my soul."

So the Friar questions him, and Master Chappelet makes his marvellous confession. I take some extracts, using, for the most part, the spirited English version of 1620.

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He confesses that he has been guilty of the sin of gluttony, for he has drunk water with too great relish, and has eaten salad with more pleasure than agrees with the nature of fasting. The Friar says that these sins are natural, and very light. "O sir," says Master Chappelet, "never tell me this to comfort me, for well you know, and I am not ignorant, that such things as are done for the service of God ought all to be performed purely, and without any blemish of the mind."

This is a promising beginning, and Master Chappelet soon improves upon it. Asked whether he has often been angry, "O sir," says he, "therein I assure you I have often sinned. Alas! what man is able to forbear it, beholding the daily actions of men to be so dishonest? Many times in a day I have rather wished myself dead than living, beholding youth pursuing idle vanities, to swear and forswear themselves, tippling in taverns, and never haunting churches, but rather affecting the world's follies than any such duties as they owe to God." "This is a good and holy anger," said the Friar; "but, tell me, hath not rage or fury at any time so overruled thee as to commit murder or manslaughter, or to speak evil of any man, or to do any other such kind of injury?" "O Father," answered Master Chappelet, "you that seem to be a man of God, how dare you use such vile words? If I had had the least thought to do any such act, do you think God would have suffered me to live? Those are deeds of darkness, fit for villains and wicked livers; when at any time I have met with one of them, I have said, 'Go, God amend thee.'"

And so he carries on, confessing kind and good actions under the guise of sins. He has spoken ill of another, for when he saw a man continually beat his wife he complained to the man's parents. He has cheated in merchandise, for once a man brought him money in a purse, and it was found later that there was fourpence too much, so Master Chappelet gave it to the poor. And once, when he was a very little boy, he cursed his mother, which now gives him occasion for an anguish of filial devotion. So, in the end, the holy man absolves him, and adds his own benediction, and believes him to be one of the saints of the earth. "And who would not have done the like," says the story, "hearing

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a man to speak in this manner when he was at the very point of death?"

So Master Chappelet is buried in the convent and sermons are preached upon him, and he is canonised, and the crowd press about his bier for relics, and a chapel is built for his tomb, and "for many days it was strange to see how the country people came thither in heaps, with holy candles and other offerings, and images of wax fastened to the tomb, in sign of sacred and solemn vows to this new-created Saint."

I have quoted at some length, to illustrate the zest of Boccaccio and his generosity of treatment, if I may so call it. Here is a hypocrite in the grand style! It is all done for a single end, to save himself and his hosts from danger and discomfort. But the real motive is the delight of the craftsman—hypocrisy for art's sake.

Think of the slightness of the story. A wicked lawyer makes a lying confession on his death-bed and dies in the odour of sanctity. That is all. How many writers, presented with that summary, would make a living thing of it, full of humour and irony and delight? It is not even one of the best told of Boccaccio's stories; yet the vitality of his genius is in every part of it.

When he comes to narrate histories that are full of incident, what a pageant of human adventure unrolls itself before our eyes! What dazzling and terrifying possibilities seem to lie in wait for us at every corner! And what a picture of Europe, and of its wayfaring life, at a time so unlike our own, a time when man had his face set towards liberty! The short summaries of the stories are full of life. Here is one of them:—

"Three young men are in love with three sisters, and elope with them into Crete. There the eldest sister, urged by jealousy, kills her lover. The second sister saves her from the penalty of death by yielding to the suit of the Duke of Crete, but is herself thereupon killed by her own lover, who flies away in company with the elder sister. The third couple, being left behind, are charged with the murder, and being unable to face the prospect of torture, confess themselves guilty, but bribe the keepers of the prison with money and escape into Rhodes, where they die in great poverty."

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It is like the record of a police case, yet it is all made significant and vivid by Boccaccio. The eldest brother sets the whole train of violence in motion by his fickleness; the others are involved by the passions of anger and love, so that, however extravagant the summary may sound, the events, as Boccaccio narrates them, seem to follow one another naturally and inevitably, linked in the chain of Fate.

The dangers of passion, the dangers of folly and vanity, these certainly are morals to be found everywhere in the *Decameron*. Boccaccio has a singularly light and happy touch in his treatment of foolish persons. He has no acquaintance with the kind of foolishness that confounds the wisdom of this world; he is never metaphysical in his treatment. Shakespeare's fools are, many of them, also God's fools; they live in the deeper issues of things. But Boccaccio's fools and dunces are ordinary human creatures in whom the human faculty of prudence and discernment is quaintly and delightfully lacking. They are a numerous and amiable family. There is the poor simple-minded painter Calandrino, a troubled soul, who was sadly duped time and again by his fellows, Bruno and Buffalmaco, men of very recreative spirits. There is the foolish young gentlewoman of Venice, empty-headed and vain of her beauty, who was induced to believe that the god Cupid himself had fallen in love with her. There is the medical man, Doctor Simon, who took a house in Florence and watched the passers-by, in the hope that he might get them for patients. Unfortunately he chanced to fasten his attention on Bruno and Buffalmaco, and he noticed that they lived merrily and with less care than anyone else in the city. When he heard that they were poor men, and painters by profession, he wondered (knowing nothing of the artistic temperament) how it was possible for them to live so jocundly and in such poverty. So he asked them what hidden means of livelihood they had. They, perceiving him to be a loggerhead, plied him with tales of a secret club, founded by a necromancer, frequented by Kings and Empresses, and endowed with all the luxuries of the world. Then the Doctor had them daily for guests, and employed them to paint his dining-room and his street-door and all the parts of his house with suitable frescoes

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And he besought them to admit him to their club—the Pirates' Club, as they were pleased to call it. All the time that Bruno was painting the Battle of the Rats and Cats in the gallery of the Doctor's garden, the Doctor would stand by and hold the candle for him, for he painted after dusk, and tease him to be allowed to join the club. "Hold the candle a little nearer," said Bruno, "till I have finished the tails of these rats, then I will answer you." The poor Doctor ransacked his head for everything that might tell in his favour. "I would do anything for you," he said; "you might take me into your club. You can perfectly well see what a handsome man I am, and how well my legs are proportioned to my body, and I have a face like a rose, and, more than that, I am a Doctor of Medicine, and I think you have none of that profession in your club, and I have a great store of anecdote, and can sing a good song, and if you don't believe it, I will sing you one." With that he began to sing. In the sequel Master Doctor was very shamefully treated by the high-spirited painters. Folly never triumphs in Boccaccio, and the practical jokes that are put upon it often transgress the limits of delicate taste.

If Boccaccio is the first of the moderns, the world that he paints is more than half mediæval. The nobility and beauty of that older world of chivalry shine out in the loftier tales. I must tell only one of them, and in my own translation, for the translations that I have seen do not render the courtesies of the original. Most of the effect is in the deliberate, loving detail; and no translation can present more than a shadow. Here is the ninth story of the fifth day, told by Fiammetta, who was elected Queen for that day's session:—

There once lived in Florence a young gentleman named Federigo degli Alberighi, who was reputed for courtesy and feats of arms above all the other gallants in Tuscany. He fell in love with a lady called Monna Giovanna, the fairest and most gracious lady in Florence, and to win her favour he launched out into lavish expenses of every kind, feasts and banquets, tilts and tournaments. But she, being as virtuous as she was fair, made no account whatever of these things, nor of the giver of them. So Federigo wasted all his substance, and in the end had to retire to a single

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poor little farm, where he lived with no companion but his favourite hawk or falcon, one of the best in the world; and there living on what his falcon caught for him, he passed his time in poverty and obscurity.

Meantime Monna Giovanna's husband died, leaving all his property to their son, and if the son should die without issue, to Monna Giovanna herself. Being left a widow, she lived during the summer season at a country house which happened to be near Federigo's farm.

The young man, her son, who was fond of coursing and hawking, struck up a friendship with Federigo, and took especial delight in the wonderful flights of the falcon. He greatly coveted to have the falcon for his own, but seeing how dearly Federigo loved her, he forbore to make the request. After a time the youth, who was an only child, fell ill, and, in spite of his mother's care, wasted away. She cherished him night and day, and urged him to ask her for anything that he had a fancy for, promising that she would get it for him if by any means she could. So at last he said, "If I could only have Federigo's falcon for my own, I believe I should recover."

The lady stood still for a long time on hearing this, and thought of many things. What could she do? She remembered how Federigo loved the falcon, never letting it go far from him. She remembered how constant he had been in his affection to herself, and how she had never shown him the least token of kindness. "How dare I send, or go," she thought, "and ask him for the falcon, the best that ever flew? How can I be so churlish as to try to take away from this gentleman his one remaining delight?" She knew that she had only to ask for the falcon to have it, and her mind was full of troubled thoughts. At last love for her son prevailed, and she determined, whatever might come of it, not to send, but to go herself and make the request. So she promised her son that she would bring it to him, and at once he began to amend.

The first thing in the morning she took a waiting gentlewoman with her and walked to Federigo's farm. He was in a little garden behind the house, attending to the work of the place, but when he heard that Monna Giovanna was there, he ran to welcome her. She greeted him gently,

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and said, "I have come, Federigo, to recompense a part of the loss you had by me, when you offered me more love than it befitted you to give or me to take. And the recompense is this: I and this lady are willing to be your guests, and to dine with you this morning." Federigo made reverence and said, "Madonna, I do not remember ever to have had any loss by you, but rather so much gain that if I am worth anything at all it is by virtue of your worthiness and of the love that I bore to you. Your generous visit is more to me than it would be if I had all my riches to spend again, for now you have come to a poor house." So he received her with diffidence, and took her into his little garden, and said, "Madonna, since I have no other retinue, this good woman here, the wife of an honest labourer, will attend on you while I make ready the dinner." Though his poverty was extreme, he had never felt it till now, for in the house he found nothing to entertain the lady herself for whose sake he had in times past feasted thousands; he was beside himself with distress, and ran hither and thither, cursing his ill-fortune, but found no money, and nothing of value that he could sell for money. He could not bring himself to borrow from the labouring people who served him, much less to beg of anyone else, when suddenly his eyes fell upon his falcon, sitting on its perch in the little room in which he lived. This was his only resource; he took hold of it, and, finding it plump, thought that it would make a dish worthy of his lady. Without more ado he wrung the falcon's neck, and gave it to a little maid to pluck it, and truss it, and put it on the spit, while he laid the table with the few white napkins which were left to him. Then with a more cheerful countenance he went to the lady in the garden and told her that dinner, the best that he could provide, was served. So they sat down, and Federigo waited on them, and, without suspecting what they were eating, they ate the falcon. When they had risen from the table and had talked pleasantly on indifferent topics for a while, it seemed to the lady that the time was come to tell her errand; so, looking kindly at Federigo, she said, "Federigo, I daresay when I tell you what brought me here you will be amazed at my presumption, and will think of the past, and of my honourable rejection of you, which perhaps seemed to you nothing but

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cruelty and hardness of heart; but if you had ever had children, you would forgive me, at least in part, for you would know how strong is the love that binds us to them. Though you have none, I have an only child. I must obey the law that is laid on mothers; I am forced, against my will, to make an unseemly request and to ask you to give me something that is very dear to you, and no wonder, for your hard fortune has left you no other pleasure or comfort in life—I mean your falcon, which has so infatuated my poor boy that if I do not take it home to him he will grow worse, and if complications set in I dread that I may lose him. So I implore you, not for the love that you once felt for me—that is no obligation at all—but in the name of your own generosity, which is greater than ever I found in anyone else, to give me the falcon, so that when it has saved the life of my son he may be your debtor for ever.”

Federigo, hearing what the lady asked, and knowing that he could not help her, because he had given her the falcon to eat, stood with the tears in his eyes, and could not answer her a word. She thought that he grieved at parting with the falcon, and very nearly said she would not take it; however, she controlled herself, and waited to hear his reply. “Madonna,” he said, when he had mastered his grief, “since first it pleased God that I should set my love on you, I have often had to lament my fortune, which has been adverse in many things, but all that ever I suffered has been a trifle compared with this. How can I ever forgive my hard fate when I think that you have come to my poor house, where you never would condescend to come while I was rich, and have asked me for a little tiny gift, and it is out of my power to give it you. I will tell you why: When I heard that you were pleased to dine with me, for which I cannot thank you enough, I thought of your nobility and worth, and I felt it only right to honour you, so far as I could, with a dearer entertainment and choicer fare than is offered on common occasions. So I remembered my falcon, which now you ask me to give you, and I thought how splendid a creature she was, and worthy to lay before you. So this very morning you have had her roasted upon a dish, and I felt I could not have put her to a better use. But now that I know you wanted her for quite another

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purpose, it is so great a grief to me to be unable to serve you that I shall never have peace again for thinking of it." To witness what he said, he sent for the feathers and talons and beak, and laid them before her.

The lady, when she saw and heard all this, at first felt that he was much to blame for having killed so noble a creature to give a woman something to eat, but when she thought of his greatness of soul, which poverty had no power to abase, she commended him in her secret heart. Having no hope now of getting the falcon, and fearing for her son's health, she took her leave in very low spirits, and returned to her son, who before many days, whether because he was disappointed about the falcon, or perhaps because his disease ran its natural course, died, and left his mother inconsolable. And she, though she continued in great sorrow, yet being rich and still in the flower of her age, was urged by her brothers to marry again. She had no mind to another marriage, yet being plagued without ceasing by her brothers, she called to mind Federigo's loftiness of character, and especially the magnificence of his generosity in sacrificing so noble a falcon to do her honour, and she said to them, "I am well content to stay as I am, if only you would leave me in peace; but if you insist on my marrying again, I must tell you that I will certainly never marry anyone unless it be Federigo degli Alberighi." Then her brothers laughed at her, and said, "You silly creature, do you know what you are talking about? How can you take him for a husband; he has not a farthing in the world." But she replied, "I know that quite well, but I think it is better to marry a man ill-provided with wealth, than to marry wealth ill-provided with a man." The brothers, seeing that her mind was fixed, and knowing Federigo for a man of mark, poor though he was, fell in with her wishes, and gave her to him, with all that belonged to her. And he seeing that a lady of such worth, whom he had loved so long and so dearly, was now his wife, and had brought him all her wealth, became a better manager than before, and lived with her in all gladness to the end of his days.

It would be difficult to over-praise the delicacy and beauty of that story. It is not tragic, yet it has a pathos as lofty as tragedy. It is not well adapted for the stage, as

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Tennyson's distortion of it shows; the actual crisis is dangerously trivial—a housekeeper's dilemma. It is perfectly adapted for Boccaccio's narrative method with interspersed speeches which take us into the confidence of the characters. It is only one proof out of many that he can take the stuff of daily life, stuff that would be rejected off-hand by more ambitious writers, and can wring from it effects that poetry might well envy.

The prose style of Boccaccio was dominant in narrative literature for centuries, yet it will disappoint those who test it by modern standards, and it misled many imitators. It is not a simple style—rather it is curious and alembicated, but this was for a sufficient purpose. The stories he had to tell were many of them very plain broad folk-stories, but they were to be told in a courtly circle. Boccaccio never uses a coarse word. He is very sparing in his use of colloquial expressions, which, when they do occur, have the more effect from their rarity and their setting. In this matter he is like Malory, who also preserves a single atmosphere throughout all his tales. The atmosphere of the *Decameron* is the atmosphere of the polite garden; if the exploits of clowns and rascals are told, the language in which they are told sets the speaker aloof from them in the attitude of a curious student of human life. The reported speeches of the characters, especially the longer speeches, are not dramatic; they are written to reveal thought and motive. When Tancred, Prince of Salerno, finds that his daughter has a secret lover, he causes the lover, Guiscardo, to be seized, and reproaches Ghismonda with her crime. She replies in a long speech, not truly dramatic, but none the worse for that. It is a noble speech, full of faith and courage and defiance. She knew that Guiscardo was as good as dead, and she felt indescribable anguish; she could have wept and cried aloud, but the pride of her soul disdained tears and entreaty, for she intended not to survive him; wherefore, not in the least like a weeping woman, or one who accepts reproof for her sin, she answered her father in high, careless fashion, frankly and courageously, without a tear in her eyes, and without a sign of perturbation in her soul. "Tancred," she said, "I am in no mind either to deny or to entreat; the one way would bring me no help. and I seek no help the other way; moreover, I do not intend

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by act or word to appeal to your love or mercy; I shall confess the truth, first vindicating my honour with sound reasons, and then resolutely following the dictates of my unconquered soul. It is true that I have loved Guiscardo, and I do love him, and so long as I live, which will not be long, I shall love him; and if there is love after death, I shall never cease to love him. But it was not the frailty of woman that led me to this, so much as the little care you had to marry me, and the virtues of Guiscardo himself. You ought to know, Tancred, since you are made of flesh and blood, that the daughter you begot is also flesh and blood, and not stone or iron; and you ought to remember, though now you are old, what are the laws of youth, and how powerfully they work their effect." These are the opening sentences of this amazing speech, so exalted in its temper, so fearless in its humanity, so perfectly characteristic of Boccaccio. It could hardly have been spoken at a tragic crisis; it is too elaborate for that; but it sets forth the whole inward meaning of the crisis, and some part of the creed of the author. The story of Tancred and Ghismonda has been told a hundred times since first it was told in Tuscan prose, but the first telling has never been equalled.

We make too little of Boccaccio. The splendid palace that he built, with a hundred rooms, has not been neglected, it is true, but it has been used as a quarry by other builders. Chaucer, Shakespeare, and how many more, took what they wanted from it, so that we are sometimes tempted to regard Boccaccio as if his chief use were to lend material to greater men. It is not so; he was as fine an artist as the best of them; his method was all his own; he cannot be superseded; and his work has aged less than the work of those who borrowed from him. He has the elixir of life; he is eternally joyous, and eternally young.

The Red Grave

By John Westroppe

"TOM DAVIES do look to 'ave a wet laying."

Jehoidah Michael scraped the red mud from his boots against the sexton's spade and glanced down into the depths of the newly-dug grave.

June of that year had been very wet, and now in the heart of the rank July the world was like a huge sponge overfilled with moisture. The wood-ridge, the Beacon, and the up-lying lanes were not free for days together from cloud. The potato hawms grew into a forest waist-high. Lambs died, worn out by the weight of sodden wool; only the meadows throve knee-deep; the difficulty was to cut and save them. Never had there been such a year for strawberries, but the fruit was watery and full of maggots.

The Davies came of an old stock, as was shown by the row of crumbling headstones in the nettle-grown churchyard; sunken into the high grass and leaning all manner of ways, they stood to the north of the church, kept by it always in the shadow.

At that spot, owing to some formation of the ground, water collected below the surface, turning the earth in a wet season into a red mud, through which the spade squelched in the digging. Some inches of red water had already oozed into the grave, which would be full before morning.

"Joyda," after knocking the accumulated mud from his spade against the nearest of the headstones, put it over his shoulder—"shouldered his bagginets," as he put it humorously to his own mind—and, carrying it to a corner, hid it within a hollow poplar that in the winter used to cover all the gravestones with skeleton leaves.

The low-browed house beyond the churchyard wall scowled at him over a yew cut square at the top a little

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below the upper windows. It may have belonged at one time to a farm of some size and prosperity, but except for a large half-ruined barn and a yard overgrown with nettles, retained no trace of possible former well-being. Indeed, how a house of such size could ever have been supported by even a-many acres of starved hill-land was a question not easy to answer; as it was, the Davies' family owned nothing but the house, a meagre paddock behind it, another in front, and a run-to-seed neglected garden.

It was the late owner who now lay, through four of the muggy, reeking days, awaiting burial. Besides the redoubtable "Willyam," he had a younger son, Adam, a cripple of one or two and twenty, who now, alone save for the corpse, occupied the gaunt house.

Old Davies had been a peculiar man in his way. During several years he had made a practice of standing at his door of a wet or snowy Sunday morning, watching for the Vicar's tall, stooped figure; when it appeared, a blur upon the steamy distance, he would retreat into the house, banging the door after him. If, as might happen once in a course of years, the Vicar did not come, he would walk up the grass lane to the church, and sit, regardless of rheumatism, on the green, mildewed seat of the porch, formulating a complaint to the Bishop.

I suppose that there must at one time have been a population near the church to give a reason for its existence; but at the time of which I write the "Tump," as the farm was called, was the only dwelling within miles, and the scattered people beyond that radius preferred "Pennywell" (Pennoel), or Bethel Chapel, near them. It was not a singular instance.

There are churches, sole relicts of hamlets long worn down, all over the hills, sometimes in the oddest places. The curate of Mynnydd, for instance, could not even ride to his church, so thrust away was it among the woods and the "wet meadows" that were never dry and often under water. Sometimes his congregation numbered half a dozen; sometimes two; frequently there was no congregation at all. All these churches are green, walls and roofs alike, and sleep away their time upon the earth peacefully enough, with swallows and little ferns thriving in the towers, and cobwebs and butterfly-wings on the windows'

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diamond panes. Inside they are very cold, very dark, very silent.

Joyda Michael, in passing the farm gates, stopped for a moment to look through. The rain fell in large separate drops. When, taking advantage of the shelter of the wall to light his pipe, he found his match-box empty, he swore.

Then he searched diligently in various pockets in hopes of a stray lucifer, and swore again.

For hospitality, the house in front of him was useless. He wondered, with a grin, how old Davies would like a grave of his digging.

He was just putting the sack which served as a great coat over his head and shoulders, when the house door opened and a head thrust itself out into the rain.

"'Ee'd best come in."

Jehoidah was in no wise abashed.

"Thank 'ee, Adam, I don't say as I 'ont, if Willyam be'nt at home."

Willyam was the elder son of Tom Davies; between him and "Joyda" lay old scores.

The cripple looked at him with awakened interest.

"Be 'ee the man as a'most did for 'im a while a-gone?"

Joyd grinned.

"Willy-am and me be'nt azackly *mates*, 'ee knows."

Adam Davies nodded, and motioned him in, preceding him along the narrow stone passage, dark with damp.

There was a fire in the living room, which was in as great a state of confusion as its scanty, cumbersome furniture allowed.

Joyd sat down on the settle beside the hearth and lighted his pipe, keeping a speculative eye on his companion, who with slow, awkward movements went to the tall eight-day clock beside the dresser and opened its door. When he turned again he had a bottle in his hand, which he placed upon the table.

"Be that there where 'ee do keep he, Adam?"

Adam jerked a thumb towards the ceiling.

"T'owd man keep he there; never did 'e give man or beast wot 'e could keep."

"'Ee 'ad a nicish couple to live along o', Adam. Owd Tom and Willy-am; I do suppose now, as 'ee wasn't overfond of they."

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The other made no reply, but took from the dresser a couple of mugs, and pouring some spirit into each, sat upon the table, with his uneven limbs gathered up under him. He looked so eldritch in the gloomy kitchen that Jehoidah let his pipe go out in contemplating him, and had to relight it.

“’Ee may well look at a ’andsome lot like this ’ere,” ejaculated the object of his attention. “Do ’ee know why I asked of ’ee in?”

“Well there, Adam Davies, since ’ee mention of it, it do beat me; I be’nt so friendly like to this ’ere family. If either o’ they two as we were a-mentioning were a-setting where ’ee be, I don’t say as ’ow I should ’ave a drop o’ *their* powering; they’d either on ’em pison of me cheerful.”

“That be why,” said the cripple with a short laugh, taking up a mug. “’Ere, do ’ee drink to one of ’em, and I’ll drink to t’other: snug quarters to both.”

He tossed off the liquor, and refilled the mug.

“Rum, ain’t it?” Joyd remarked. “’Ere be me, a-drinking ’is liquor, arter digging of ’is grave. But it be’nt much good wishing any manner o’ luck to ’im up abooove *there*”—jerking a thumb towards the ceiling. “And it do go agin me drinking to Willy-am. The owd man and me wasn’t much to boast on in t’ way o’ friends; we ’ad a fight once wot lasted his life-long.”

“Ah!” said the cripple, leaning towards him greedily, “what war it about?”

“Times agone, a-fore ’ee was born, O’d Tom took to preaching; after that t’ passon ’ad turned ’im off from being chutch-warden, because on the poor’s money not finding its way to anywheres as could be heerd on. Uncommon fine preacher he war. Owd Nick ’adn’t ne’r a chance wi’ Owd Tom. Maybe it be the same now.

“Howsomever, one Sunday there war a great meeting on the Green, and Owd Tom bullicked it out like a good ’un, when what should ’e do but p’int me hout wi’ ’is ’and. Sez ’e, ‘O do ’ee see the black sheep as is bound wi’ chains o’ sin.’

“That there be too much for me, so I sez:

“‘Adn’t ’ee best be a-going ’ome and loose t’ missus, Tom, as ’ee do keep chained to t’ chimney-piece?’

“We didn’t ’ear no more o’ chains for a bit.”

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In the silence that followed, the tall clock struck six.

Joyd put down his glass, and, after refilling and lighting his pipe, rose to depart; the atmosphere was not congenial; the figure on the table took no notice of his movements. He drew the sack coat-wise over his shoulders, and giving a parting glance, half curious, half compassionate at it, tramped down the damp, flagged passage and out into the rainy evening. When the gate clapped behind him, he drew two or three deep breaths, looked back and up at the house, shook his head significantly, and trudged away along the wet road, narrowed by the forward leaning of the long drenched grass and ferns from either side.

For more than half an hour he passed no living thing, save a stray pig drawn close to the sheltering side of a ruined cottage; with its nose round the corner, it waited the lifting of the rain.

That would be long enough. It thickened from a mist to a drizzle, and then to a downpour, before Jehoidah reached the pile of ruins where the Mormons had once lived.

Back from the road, where the trees of the forest ran out into a narrow belt of larch before giving way to the fields, stood a gigantic hollow beech, as old, but probably no older, than the flourishing thick-set yew on the roadside.

Although little of the trunk was left but bark, this beech's great branches spread out round it, making a shadow to a distance; the larch surrounded it on three sides; there, if anywhere, would be shelter from the weather—at least, until it were certain to last all night. Also he had left some property hidden in the old tree, about which he was anxious.

He scrambled through the hedge, and followed a sheep track leading to a pool at the beech's foot. The tree looked sound enough from this point of view, but by going through the larch to the further side, you became aware of a dark cleft in the trunk nearly as high as a man, and by stooping a little would find yourself in a small circular room, large enough to contain three people upright, and lighted by a straggling shaft of light from a knot-hole near the base of the main boughs.

It was not the first time by a good many that Joyda

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Michael had taken advantage of this shelter. Also he had used it on more than one occasion as a temporary storehouse, and had reason to be annoyed, on putting his head into the wooden cave, to find it already occupied by Mr. Coppice, the keeper, who leant easily against one side, with his long gaitered legs stretched across the opening. "Joyd" fairly fell over them.

It was remarkable that "Joyda," who had by no means expected such a meeting, said easily:

"Evenin', Mr. Coppice. How be 'ee? Uncommon handy this 'ere shelter."

While Coppice, who had his own very good reasons for expecting "Joyd's" appearance, exclaimed:

"Why, that never be 'Joyda' Michael!"

"Joyd's" sharp eyes glanced anywhere but towards the crevice overhead in which his interests centred. In spite of the gloom, he felt sure that the white tail of a rabbit was startlingly visible.

"'Ee couldn't obleege me wi' a bit of baccy, I don't suppose?"

The keeper shook his head. "Don't keep none," he said, shortly.

"Where have 'ee bin to get that there colour?"

"Joyd" glanced at the red legs of his moleskins.

"A-diggin' Owd Tom Davies' grave," he explained. He shook the wet from his sack and hung it up to drip from a branch near the opening. Then he imitated the keeper's attitude and waited; if Coppice knew nothing of rabbits, he would know no more.

"When I quitted work the grave was fillin' fast wi' water; t' owd man 'll 'ave a wet laying ag'in to-morrow."

"Damn him!" said the keeper.

"Joyd" looked at him out of the corners of his eyes. There was another long silence.

Broken by Coppice:

"'Ee be a plaguey good poacher, 'Joyda' Michael. 'Ave 'ee allays laid it to your own smartness as 'ee've never been landed in Court any time this twenty year?"

Slightly disturbed by the turn conversation was taking, but confident in his powers, "Joyd's" face assumed a look of virtuous reproach and indignation, with a touch of sadness

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"Well, I'm blowed, Jim Coppice, if 'ee've any right to speak like that. We've bin friendly-like long enough, and a sensible man as 'ee be don't go listening to no lies; so don't 'ee say as 'ee 'ave, Jim Coppice, for 'tis more'n I can believe."

The keeper gave a short laugh, rose, and, leaning out of the trunk, held up his hand, but Joyd dared not rise and tuck in that damning bit of white fur.

There was a queer smile on Coppice's face when he returned to his former position.

"Sou'-west," he remarked; "'twill hold all night, till moonrise."

"Do 'ee know, Joyd, I've often thought as 'ow I'd tell 'ee 'ow it war. I allays knowed as 'ow I should tell some 'un, and 'ee be a smart man, as can keep a quiet tongue; the safer for 'ee. I couldn't be sure as wot it wouldn't make trouble afore; but now that that o'd devil 'ave gone Below, I'll tell 'ee of it."

"Say, did 'ee ever 'ere tell o' Meribah?"

"'Er as o'd Davies married last, as runned off to God knows where? I never did more'n see 'er, now and then, afore I went to t' pits."

"Wonnerful 'air she 'ad, like sovereigns, for all 'er face was white as a clout, but at t' edges seemed as if t' gold o' t' 'air 'ad runned in washing down into 'er face."

"When I cam back from t' pits, she was gone. Some said as 'ow she'd come to no good end; and some 'eld as o'd Tom 'ad druv 'er to make away wid 'erself; but I never knowed t' rights o' it, and I never heeds lies."

"'Air!" said the keeper, dreamily; "yes, she 'ad---*gold*."

"It began this way :

"When I fust come 'ere, I warn't five-and-twenty; I have bin, and am, a lone man, and will be. I was born in the 'oods, by the charcoal pits, and, like enough, in the 'oods I'll die. I've been nigh enough to that, times; but that be'nt got nothing to say to Meribah, 'cept as 'ow living alone with the beasts and birds and trees make a man take queer fancies, and never let 'em go; a 'oodman never cares for more'n one thing, and 'e cares for that wi' the whole on he."

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Joyda nodded; he also had spent much of his life beneath the trees.

"That's 'ow I come to care for Meribah.

"Fust time I ever seed 'er was a nesh day, most like this.

"I was a-passing of the rotten old 'ell up abooove"—he jerked his thumb in the direction of the "Tump"—"when out o' the barn nigh the road I heard a crying, a little crying, like the wind afore the snow. The door warn't open, so I pushed of it with my knee, and it shrieked on its hinges. With that the crying stopped, and I heered the nise of a chaff-cutter, not working steady, but now a swish, and now a swosh, and then a stop.

"It was darkish in the barn, nobbut the light from the 'air-'oles striping the dark. While I stood, the chaffer went on again, quicker, so I thought as the farm boy had taken me for 'is master.

"The ladder stood up to the loft where the nise come from, so, putting down my gun, I climbed up till I could see over the floor.

"Lord! the little white face as opened its great eyes at me, like a frightened hare. It was a woman as was workin' those damned heavy knives, with the tears drip-dripping over 'er 'ands.

"I could see it by the light from where the roof-tiles was broke.

"She give a sort of a cry, and dropped on to the hay-trusses, 'most scart to death.

"I got up on to the floor and stood staring at 'er. Then I took a holt of the handles, and druv they as they 'adn't bin druv for time enough.

"I worked 'em perhaps a dozen times, when she caught at my 'ands wi' 'ers, wet wi' 'er tears.

"'Doan't!' she said, whispering; 'oh, doan't! He'll come and find of 'ee, and take on awful.'

"I couldn't push away 'er 'ands, and I warn't able to work wi'out; so I stayed and asked what in 'ell was meant by leavin' this work to a 'ooman. Warn't there no 'ands but 'er'n for it?

"'Leave it be,' she said, over'n over again. 'I'll tell 'ee 'e'll most kill me if 'e 'ears the chaffer stop.'

"The chaffer stopped then, and I put my 'ands round 'er. Tell 'ee I felt mad-like.

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“‘Darlin’!’ I sez, ‘doan’t ’e take on; leave who ever he be as set ’ee to this ’ere, and come along o’ me. I means it, every word.’

“I held ’er so as she couldn’t speak, but I felt ’er shake like a birch in the September wind. ’Er ’ands were up agin my chest, and I seed what made me go sick—a weddin’-ring; but I didn’t loose ’er. She pushed of me back a bit, and said:

“‘I be a wife, do ’ee know? I bee married to ’im inside. Oh, God aboove! I wish I was dead afore I did it!’

“There came a little nise below, so I loosed of ’er, and signed for ’er to look who it was.

“I could ’ear ’ow she ’most fell down the ladder in going, but, leaning over, I seed ’er reach the floor where a boy was standing—’im as ’is now Willy-am Davies. As ’ee do know, ’e warn’t son to the ’ooman, but to some other poor soul hid under the grass years before, and likely glad to get there. ’E war some fifteen year old at the time I speak on, and stout of ’is age.

“‘Bee father ’ere?’ he sez, kickin’ at the barn door.

“‘No, Bill,’ she sez, timid like.

“‘Thought as I heard of ’im,’ he sez.

“She shook ’er ’ead.

“At that the young rip went off, callin’ out:

“‘‘Ave ’ee most done that there hay? I’ll tell father as I didn’t ’ear no chaffer.’

“I didn’t say no word, but turned they knives till the fodder tub under was full; then I come down and called soft like on the ’ooman.

“But whether in the barn or out, she wouldn’t answer none. Then I took up my gun, which that young devil ’adn’t seen, and walked up to the ’ouse.

“But afore I reached of it, I turned into the church-yard, and ’id the gun in a ’ollow tree, for I couldn’t some’ow trust myself wi’ it for the next few minutes. Then I went down to the farm, and walked in through the door set open, and seed another door at the fur end o’ the passage and went through that. An my ’eart as beat so ’ot went cold to see ’ow old the devil was. I felt crazed to think as ’ow I couldn’t teach ’im what I ’ad come to teach; and ’e

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didn't turn in 'is chair, but put the glass to 'is mouth and sez, after drinking :

“ ‘ ‘Ave 'ee done the chaffing, 'ee lazy—Don't 'ee go for to let on as 'ee can't next time,’ and he laughed.

“ And I shut the door, and went away quick for fear as I should kill 'im where 'e sat in 'is chair.

“ Now whether that young imp 'ad seen more'n we thought on, or 'ow it was, I doan't know, but it wasn't a week afore there came the great fire in t' 'ood.”

“ Surely 'ee doan't mean——” Joyda broke in sharply. James Coppice looked at him as if recalled to a sense of the present. Then said :

“ That there fire was fust started in that bit of dry grass to the west o' my place; and if the wind 'ad kep' steady, it 'ould a swep' up and over afore day. But howsomever, the wind shifted north afore the fire got a fair start, and druv it some twenty yards to one side, where the green 'ollies with their nise like shots waked me; and none too soon, neither, for the thatch o' the back shed was a-smouldering, when I doused he wi' water.

“ Yes, indeed; and I found arterwards, where paraffin 'ad been spilled to start the fire, the stopper o' a can.

“ I showed of it to Jacobs one day, and tauld he to leave it in t' forge, where anyone a-comin' in might set eyes on it, and Jacobs tauld me as Willy-am the boy came in there, and, seeing of it, asked Jacobs where 'e'd got t' cap o' 'is father's paraffin-can from?

“ ‘Do 'ee mean that there?’ said the smith. ‘Why, up in t' 'ood, close to where t' fire was started as 'most burnt Coppice in 'is bed.’

“ And then if Young Viper didn't drop it, and say as 'ow it be'nt his'n arter all.

“ Jacobs tauld me of it, and, though he do be a liar, 'twas true enough, I'll swear.

“ So I kep' the cap; and, having of it, knawed as I'd a holt on t' two devils as 'ould give me a power over they if need war. The knowing of what I knowed, and t' fear o' my knowing more, see! 'ave kep' they off these twenty year, in spite o' what comed arterwards.

“ I do wonder, times, 'as 'ow they never tried to put me away safe some'ow, 'special as I'm a man as is mostly alone; but they be cowards in the bone.”

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Joyda nodded. "No staying at all," he agreed. "Look 'ow easy I did for Willy-am a while since, and 'e 'most twice as big, and thirty year younger; I 'ad nobbut 'it 'im once, when I knawed as 'e'd never show no real fight. 'Ow long was this 'ere, afore Meribah—went?"

"Better than a year. Happen I'd see of 'er two or three time a week, happen not once a month. One time. . . . But there, what odds to speak; I ain't been a-nigh o' this 'ere tree for better'n eighteen year; 'e be 'aunted like. I shet my eyes, and it be allays Meribah, Meribah, since the time as I spake on.

"The time as it snawed, and I found 'er a-gathering a burden o' 'ood in the clearing over the rise; and I lifted of 'er, burden and all, and carried of 'er to this 'ere tree; then I made a fire o' dry pith, where that knot-'ole do make a chimney, and 'id 'er warm in fern as I'd stored 'ere, for fear as any coming by 'ould know of 'er being there; but none came . . . for hours.

"'Ow the end was? Listen, and I'll tell 'ee.

"I'd bin out all one day, getting ants'-eggs for the young birds. I'd bin fur, and it was late when I came 'ome.

"'Ee do know the fouer ways where the 'ollies be? Just by there I could ha' sworn as I heered some'un a-coming arter me along the pawth, some'un as warn't hardly sure o' the way, and turned o' times into them false tracks as is made by the wild things, rabbits and such. It was a little rustle there, and a cracking here; never close by, but not fur off.

"Having the matter o' the fire in my head, I kep' awake, and by turning in and out made it most impossible to get a clear sight o' me through the underbrush. I wasn't easy in my mind, thinking who it might be. I 'ad tried long enough to get Meribah to break away and go along o' me to t'other side o' the county, where I could 'a got a job in the Forest o' Dean; but she was that low as she feared to bring trouble on me, though God knows, the knowing o' what she was a-going through, day in, day out, was wuss of all troubles.

"But this night I was so oneasy, as I made up my mind as I'd go at once, and try and get a sight o' 'er, and maybe get 'er away. When I reached 'ome, it was dark

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—dark as a winter night, but 'ot as 'ell, for thunder war a-coming. It was early in July, but a dry season; sin' April not a drop o' rain.

"In June a plaguey blight-worm 'ad stripped the oak-copse as bare as a frost, and barer.

"I seed, a-coming by, as the Mare's Pool was empty, and the rushes round the edges burnt to hay.

"I 'ad lit my fire to cook a bit o' victuals, the fust as I'd seen since daybreak, and was jest a-going to pull the board across the window (for it be'nt safe allays to make a mark o' yourself to one outside), when I noticed the white butterflies what caused the blight flying to the light through the window by 'undreds. This tauld me as some'un was a-coming, as it warn't a night moth, and must have bin shook out o' the branches by who ever it was brushing through the copse.

"Quick, I throwed the sack o' emmet-earth on to the fire, and then, the room being dark, put my 'and on my gun, and kep' still. At fust I could scarce tell the window from the walls, but a sort o' shadow stopped on the door-stone, a' the night grawed thicker there. Fust I thinks 'twere nobbut the yew a little way off, but presently I heerd a whisper :

"'Jim! O Jim!'

"And then the shadow sank on the threshold.

"It was Meribah—come at last.

"For an hour or more she lay near the fire, white as death and as still, 'cept fur a sort of shiver as took 'er at times.

"Then she began to moan; I made for to get up and fetch the help I knawed was needful; but soon as I'd stir, she'd catch a holt o' me wi' both 'ands, and scream an awful cry as cut into your heart :

"'Don't let 'im get us, don't let 'im get us, dead or alive!'

"'Undreds of times she cried that 'ere, and never a word beside.

"Before morning, she was the dead mother of a living child."

He paused, and wiped the sweat from his face. After a while he said :

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"None knows this to-day, only you and me, 'Joyda' Michael; and I'd lief as none should know."

"Joyd" put his hand on the keeper's shoulder.

"And none 'll know, Jim Coppice; if so be as it do rest wi' me."

"Thank 'ee, 'Joyd'; not as it do matter now over-much. Up to now that old devil Davies might 'a took poor Lizzie, being by name his'n, and 'e'd 'a done it from 'ate o' me, and to 'urt me through 'er 'urt, 'ad 'e known; but seeing as 'e's dead, it doan't matter; but for poor Meribah's good name; and she, poor soul, warn't left much o' *that*.

"But 'ee do know by now why I've never 'ad 'ee up for the blasted poacher 'ee be, all for that saying o' yourn as Tom Davies (damn him!) could go 'ome and loose 'is wife, 'stead o' preaching. I ain't forgot it to 'ee, and never will."

"James!" said "Joyda," anxiously, "wot did 'ee do wi' the corp, arter?"

Coppice was staring out at the slender stems of the larch, shining with the rain, and for some time made no reply.

In his mind he saw the Mare's Pool with its fringe of withered rushes, its carpet of green-hair moss, where the hollow was deepest. Until that June twenty years before it had not been empty since the memory of man, and it had been full since.

"Joyd" repeated his question.

"As I did sit there, trying to quiet the miserable babby as whimpered like a dying 'are, it came to me as I must bear in mind Meribah's words: not to let 'em get 'er dead or alive; and I turned of it over in my mind till I thought on a place where she would lie quiet if anywheres.

"I drewed the shutter over the window, and gived the child a bit o' sop to suck—tell 'ee I skuss cared if it lived or died, since all the love I 'ad lay stark by the fireside—then I took a spade, went out, locking the door, and went in the grey dawn to the place; where that be, 'tis better not to say.

"I dug down and down through the roots o' the trees a goodish way; then I covered all over wi' branches and moss for fear o' the 'oodmen noticing, coming by early by chance, and went back.

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"Fust thing I looked to see if the child was living yat, and most thought at fust as I'd a-had to put it wi' its mother, but it wasn't nobbut asleep wi' a fist in its mouth.

"Then I wrapped Meribah in all I 'ad, as was a great shawl I'd brought some time afore, 'oping as she would wear of it when we went away together, as I'd planned.

"A darned fullish thing to do when I think o't, 'most enough to 'a hung me if so be as the grave 'ad bin found."

"It never war, as I knaws on," commented Joyd, whose curiosity on the subject was great.

"I carried of 'er through the copse," went on the keeper; "(light she war, nought but bones and skin), and, moving of the branches, I put 'er into 'er grave; and you'll call it fullish again, but I couldn't abide as the clay should lie on 'er, so I gathered a mort o' poppies (foxgloves) and fern, and 'id 'er wi' they and put branches over that, and filled all up."

He paused, remembering how he had laid the deep moss over all, and straightened the grass he had crushed, the branches he had pushed aside, praying for rain.

"When all was done," he said, "'twould never 'a bin thought as a man 'ad dug there.

"Then I went back, and, taking of the child, put it into a fish-basket, wi' soft things under and over, and started for the gipsies' camp, over agin the 'Slaughter.'

"There I left the child, as seemed 'most dead, wi' my sister as married a 'Rom' man, and she reared of it, better'n ten year. All the way I went I'd turn and look back at the sky; it did feel like thunder, but most time, as 'ee do knaw, the river do carry of it away from we.

"I was a-coming 'ome late, and a good way off, when there came a tearing sound lasting for nigh ten minutes, and then the great drops strikes through the trees, so as I've never seed afore nor since. All o' that night it stormed, and for best part o' a month arter."

His thoughts drifted across the wet woods to the green pool where, under foxgloves and earth, moss and water, Meribah lay at rest.

He turned suddenly upon "Joyda" Michael.

"'Ee'd best take down they rabbits o' yourn, 'Joyda' Michael, as 'ee did leave up aboove in the tree, and be thankful as they be'nt pheasants.

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“Rabbits be rabbits, I sez, but pheasants be pheasants.”

Next day they sank Thomas Davies' coffin into the red water, which oozed up, splashing the feet of Adam his son, the sole mourner, and hissing out through the rank grass.

The Vicar, his surplice clinging shroudlike to his lank figure; the undertaker's men; Joyda, leaning upon his spade; the old clerk, wheezing as the damp crept into his contracted chest—these, with the crippled boy, made up the group by the grave.

When the troubled water ceased to stir, the sole mourner raised his head, and spoke :

“Put 'un in deep; put 'un in deep, and turn's face *down*.”

Blind Guides

By Norman Douglas

BLIND guides are those that cannot see whither they conduct us, those who—perhaps with the best intentions—are apt to lead us astray. And I ask myself whether the youngsters for whom a recently published *Life of Nelson* seems to be primarily intended are not likely to be misled by a remark concerning our hero to the effect that “during the exercise of his duty as High Commissioner for King Ferdinand he hanged a double-dyed traitorous villain called Caracciolo, and this with a promptitude that Jarvie might have envied.” Surely Caracciolo’s life and character have been thrashed out by this time! One is sick of the very name of the man. A double-dyed traitorous villain. . . . Are all the investigations of the past hundred years to end in a palpable misstatement of this kind?

It is sheer nonsense, of course; and might have been dismissed as such, had it stood alone. But it does not stand alone; it recurs in one or two other modern biographies of the hero; it is symptomatic nonsense. Symptomatic nonsense is always interesting, even when it only shows, as in this case, how easily serious writers can allow their judgment to be infected with that gutter-patriotism which ought to be confined to the mob.

If that be not a correct explanation, one would be glad to learn the reason for this modern change of view in regard to the Naples episode. For we all remember the old-fashioned condemnatory judgments of Southey, Palmerston, and their contemporaries; we all know what Foote meant when he wrote: “Be assured, dear sir, that the less is said about Lord Nelson’s conduct in the Bay of Naples, the better.” Has anything been brought to light in the meantime which might cause us to revise those opinions? On the contrary, minute and painstaking re-

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searches by scholars of various nationalities now enable us to approach the subject from fresh sides; and from whatever side we approach it, we are repelled. The local Neapolitan records, as disclosed in the writings of Sansone, Spinazzola, Croce, and the rest of them—not forgetting Mr. Badham—read like a nightmare. It was a tyranny, says Lomonaco, “the like of which has not existed within the memory of man.”

And this Bourbon tyranny, this unique fabric of vice and incapacity, is what Mr. Gutteridge, another modern encomiast of Nelson, calls *simplicity itself*. Mr. Gutteridge has a pretty facetiousness. Briefly stated, the simplicity consisted in this: Thirty thousand citizens, the majority innocent of any criminal intent, languished in the prisons of Naples alone; the executions were so frequent that the authorities contracted with the hangman for a monthly salary instead of paying for each execution separately; without Nelson’s active co-operation, none of these massacres could have taken place. These are incontrovertible facts. Though some points still remain to be cleared up—certain documents seem to have been deliberately destroyed or abstracted—yet the archives are there; they cannot be distorted; they may be consulted by all who so desire. We no longer live in an age of oral tradition.

This is fortunate for those who care to ascertain data. For oral tradition alone can create demi-gods—hence their mysterious disappearance in these latter days of memoirs and newspapers. Were it otherwise, our British mythopœic faculty might by this time have elaborated out of Nelson and Caracciolo a saint and a devil respectively. But *scripta manent*. We are moderns. And yet there is a smack of the dim heroic ages in the labours of some well-wishers of Nelson, though their efforts are not directed to such useful ends as those of Hercules when he whitewashed certain other stables of yore, nor have they his prospects of success. Why not take a bolder course and treat Caracciolo as a solar myth? He was contemporary of Napoléon, and the thing might be contrived on the lines of Pérès’ *Grand Erratum*, which proved the Man of St. Helena never to have existed. That would simplify matters—in the same fashion, it is true, as the Bourbons simplified the art of government.

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Admiral Mahan treats the episode with seriousness, but has managed to involve his hero in a cloud of rhetoric, out of which, so far as I can see, two plain statements emerge. Speaking of the execution, he says: "Commander Jeafferson Miles, of the British Navy, writing in 1843, was one of the first, if not the very first, to clear effectually Nelson's reputation from the stigma of treachery, and of submission to unworthy influences, at this time." And a little later on: "The abrupt execution of Caracciolo was an explosion of fierce animosity long cherished, pardonable perhaps in a Neapolitan royalist; but not in a foreign officer only indirectly interested in the issues at stake. . . ."

Nelson's reputation is cleared; and yet the act is unpardonable.

Who was to profit by the death of Caracciolo? The King and Queen. They hated him. Writes her Majesty: "The only one among the guilty scoundrels whom I do not wish to go to France is the unworthy Caracciolo," &c. And Ferdinand's characteristic echo a day later: ". . . To spare those savage vipers, and especially Caracciolo, who knows every inlet of our coast-line, might inflict the greatest damage on us." But they could not injure him without Nelson's help. They got this help, and Caracciolo was hanged. A submission to worthy influences, this?

Mr. Gutteridge, more reckless, speaks of the "generosity towards his opponents which was one of Nelson's most conspicuous virtues." This language will never do when applied to the Caracciolo case, which was the murder of an honest man committed with indecent haste—a *promptitude that Jarvie might have envied*—and amid other circumstances of needless ferocity. To put it at the mildest, it was an ungenerous and unsportsmanlike proceeding.

The question of Nelson's authority for this and other arbitrary acts rests upon a quibble hardly worth discussing. Though Admiral Mahan considers the commission under which he acted "regrettably uncertain," we may all be quite ready to concede that, from the side of the Bourbons, he *was* invested with plenary authority; that, with the fleet to enforce his wishes if required, and their sentiments so admirably agreeing as to render this step unnecessary, he received "oral instructions" (very oral indeed) from that

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panic-stricken crew to hang, draw, and quarter the whole kingdom if he saw fit in the interests of "law and order." But we must still decide whether he was duly commissioned by his own Government. In fact, we are confronted by a variety of questions, such as: Can a British officer accept similar "instructions" from a foreign Sovereign? Or this: Under what conditions, if ever, can the British Government confer authority upon one of its subjects to interfere by force in the internal affairs of a State at peace with itself? Or this: When may an English warship be made the scene of a court-martial upon a foreign officer tried by foreign judges? Also this conundrum, which arises out of Ruffo's simultaneous existence as High Commissioner: Can Ferdinand of Naples, or any other human being, have more than one *alter ego* at the same time? And likewise this one: When is a treaty not a treaty?*

These and similar questions will be asked. Meanwhile, we may ponder upon this: the blackest of the thousand iniquities of Ferdinand, that of breaking faith with his own people, was committed by the aid of the British fleet. For Nelson was love-blinded from the first moment. On his arrival at Naples, says a contemporary, "the cries of joy were such that one could not refrain from tears, thinking of the consolation."† But how quickly he undeceived those oppressed citizens, of whom he naïvely writes that they welcomed him as "our liberator"! Micheroux, though he perjured himself for the worthless Mójean, had at least a certain tolerance; Ruffo, though he had little tolerance, could at least respect a treaty; these and other men were bound to the Bourbon cause by sentiments of loyalty and the hope of preferment, and yet Nelson the outsider, who was not paid for his services nor nursed in

* The answer is obvious—when it can be broken with impunity. It needs little penetration to see that the words of Ferdinand blaming Ruffo for treating with rebels "contrary to his orders," are an *ex post facto* inspiration of Caroline. Ruffo's position at the time when he concluded the treaty is clearly laid down in the first part of the letter from Acton to Hamilton of June 25th. The displacement of Ruffo by Nelson is due to the fact that the two ladies expected to find the latter less scrupulous in furthering their designs (nor were they disappointed); and in this connection I would echo the surprise of a reviewer (Arch. Stor. Nap., xxix., p. 122), that it should have been reserved for him, the Italian, to discover documents in the British Museum dealing with this case which have escaped the eye of Mr. Gutteridge.

† MS. in San Martino Library, Naples.

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traditions of Continental Court-slavery, surpassed them all in obsequiousness, even to the extent of becoming chief executioner. That *Ewig-Weibliche*! True, he had his material reward, unasked but not undeserved.

I spoke of Caracciolo as an honest man. Let us have no misunderstandings or word-entanglements on this point. If honour means anything, then rebels such as he were honourable men, inasmuch as they identified themselves with a movement which has triumphed and gained the approval of posterity. What are rebels? They are, says Adam Smith, "those unlucky persons who, when things have come to a certain degree of violence, have the misfortune to be of the weaker party." It is therefore odd to think that Caracciolo would never have been a "rebel" at all but for Nelson's interference in Neapolitan affairs—since the royalists were already muzzled when this saviour of theirs appeared on the scene. Or, for the sake of greater clearness, I will put it axiomatically: to thwart the cause of a monster like Ferdinand is the duty of an honest man. Thus Caracciolo, who deserted what was wrong to follow what was right (and the rupture of sundry old associations involved in this step caused him no small grief of mind) was not a villain, but simply an honest man.

Nelson reports the execution in a postscript; casually, as it were. One dislikes this postscript; it is either disingenuous or illustrative of that hardness which characterised much of his behaviour at that time, witness the joke as to *tria juncta in uno*, or "See that some proper heads are taken off," or "Your news of the hanging of the thirteen Jacobins gave us great pleasure, and the three priests, I hope, return in the *Aurora* to dangle on the tree best adapted to their weight of sins." All this has a profound significance. The *bête humaine* emerging under the peculiar psychic conditions in which Nelson then found himself, certain unlovely concomitants of the older (military) class of virtues make their appearance, such as the brutality displayed in the above passages, the vanity which at Naples and Palermo led him to act like some pampered *prima donna*, and, interpenetrating everything, the flamboyant piety of his sentiments. In this last respect he resembles many of the great land and sea pirates who have made the political map of the world. Impelled by

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that blind selective force which makes for efficiency and of which they are the visible expression, these race-instruments are apt to be genuinely convinced of the Deity's approval of their actions. They do not hesitate, like ordinary mortals, as to what is best—they *know*; the "best" is what their instincts prompt them to do, and it is a quite natural anthropomorphism that they should identify this "best" with the wishes of some superior being. Nevertheless, a few of the mightiest conquerors of mankind have cherished no illusions on the score of God Almighty, and it is to be observed that this kind of phraseology, which sounds well enough in the mouth of a Mahomet and was wondrously to the taste of Nelson, has become rather rare in the despatches of modern officials.

"Down, down with the damned Frenchmen" is perfectly intelligible when one bears in mind that during those momentous years England lived in a state of frenzy bordering on insanity. Our agents in the Mediterranean may well have failed to realise that, though we must crush the French, there were nations to whom French rule was nevertheless beneficial—nations who, as an Englishman then wrote, would have welcomed "Satan himself as deliverer" from despotism. Excess of patriotic zeal may well have led Nelson to execute Caracciolo, or Sidney Smith to give to the scoundrel chosen by Caroline for the assassination of King Joseph a written order enjoining on all British commanders by land and sea to respect and protect his person.*

How far the oppression of Napoleon necessitated the oppression of humane aspirations developing outside the immediate sphere of our warlike activity, might form the subject of erudite disquisitions; certain it is that we have changed our minds since then. Our poets were right and our politicians wrong—as politicians ever will be, when they put back the hands of the clock. We no longer disparage Italians for committing acts upon which we, as Englishmen, have justly prided ourselves; we cheerfully admit that in this extinction of national liberalism our Government played the part of the wicked fairy in the tale. It does one good to realise that Nelson was the last of his race to be taken in by the Bourbons, and that even

* See p. 66 of *Le Trame dei Reazionarii*, Naples, 1861.

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God Almighty grew to be favourably disposed towards those "rebels" and their perverse strivings. Subsequent events, at least, point to that conclusion.

That being so, why do we seek to round off the anfractuosités of an historical figure like his as if it were designed for some special purpose of fiction? For two reasons, I think. In the first place, we have woven a mystic net of feeling around him and ourselves; he is the symbol of *our* courage, *our* patriotism; and if we hear him accused of anything of which we consider ourselves incapable, we resent it as an imputation upon our own characters and exculpate him with all the shifts and subterfuges which we would employ in such case. And then—his virtues and vices are those of the old military caste. The moral delinquencies of a great man like Bacon leave us cool, because he was a thinker whose traits correspond to a more recent development of our neural organisation. Bacon was a mere civilian. But the bellicose disposition of Nelson is a venerable specific quality, deeply engrained. Hence the detachment which is easily accomplished in order to review the case of a philosopher only succeeds, in that of a warrior, after something of a struggle. The roots of feeling, superficial in our sense of civic honour, lie far down and are hard to disengage where military honour is concerned.

None the less, were we not so incurably romantic, we might profitably set up a time-limit for the deification of heroes. It may still be odious to speak the truth concerning the lamented General Gordon, who brought destruction on himself and other brave men through disobedience and incapacity; but Trafalgar is a long way off, and, after all, what a relatively small matter it was, this Naples episode!

It may be said that I am "going for" Nelson even as Sir H. Johnston lately "went for" Drake. Nothing of the kind. I care not a fig about Nelson. I am only entering a humble protest against the principle of "useful mendacity." My contention is this: that as a nation we are quite sentimental enough and quite sufficiently tainted with Mafeking-night neurasthenia to enable us to dispense with such questionable methods of education as are exemplified in the sentence which was quoted at the outset.

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Boys are sufficiently prone to hero-worship; the reverence for sheer truth wherever it may lead, a discriminating judgment—the domination of the reflexes, in short—is what they ought to learn at college. Nor am I doubting the writer's good intentions, which are self-evident; he is making for the best by the light of inner ratiocination; to instil patriotism is, *a priori*, a laudable motive. But I question the utility of falsehood or jesuitical misrepresentation under any conditions. The end does not justify the means; and this particular fable about Caracciolo will be exploded by every lad who becomes interested in our hero and cares to look up the subject for himself—with what consequence? He will learn to distrust and possibly despise an otherwise excellent teaching system. He will say what most of us are saying: Those masters of ours—what frauds they were!

Altogether, the time has come when the task of artificially cleansing the makers of history from their natural imperfections—the task of breaking up what cannot be divided, an individuality—be it undertaken in ever so charitable a spirit, is one which no self-respecting man will assume. *De mortuis nil nisi verum*. We have learnt to condemn the teaching of many hopeless irrationalities, and the life of an English admiral is not to be written after the fashion of the forty—or is it fifty?—fantastic biographies of Saint Patrick. Panegyric stands on the level of the pious fraud. Shall evil be done that good may come of it; has anything ever been gained by denying a well-established fact? Surely the lesson of all history is that the propagation of non-truths is unprofitable to humanity.

That nameless protean evil, which *refuses to see things as they are*, sometimes takes the shape of patriotic emotionalism, and then produces an acute and contagious disorder that can nowise be tolerated in polite society. It calls for instant isolation. Fortunately, a specific is at hand nowadays in the shape of that modern spirit of veracity from which none of us can wholly withdraw ourselves—no, not even the ambiguous Mr. Gladstone. So it is worth comparing his attitude towards the Bourbons with that of Nelson. Patriots both, they stand at opposite poles of thought, and it is quite impossible to conceive Gladstone

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writing (another postscript): "I must beg leave to warn you to be careful how you mention the characters of such excellent Sovereigns as the King and Queen of Naples": he spoke, if I remember rightly, of the negation of God erected into a system. Some persons, to be sure, are to be considered as atavisms. Thus, after reading his just and tremendous *j'accuse*, it is well to peruse the apologists *Gordon et confrères*. No cause so vile, that some human being will not be found to defend it.

It has been said that the morality of great men cannot be judged by ordinary standards. They create the types; it remains for posterity, that sees them in their true perspective, to select what is good, to approve or condemn. I conjecture that the shade of Nelson is now wandering in flowery meads of asphodel beyond Lethe, utterly indifferent to our opinions. I conjecture, moreover, that in condoning his errors we do not honour him, but merely dishonour ourselves; that the only thing which discredits neither party is to seek the truth, and to speak it, without passion or prejudice. In so doing, it behoves us to remember that the Nelson of Aboukir and Naples is one and the same person; he cannot be taken to pieces and separately appraised; he is not a kind of coralline growth, the minutest portion of which is but a sample of the whole. The older class of historians will explain that there are two Nelsons, and therewith dismiss the subject; as for ourselves, we grant that he is one and indivisible, but shrug our shoulders at the hopeless task of reconciling his actions. In other words, we are like those mediæval schoolmen who co-ordinated facts instead of subordinating them. When we have ceased to isolate two incidents in a man's life as if there were no organic connection between them—when we can demonstrate that without Neapolitan abominations Trafalgar could not have been won—then at last history may be entitled to its claim to be called a science.

But our biographers are altogether in an anomalous position. They are better-class ballad-mongers, who sagaciously dispute the fable of Romulus, but have yet to learn that certain new theories of conduct have grown up since they were at school. A few take pleasure in glacial objectivity, in chaste pen-and-ink sketches, and are safe; as for the rest, we read them less for what they write than

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for what they are. Unenviable fate of those who aspire to be teachers of mankind—that they themselves should be studied with a kind of antiquarian interest! Their moral apparatus—how dim, how far away! If future historians intend to give us canvasses glowing with all the hues of subjective culture and feeling, they should seek dyes that cannot fade; since that old theocratic system of morality has lost its colour, its many-tinted woof has been bleached into a worthless rag in the dry light of to-day. They must take into their service a new and rational body of ethics; sounder ideas of what is right, and why it is right. Unprovided with this, they will remain what they are—anachronisms, museum specimens. They may still succeed in stimulating thought, but only as warning examples.

This will apply, above all, to the historians of men like Nelson. A large part of the crazy morality that infects our literature is due to introspection, which, instead of purifying, confuses us and produces a hypocritical state of mind that amazes other nations. For it is an open secret that though our English morality, while spontaneous, is of the highest order, it becomes rapidly vitiated by introspection. And thus we get a curious phenomenon, which I should call the lesson of this whole Naples business—to wit, that it is not Nelson or contemporary English politicians who are deserving of blame; they fought for a great cause, and what they did amiss was done in the heat of the fray. Nelson, the unconscious race-instrument, went ahead without much thought, and, despite Caracciolo blunders, ultimately made for the best. But these blind guides, his modern panegyrists, in striving to make for the best by the light of conscious ratiocination, make for the worst. He led us to victory; they lead us into the ditch.

For the rest, is it not an astonishing fact that races, in making for this “best,” often fall below the standard of the average tradesman? Events long subsequent to 1799 prove that civilised nations are capable of actions towards one another that would be reprobated in a society of Todas. The ethics of modern state-craft: to what hairy, prepleistocene anthropoid must we go back in order to find a justification for them? Judged by the outlook of the costermonger, the violation of contracts, the massacre of the helpless and innocent, are unworthy proceedings. Carried

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out by brave fleets and with the smiling approval of Almighty God, such deeds are straightway stamped with the hall-mark of national virtue. The fact is, no community has yet been so rich that it could afford to exhibit the ideal of goodness which is frequently observed in the individual. The aggregate race lags far behind its nobler elements.

Yet it moves. New race-qualities arise. We all of us dismiss, as unfit for the job, a nursery-maid who sees ghosts. But not long ago mail-clad warriors and princes of the Church believed in a living devil and other bogies, their minds swaying between insane terror and insaner hopes; existence was little more than a round of litanies and assassinations, its monotony enlivened only by the buffoonery of knight-errantry and occasional visitations of the plague. The mail-shirts doffed, there arose a brood of melodramatic ruffians, whose very garments reflect their lack of sobriety; a prey to every impostor, but hungering, themselves, for every villainy. Let us be done with this nonsense concerning modern effeminacy, with this maudlin cult of mediæval filth and roguery! Our mental texture, like that of our bodies, is grown more sane and more stable. The callousness of our ancestors is reprehensible in a man of to-day. We find it hard to believe that a few years back our aristocratic ladies were wont to flock in shoals to see criminals executed or to jeer at lunatics in Bedlam—these were the same stout dames who would shriek and swoon away on the appearance of a mouse. Such hysterical brutality may be picturesque, but it is not the stuff to breed from. We demand a nicer sense of measure and decency, having learnt that sensitive men, and not bullies, are the bravest. And as to the degree of sensitiveness required, what shall be the test? This: A man who can read the details of the Neapolitan massacres of 1799—even in a short *précis* like that of Madame Giglioli—without a feeling of shuddering abhorrence for their authors, shall be considered to lack the nervous organisation requisite for modern needs.

An orgy which, but for Nelson's infatuation for an illiterate harlot, would never have taken place. . . . This is the truth—an ugly truth, and one that will bear repetition, for to be of use it must, in vulgar parlance, be *well rubbed in*; its good effect depends, like that of certain ointments.

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upon the pertinacity with which the operation of inunction is performed. Or, if we prefer to take it in the shape of a pill, why then, in God's name, let us swallow it without further grimaces and endeavour to assimilate it into our system, convinced that it will beneficially counteract the virus of crooked thinking with which some pseudo-historians are trying to inoculate us.

"The list of victims," says Fortunato, writing not in 1800 but in 1900, "is still incomplete——" Enough! We may leave the Market Square with its engine of horror, merely noting, as we pass, that to dub these martyrs "Jacobins," after the playful manner of Mr. Gutteridge, does not alter the fact that no men ever perished in a worthier cause.

What a jovial company they were, meanwhile, at the palace! A little *mixed*, I fear; but what of that, so long as they were happy? Caroline, the Hamiltons, Nelson, Speciale, the adventurer Acton, "my friend and general" Mammone, the drinker of human blood—kings, prostitutes, priests, *bric-à-brac* dealers, queens, cut-throats, hangmen, heroes—all a jolly family, carousing, hunting, whoring, murdering, lying, praying all day long and half the night: how the immortal gods must have laughed at the fun!

Fun for the gods, no doubt. But, humanly considered, a detestable business from beginning to end. . . .

The Grocer's Boy

By H. M. Tomlinson

WHEN the train left me at Clayton Station, the only passenger to alight, its hurried retreat down the long straight of converging metals, a rapidly diminishing cube, seemed to be measuring for me the isolation of the place. Clayton appeared to be two railway platforms and a row of elms across an empty road. After the last rumble of the train, which had the note of a distant cry of derision, there closed in the quiet of a place where affairs had not even begun. It was raining, there was a little luggage, I did not know the distance to the village, and the porter had disappeared. A defective gutter-spout overhead was the leaking conduit for all the sounds and movement of the countryside. Then I saw a boy humped into the shelter of a shrub which leaned over the station fence. He was reading. Before him was a hand-cart lettered, "Humphrey Monk, Grocer and General Dealer, Clayton." The boy wore spectacles which, when he looked at me, magnified his eyes so that the lad seemed a luminous and disembodied stare. I saw only the projection of his enlarged gaze. He promised to take my luggage to Clayton. I walked through three miles of steady rain to the village, by a stretch of marshland so hushed by the nearness of the draining sky that the land might have been what it seemed at a little distance: merely a faint presentment of fields solvent in the wet. Its green melted into the outer grey at a short distance where rows of elms were smeared. There was nothing beyond.

This old village of Clayton is five miles inland from Clayton-on-Sea, that new and popular resort hardened with asphalt and concrete, to which city folk retire for a change in the summer. During the winter months many

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of the shops of the big town are closed till summer brings the holiday-makers again. The porticos of the abandoned premises fill with street litter, old paper, and straws. The easterly winds cut the life out of the streets, the long ranks of automatic machines look out across the empty parade, and rust, and the lines of the pier-deck advance desolately far into the wind and grey sea, straight and uninterrupted. It is more than barren then, Clayton-on-Sea, for man has been there, builded busily and even ornately, loaded the town with structures for even his minor whims in idleness; and forsaken it all. So it will look on the last day. The advertisements clamour pills and hair-dye to a town which seems as if the Judgment Day had passed and left the husk of life. So I was driven to the original Clayton, the place which gave the name, the little inland village that did, when I found it, show some signs of welcome life. It was a clump of white cottages in a vague cloud of trees. It had some chimneys smoking, there was a man several fields away, and a dog sitting in a porch barked at me. Here was a little of the warmth of human contiguity.

When night came, and the village was but a few chance and unrelated lights, there was the choice between my bedroom and the taproom of the inn where I lodged. In the bedroom, crowning a chest of drawers, was a large Bible, and on the wall just above was a glass case of shabby sea-birds, their eyes so placed that they appeared to be looking up from Holy Writ with a look of such fatuous rapture that one's idea of immortality became associated with bodies dusty, stuffed, and wired. (Oh, the wind and the rain.) Yet there was left the bar-parlour; and there, usually, was a dim lamp showing but a table with assorted empty mugs, a bar with bottles and a mirror, but nobody to serve, and a picture of Queen Victoria in her coronation robes.

There was but one other light in Clayton which showed sanctuary after dark for the stranger. It was in Mr. Monk's shop. His shop at least had its strange interests in its revelation of the diverse needs of civilised homes, for Mr. Monk sold everything likely to be wanted urgently enough by his neighbours to make a journey to greater Clayton prohibitive. In one corner of his shop a young lady sat in a small cage, for it was also the post office. The interior

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of the store was confused with boxes, barrels, bags, and barricades of smaller tins and jars, with alleys for sidelong progress between them. I do not think any order ever embarrassed Mr. Monk. Without hesitation he would turn, sure of his intricate world, from babies' dummies to kerosene. There were cards hanging from the rafters bearing briar pipes, bottles of lotion for the hair of school-children, samples of sauce, and stationery. His shop had its own native smell. It was of coffee, spices, rock oil, cheese, bundles of wood, biscuits, and jute bags, and yet was none of these things, for their separate flavours were so blended by old association that they make one indivisible smell, peculiar, but not unpleasant, when you were used to it. I found Mr. Monk's barrel of soda quite a cherishable seat on a dull night, for the grocer's lamp was then the centre of a very dark world. Around it and beyond was only the blackness and silence of vacuity. And the grocer himself, if not busy, would give me his casual and valuable advice on the minor frailties of the human, and they seemed as engaging and confusing in their directness as a child's; for Mr. Monk was large and bland, with a pale, puffy, and unsmiling face, and only betrayed his irony with a slow wink when he was sure you were not deceived. He knew much about the gentry around, those bored and weary youths in check coats, riding breeches, and calabash pipes, and the young ladies in pale homespun costumes who had rude and familiar words to all they judged were their equals, and were accompanied invariably by Aberdeen terriers. One evening I spoke to Mr. Monk of his boy. The boy, I said, seemed a strange little fellow. Mr. Monk, in his soiled white apron, turned on me, and said nothing at first, but tapped his bald head solemnly. "Can't make him out," he said. "I think this is where it is"—and pressed a fat thumb against his head again. "But you have to put up with any boy you can get here." He sighed. "The bright kids go. Clear out. There's nothing fer 'em here but farm labour an' the poor rate. I don't know how the farmers about here could make a do of it if we didn't pay rates to keep their labourers from dying off. My boys get fed up. Off they go, 'nd I doan blame 'em. One of 'em's in a racin' stable now, doin' well. Another's got a potman's job London somewhere. Doin'

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well. But the kid I've got now, he'll stop. No ginger in that boy. Can't see anything five minutes off, either. Must be under his nose, and your finger shouting at it. He's got a cloudy mind. Yet he's clever, in his way. There's the door-mat of the shop. As soon as anyone puts a foot on that mat, the clock in my kitchen strikes two. All his fake. But he does rile the customers. Silly young fool. If there's two parcels to deliver, it's the wrong one gets first chance."

In a land where discovery had not gone beyond the blacksmith's forge and the arable fields, a native boy who had turned a door-mat into a watch-dog was an interesting possibility. There the boy was at that moment, stepping off his responsive mat, ill-clad, the red nose of his meagre face almost as evident as his magnified stare of surprised inquiry, and his mouth open. Mr. Monk chaffed him. I spoke with some seriousness to him, but he was shy, and gave no answer except some throat noises. Yet presently he ceased to rub a boot up and down one leg, and became articulate. He mumbled that he knew the telegraph instrument too. ("Oho!" said Mr. Monk, looking interested. "You do, do yer? What about learning not to leave Mrs. Brown's parcel at Mrs. Pipkin's?") Had I ever been to London, the boy asked, his big eyes full on my face. Had I ever seen a Marconi station? I talked to him, perhaps unwisely, of some of the greater affairs. He said nothing. His mouth remained open and his stare full-orbed.

There was one grey, still Sunday when it was not raining, the grey sky being exhausted, and I met the grocer's boy a little distance from the village, sitting on a fence, reading. The boy closed his book when he saw me, but not before I had noticed that the volume was open at a page showing one of those highly technical diagrams of involved machinery which only the elect may read. I took the book—it was a manual of civil engineering—and asked questions with some humility; for before the man who understands the manipulating of metals and can make living servants for himself out of pipes, wheels, and valves, I stand as would a primitive or an innocent and confiding girl before the magician who interprets for them oracles. With the confidence of long familiarity and the faint

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hauteur of shyness he explained some of the diagrams in which, at that moment, he was interested.

We talked of them, and of Clayton; for I wished to know how this grocer's boy, who went about masked with a mouth open a little fatuously, an insignificant face, goggles, and a hand-truck, himself of no account in a flat and unremarkable place aside from the press of life's affairs, had discovered there were hills to which he could lift his eyes after those humiliating interviews with Mr. Monk concerning the wrong delivery of cheese and bacon. I was aware of the means by which news of the outer world got to Clayton. It came in a popular halfpenny paper, and that outer world must therefore have seemed to Clayton to be all aeroplanes, musical comedy girls, dog shows, and Mr. Lloyd George. The grocer's boy got his tongue free at last, and talked. He was halt and obscure, but I thought I saw a mind beating against the elms and stones of the village, and repelled by the concrete, asphalt, and lodging-houses of the seaside place. But I am impressionable, too. It may have been my fancy. What the boy finished with was, "There's no chance here. You never hear of anything."

You never heard of anything. That countryside really looked remote enough from the centre of affairs, from the place where men, undistracted by the news and pictures of the halfpenny illustrated Press, were getting fine work done. Clayton was deaf and dumb. Some miles away the smoke of the London train was streaming across the dim fields like a comet. We both stood watching that comet going sure and bright to its destiny, leaving Clayton behind, regardless of us, and as though all we there were nothing worth. We were outside the pull of life's spinning hub. Beyond and remote from us things would be happening; but no voice or pulse of life could vibrate us, merged as we were within the inelastic silence of Clayton.

We walked back to the village, and the boy said good-night, passing through a white gate to a cottage unseen at that late hour of the evening. Near midnight I left my stuffed birds, with their fixed and upturned gaze, and went into the open, where above the shapeless lumps of massive dark of Clayton the stars were detaching their arrows, for the night was clear and frosty at last. Sirius, pulsing and

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resplendent, seemed nearer and more vital than anything in the village.

I walked as far as the white gate of the cottage where I had left Mr. Monk's boy; and there he was again, to my surprise, at that hour. He came forward. At first he appeared to be agitated; but as he talked brokenly I saw he was exalted. He was no grocer's boy then. The lad half dragged me, finding I did not understand him, towards his home. We went round to the back of the sleeping cottage, and found a little shed. On a bench in that shed a candle was burning in a ginger-beer bottle. By the candle was a structure meaningless to me, having nothing in it on which I could lay an interpretive guess. It was fragmentary, meaningless, the erection which a child makes of household utensils, naming it anything to its fancy. There were old jam-pots, brass doornobs, squares of indiarubber, an electric bell, glass rods, cotton-reels, and thin wires which ran up to the roof out of sight.

"Listen!" said the grocer's boy imperatively, holding up a finger. I remained intent and suspicious, wondering. Nothing occurred. I was turning to ask the lad why I should listen, for the shed was very still, and then I saw the hammer of the bell lift itself, as though alive. Some erratic and faint tinkling began. "That's my wireless," said the grocer's boy, his eyes extraordinarily bright. "I've only just finished it. Who is calling us?"

The Flag of Ramillies

By Una Birch

WE had been talking of tradition and of its tremendous power. I am inclined to think that it often paralyses original action, but Serena believes that it stimulates men to diviner life. In order to point my argument I spoke of Ireland as a country paralysed by tradition.

"What advantage is it to Ireland that legends grow there like weeds? What is the good, Serena, of saying Parnell turned into De Wet or that Granuaile still sails the seas?"

"Great good," said Serena, "if nationality is worth while at all. Traditions, legends, are a great good."

"Great good for poets and book writers I grant you, but the people, how do the people benefit?"

"Don't you see, don't you understand?" exclaimed Serena, moved to eloquence by my dull outlook on life. "Legends keep the smouldering fire of historic passion alive in the heart of every Irishman; legends connect the present with the past, legends safeguard and sublimate memory till the forgetting of old wrongs and old heroisms becomes a betrayal of nationality. The ordinary Englishman has forgotten Marston Moor and Naseby, the ordinary Irishman remembers Limerick and the Boyne; the ordinary Englishman has forgotten all generals save two or three, the ordinary Irishman remembers not only those who served Ireland but those who served France; the ordinary Englishman remembers two dim historic feasts—Gunpowder Plot Day and Oak-Apple Day—the Irishman's year is a string of anniversaries."

Serena smiled in a pitying, half-triumphant way, as if there was nothing more to be said, but still I did not see the great advantage of this long memory, and, after what I hoped seemed like a reverent pause, I asked:

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"But how does it do good to the Irish, Serena, to remember so much?"

"It will do good to them in the future, and for the present it preserves them as a nation," she said with grave conviction.

"But, my dear Serena, how can it preserve them as a nation to circulate legends about Queen Elizabeth, Cromwell, and Napoleon III.? And Lady Gregory tells us in her *Kiltartan History Book* that legends do circulate about these rulers."

"Yes, but those are not the only legends," she answered, "there are plenty about O'Connell, about Sarsfield, and other Irishmen, and every now and again, remember, there comes an allusion to old battles with the English, to English colours taken, to English flags lying hidden."

I had heard a great many of these tales, and in my English way had been inclined to laugh at the quaint foolishness of a people who could wind themselves about with such cobwebs. Very gradually in my talk with Serena I began to apprehend the airy fabric of Irish nationality and idealism—a nationality builded of legends since it could not be builded of facts.

"Do you remember," suddenly asked Serena, "those auctions in London a few years ago when the blue silk jersey in which Charles I. was executed was sold, and the Chesapeake flag, and the bugle of Balaclava?"

"Yes," said I, "I went to see them out of curiosity."

"Well, you probably know that a publican bought them for his bar," Serena continued, "and when he died he was patriotic enough to leave the flag and the bugle to the United Service Institution, where anyone can see them to-day."

"I know, but the United Service Institution always reminds me of a mausoleum, everything deposited there has lost its virtue. I think I dislike national relics as much as I do national legends."

Nothing daunted by my want of enthusiasm, Serena, who glories in the deeds of the Irish Brigade, went on: "But imagine now if a colour carried into action at Fontenoy, or the drum which sounded that midnight alarm at Cremona, were to be publicly sold, wouldn't every Irishman

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struggle to buy it to have the honour of presenting it to his country?"

Gradually I saw to what unpleasing conclusions our dialogue was leading us, and I tried to divert its course.

"I don't know, Serena, but we English are indifferent about such things," I said musingly, "perhaps it is because our nationality has never been stimulated by 'occupation' or 'colonisation.'"

Serena interrupted me hotly, "You mean because you have never been treated alternately as vermin to be killed or as children to be indulged."

I was not sure what I did mean, except that I vaguely intended to convey my conviction that there is a great gulf fixed between the English and the Irish, and that I approved of English methods of life and thought.

One wet day in Ireland a few weeks later we fell once again to talking, and this time with Irish people, about legendary nationality and the airy nothings out of which it is composed. We discussed the myths and traditions that have already gathered round the figure of O'Connell, and then I came to question, perhaps a little scornfully, what foundation had Thomas Davis for alluding in two of his ballads, *Clare's Dragoons* and *The Flower of Finae*, to captured English flags. I thought my ground safe, for the tale could not be true, it must be a mere historic legend, as I had learnt in the schoolroom that the English had never lost a regimental colour in action. Suddenly an Irishman, roused by my scepticism, began to talk as if with knowledge. He spoke of "colours taken from the Coldstream Guards at Fontenoy, of flags in Belgium." Rising, he declaimed the ballad of Thomas Davis:

When on Ramillies' bloody field
The baffled French were forced to yield,
The Victor Saxon backward reeled
Before the charge of Clare's Dragoons;
The Flags they conquered in that fray
Looked lone in Ypres choir they say,
We'll win them company to-day
Or bravely die like Clare's Dragoons.

Chorus—

Vive la, for Ireland's wrong,
Vive la, for Ireland's right,
Vive la, in battle's throng
For a Spanish steed and sabre bright.

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There was, he said, a Benedictine chapel at Ypres—the very chapel Davis mentioned in his ballad—where it was still possible to see these honourable trophies. Serena and I looked at each other, perturbed at the dormant nationalism evoked by my chance remarks. Disbelieving, yet anxious, I made a sign to Serena that I wished to escape from further discussion, and she and I went home.

“I am going to Ypres, Serena. I can’t bear it any more—this horrible boasting, I mean—and you must come, too.”

And so we went to Ypres to examine the foundation of the legend, for mere historic legend I still persisted in calling it.

Everyone is familiar with this unspoilt Flanders town, with its churches, wool-hall, hornwork, ditches, walls. Everyone has stayed in the house of the Seven Deadly Sins and has listened to the carillon of the Cathedral, but not everyone has seen the flag. “Ypres choir” was not easy to find, and we went about asking at various convent doors for Irish Benedictines, and finally were directed to a large modern red-brick façade standing in a narrow street, as unlikely looking a building as one could imagine for our purpose. Unlatching the outer door and shutting it behind us, we found ourselves in a vestibule with a big door in front of us and two little doors on either hand. I pulled a bell, whereupon a tiny shutter was drawn back, betraying the gleam of an eye, then the door on our left slowly opened, as if asking us in, and we, accepting the mute invitation, found ourselves in a modern parlour. A large grille filled up the wall space on one side of the room and a green curtain hung behind it. The portress asked our business, and we begged to speak with an Irish nun. The room in which we waited was discouragingly modern, and we began to feel we had been made fools of.

“It seems silly to come to this place to find anything old or interesting,” I remarked.

“We ought to have been warned by the red façade,” said Serena quietly; “of course we have come to the wrong convent.”

“There probably isn’t a right one,” I added.

Our desultory and dismal conversation was presently interrupted by the appearance of an Irish nun who pleas-

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antly wished us good-day through the grille. We excused ourselves for coming, and told her our business, expecting to be dismissed immediately, but to our relief she showed no surprise, merely inquiring how we knew that the flag was in their keeping. We replied that an Irishman had told us of its whereabouts, and asked eagerly to be taken to the choir where it was hanging. She shook her head—she was uncertain whether we should be allowed to see it—she would ask some one in authority, and with these words vanished.

In a few moments she returned with the Mother Prioress, an old lady with great charm of manner, and we sat down, a quartette, to converse—we in two green velvet armchairs in the parlour, and they on two chairs behind the heavy black trellis. We were asked whether we admired the new façade of the convent; the Mother Prioress had never seen it, she had been professed so long ago, but she had heard it was very handsome. Then we were questioned as to how we liked Ypres, and presently in our turn we began to inquire for “the Flag.” From the folds of her black gown the Mother Prioress brought out a piece of stuff folded in four, and passed it through the grille into our hands with a little word of caution to us to be careful; it was old, it was tattered, and they were always afraid to let it go out of their hands lest some one should take it away. Serena unfolded it reverently, while the Mother Prioress told her story: “It is the flag of Colonel Charles Churchill’s regiment—a regiment that took part in the Battle of Ramillies, and on that field the colour was captured by Clare’s Dragoons. Lord Clare, who was mortally wounded, rode after the battle towards Brussels, and one of his staff, General Murrough O’Brien, brought the flag to Ypres the next day and gave it into the safe keeping of the nuns.”

“Colonel Charles Churchill’s regiment?” I repeated.

“Yes,” answered the Mother Prioress. “I think it is now called the 3rd Regiment of Foot; but, any way, it was taken from Colonel Churchill’s regiment—of so much I am sure.”

We had, meanwhile, unfolded the piece of stuff placed in our hands; to us it looked like the fragments of a Royal Standard. Two of the quarterings were gone, but two

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remained—the gold harp of Ireland on a blue ground and the lion of Scotland detached from its background. Serena asked how it was that so little remained, and also why the flag was not left hanging in the choir. She was told that during the reign of the only English Abbess—Dame Elizabeth Jarrett—the flag had been removed from its place of honour and thrown aside, that it had then probably been torn, and that, anyway, the staff had been burnt for firewood by a lay nun.

To cover this English atrocity I quickly asked about the convent's history, and was told of the Irish ladies who had become Benedictines in that house; of Abbess Butler, cousin of the great Duke of Ormonde and friend of Queen Mary of Modena; of Abbess Arthur, the correspondent of Clementina Sobieski; and of their portraits in the refectory; of Lord Clare dying of his nine wounds, of his burial in the Church of the Holy Cross at Louvain, where so many Irish exiles found a last resting-place; of the Abbé MacGeoghan, chaplain to the Irish Brigade, who talked of "two colours taken" by his men.

Serena asked if they kept other treasures besides the tattered emblem she held in her hands, and the younger nun answered that they had many old books, some from the library of Sir Thomas More, and that, indeed, it was very hard to read aloud from his *Martyrology* at meals, the spelling and lettering were alike so old and so odd. Then began a tale of wonderful possessions. We were shown an altar frontal of lace, the work of Mary Queen of Scots, given to the convent by James II. We were told of red festal vestments trimmed with the gold coronation trappings of James II.'s horse; of a chasuble and cope cut from the brocade dress worn by the Archduchess Isabella at her marriage to the Archduke Albert in Brussels; of the invitation to the wedding-feast, which the Mother Abbess, being of an enclosed order, could not accept, and of the present of brocade in memory of the nuptial festivities. We were also told of the portrait of James II. given to them by James III.; of letters, too, from both James III. and Charles III., thanking the nuns for congratulations on their accession to the throne of England. As we talked, the whole forgotten story of Stuart hopes and pretensions lay unrolled before us. It was like opening the door into a new

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world, a world in which historic perspective had vanished, and the past had become the present. "Wonderful, wonderful!" said Serena. "It is like going to a shrine in which the acolytes of a forgotten creed guard the ashes of a dead faith through timeless centuries."

Seeing our great interest in the convent's story, the Mother Prioress told us of a book in which we could find all there was to know, a book written by an old Irish priest who had been their guest at Ypres and who had collated their records.* From its pages we were able to fill in the details of the picture which our visit to the convent had evoked and to realise how completely its history had been entwined with Stuart aspirations and defeats. From that angle in the old wall at Ypres it was possible to feel the very hopes that animated the Legitimists, and the sad mischances by which they and their kings were overwhelmed.

In reading, we found that the Stuarts favoured this Ypres convent with their alms, and valued the prayers of the nuns. We read that Charles II., on the eve of his restoration, wrote to them from the Hague, and that James II. in a letter alluded to "y^r. Cloyster our Darling Monastery," and of his intention to make it "ye first in my Kingdom." We found that Lord-Lieutenant Tyrconnel, acting under the instructions of his King, summoned Abbess Butler from Ypres to Dublin in 1688, in order to talk over a plan for a place of refuge for Catholic ladies upon the Continent. We read of "her ladyship's" arrival in London, of her "waiting on the Queen at Whitehall in the great habit of her order, which had not been seen there since the fall of religion"; of her subsequent journey to Dublin, and how she saw a flag floating over Dublin Castle bearing the words, "Now or Never, Now and Forever"; of how King William's soldiers sacked her monastery in Ship Street, and lastly of her return to Ypres with a passport signed "William R.," given at his camp near Carrick. This passport is preserved at the convent. Abbess Butler went from Dublin to great poverty in Flanders, and Mary of Modena and James II., though both in straitened circumstances, gave what help they could to her nunnery, as we find acknowledged in grateful letters:—

"We all come by my poore pen to render y^r. Ma^{ty}. a

* *The Irish Dames of Ypres*, P. Nolan, O.S.B.

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million of humble thankes for appeering so timely for o^r. Lautory (lottery!) w^{ch}. by y^r. Bountty will put us upon a good footing for fondation and building a decent houes. . . . After God you are our suport and may ye great God of armes fix bouth y^r. Ma^{ty}s. in y^r. 3 Kingdomes for w^{ch}. we daily pray."

In 1706 we find the nuns "encouraged" James II.'s expedition to England with their prayers. Six years later they learnt with deep sorrow of the death of this their patron and of his only daughter, Princess Louise-Marie. Buried at the Church of the English Benedictines at Chaillot was the body of James II., there to await the restoration of the Stuarts and translation to the Abbey of Westminster. Dynastic faith of this sort impressed Serena greatly, and with a kind of awe she read to me of the magnificent funeral of Clementina, Queen of James III., and mother of Charles III., whose body was deposited "for the present" in the crypt of St. Peter's. She sighed, saying over, as if to herself, "for the present," and then aloud she added: "How hopeless faith seems in the face of inexorable events—think of the corpses of the Stuarts laid 'for the present' in France and Italy; of how long they must await the great day of translation. No loyal hands will ever again disturb their royal dust, no aspiration and no cause are centred in their tombs."

We read on quietly and rejoiced, so sympathetic had we become with Stuart aims, to find that Abbess Butler was deeply angered at the Hanoverian usurpation. Writing to Queen Mary of Modena at Christmas, 1714, she says: "I confide in o^r. Mercifulle Redeemer that at this sacred feast of his Nativity we shall have some hopes that all Christian Princes will Joyne all ther forces to overcome all the abominable rebels of England, a nation hatted by all good Christians . . . and may y^r. 3 Kingdomes bleed for their Rebellion for which we humbly present o^r. small tribuit of prayers."

In a letter of condolence with James III. on the death of his mother, this same Mary of Modena, the Abbess again alludes to the unhappy state of England, for after saying that, "A death soe holy, A death of a Liveing saint and Martyr ought not to be Lamented," she goes on to pray to the "trinity y^t. gave y^r. Ma^{ty}. to us will obtaine A happy

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Restoration and conversion of y^r. Ma^{tys}. 3 Kingdoms God of his Infinit open there eyes and make y^m. calle home a King y^r. whole world esteems but y^m.selves."

On and on went the record, and we picked our way through desultory pages, reading of the great Irish day of Fontenoy, and of how the news of Falkirk came to Ypres, news that filled the nuns with "ecstasies of joy," and led them to hearten Prince Charles Edward with a letter. We read of Prince Henry coming to the convent on his way to take command of a French force collected at Dunkirk, with the object of making an attack on England in support of Prince Charles in Scotland.

"Do you remember the story of the Maréchal de Richelieu?" said Serena. "He had a considerable contempt for Prince Henry since he had once kept a Council of War waiting while attending Mass. 'You may, perhaps, gain the Kingdom of Heaven by your prayers,' said the Maréchal, 'but never the Kingdom of Great Britain.' It always seems to me so characteristic that Prince Henry should be in church when the news of Culloden reached him, and that instead of jumping up he should receive it resignedly on his knees."

"At any rate, Prince Henry was pleasing to more pacific persons than the Maréchal, Serena, for look, the nuns say: 'We shall never forgett his wonderful affability and gracious condescendance in permitting his humble hand-maids the comfort of Kissing his hand twice, when we had the hon^r. and happiness of enjoying his agreeable Presence in our poor little cottage which he vouchsaf'd to Enter, and heard mass twice in our little Chapel, we were all so transported with joy that we were not capable of observing a just or due decorum with regard to his R.H., which I'm sure he easily excused as he Knew the affection^t. loyalty of his Irish nuns, loyalty is really hereditary in a most peculiar manner to our poor afflicted nation.'"

"And when we call to mind Wincanton and Reading and the Irish garrison of Tilbury in 1689," interpolated Serena, "we know this to be true."

I read on and found that the nuns, wishing to give something to Prince Charlie to show their tender interest in his cause, set to work to make "a poor insignificant trifle of nunn's work—a soord string." At another time Abbess

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Mandeville sent Prince Henry a cross "mead after the Irish fashion," and a little later congratulated him on his decision to become a priest, a decision which infuriated and completely estranged his brother.

In 1765 news came to the nuns of the serious illness of their patron, James III.; they offered prayers in their chapel for his recovery, but he died on New Year's Day, 1766, having been titular King of England for fifty-four years. Lumsden, his secretary, wrote to inform the nuns of his demise, whereupon Abbess Dalton condoled with "King Charles 3rd on King James 3rd's death"; she also wrote to sympathise with Prince Henry of York. The brothers replied, and with these letters the correspondence ends.

We had, meanwhile, in reading got far away from the problem we had originally set out to solve. It no longer seemed to matter whether the tale of the Flag of Ramillies was a legend or a fact. By trying to trace the existence of the flag we had been led into a Stuart world and found ourselves looking upon England as a foreign country.

"We must pull ourselves back into the present by really investigating the legend historically," I said firmly. "What actually happened at Ramillies? And what *is* the Flag?"

"Yes, that is right, do let us be practical," said Serena. "Did or did not the 3rd Regiment of Foot lose a colour at Ramillies? That is what we set out to prove, and we have lost in a maze of visions all sense of the importance of our quest."

We neither of us knew where to look for the information, and so, on getting home, we consulted Fortescue's *History of the British Army*, and found that:—

"The Buffs and 21st, which had so far remained inactive on the right, forced their way through the swamp before them and, taking Autre Eglise in rear, swept away the last vestige of the French line on the left."

This filled us with despondency, for there was nothing in it to account for the flag. As far as we could make out, Colonel Charles Churchill's regiment only came into action when the French were in retreat, and there seemed to be no foundation, in this book at any rate, for the line that at this point the "Victor Saxon backward reeled," nor was there any mention of a British colour lost.

"But the tattered standard cannot be explained away,"

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said Serena. "What is this thing left at the convent on the day after the battle as a precious token of Irish valour?"

We were greatly puzzled, and determined to consult the only soldier we knew. Our talk with him came to this, that no mere regiment would have carried a Royal Standard into action, but that there are two possible explanations of the flag's existence. One, that it was a Royal Standard given by James II. to the Irish Brigade, carried by them into action at Ramillies and safely carried out again, possibly after having been taken by the Buffs and recaptured from them. The other that it may have been Marlborough's own colour as Captain-General. At Ramillies, when rallying the allied cavalry, he was unhorsed and narrowly escaped capture. If the English lost a flag that day, this may have been the moment, but Marlborough was then surrounded by French, not Irish, troops, which leaves the mystery still unsolved.

All our sage historic communings were suddenly cut short by opening a forgotten newspaper which had been handed to us by one of the nuns as we had left the convent. It took us both at a leap back into the legendary world. The paper was called *The Gaelic American*, and in it appeared an article headed "THE FLAG OF RAMILLIES CAPTURED FROM THE BRITISH ARMY BY IRISHMEN." The headlines were in huge type; for the moment it seemed as though we were reading news, as though this exciting capture had just taken place, that somehow and somewhere the English and the Irish had fought, and that some historic regiment had just lost the colour entrusted to its care. Then when we came to our senses we read that it all happened on Whit-Sunday, 1706, and that the article was about the very flag we had been to seek. A wandering Irishman had found it before us, had exulted in it, and had written to tell the Irish-Americans of his great discovery. I seemed to understand his enthusiasm, and indeed my views on the value of tradition had been greatly shaken by my day in Ypres.

"Now," said Serena proudly, "you can see how the sight of the flag fans in an Irishman's soul the smouldering embers of historic passion; now you can understand how it conjured up for this exile the same vision of 'our mur-

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dered priests, our rifled shrines,' which nerved those other Irish exiles on the day of Fontenoy."

Indeed, I did begin to see, and needed no further convincing, but Serena did not stop, she spoke as if inspired and did not seem to notice me any more. It was as if she had become the mouthpiece of the national soul of Ireland.

"Now you see how this faded emblem, once the honoured colour of a British regiment, may recall the green memory of the men who, in three years of battle, siege, and march, had dared on Irish soil to pit themselves against the first soldiers in Europe, against Schomberg, Marlborough, De Ginkell, and Würtemberg. Now you see how it evokes the no less vivid memory of those thousands of Irishmen who, after Ireland had 'acquiesced' in dynastic change, still fought on every European battlefield against the enemy of their country. This relic of past glory holds no incomplete justification of the Irish Brigades who, to save their Stuart kings, shed their blood like water under the banner of France, though never with so light a heart as when before them they descried the even lines of stern, hard fighters in the livery of King George, coats of the same scarlet as their own Stuart uniforms." Smiling through tears, she said, "It's glorious to think of, to remember."

I was struck dumb by Serena's face, she seemed as if in a trance. This, then, is what she meant; this, then, is the great good of legend, that it holds within itself a power of endowing men with such vision and feeling as make a practical Englishwoman feel suddenly cold and small. I had nothing to say, so I finished the newspaper article quietly and reflected that even if the flag-taking episode were a legend it would not really affect the situation. For the purpose of an Irishman historic legend is as forceful as historic truth, for the Irish are a race with historic imagination as well as historic memory.

I had come away from Ypres in a mood of investigation, but now that had vanished and I was left with the conviction strong upon me that all things are possible to those who believe.

Mr. Newton-Robinson's Poems*

By William Stebbing

A BELIEF is current that the present is a golden age for literature. All departments are supposed to be sure of the notice they merit. If authors are without readers, it must be their own fault. The view is probably untrue of all forms of intelligent literary activity but one, and certainly of poetry. In any case, the intensified friction and hurry of modern life would discourage from the reading of verse, for that requires study, line by line and word by word. It is of too intimate a nature for nineteenth-twentieth-century taste in its invitation to accept confidences, which implies a return of them. As for gain from the inundation of the book-market, though with a corresponding multiplication of readers, the tendency has, for poetry, been distinctly adverse. When readers were a select few, writers were not out of proportion. A volume of verse, whatever its quality, had a fair assurance of regard and sympathy, of a place for a time on the line. In these days, unless by some chance it has secured vogue, which may have to be paid for by flattery of the popular taste and humours, and is always double-edged, it is never really "on view" at all. Its very form repels the multitude.

It is no answer to my complaint that illustrious singers of the far and even the near past are read—more or less—and panegyrised. Every branch of literature needs to be regarded as a living thing, with a present and a future. I can as little admit for a defence that the art is actually practised. No thanks for this to the so-called "reading public." Natures with the poetic instinct in them cannot

* *The Golden Hind* (George Bell and Sons, 1880; *Tintinnabula* (Kegan Paul and Co., Ltd., 1890); *The Viol of Love* (John Lane, 1895); *Richmodis: a Ballad of Old Cologne* (ENGLISH REVIEW, September, 1910).

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help singing. Though no mental energy craves more for sympathy, this, with none, insists upon exercise. Inspiration must out. Equally unconvincing is the plea that any literary effort worth an audience will compel it. Yes, perhaps, but when? Half a century hence, or more? Empty as is the excuse for contemporary neglect of good literature, whatever its kind, it is flagrantly futile of poetry. All who love poetry, and wish it to live and be continually fruitful, cannot but have felt how meagre is the heed given to its pursuit; how even astonishing it is that an exquisite art should continue to be practised in the cold and shade.

A sense of this strangeness has quite recently been heightened for me by an accident which led me to view as a whole the work in verse of Mr. Charles Newton-Robinson. For any genuine appreciation verse, above literature in general, requires "reading," not "skimming"; and I have read, not skimmed. I am willing to believe that other writers to whom I have had less opportunity of devoting as much attention would similarly reward it. I have, moreover, no right to suppose that he has been exceptionally neglected. But I know of his labours in various directions, and that he has won distinction in many. At the same time his characteristic medium of thought and feeling has always been poetry. To that, for upwards of thirty years, he has given of his best. Having been acquainted with his poems as they appeared, and now having refreshed my recollections, I hope I am not presumptuous in expressing my opinion that when he writes he has a just claim to be read. I doubt also whether the right have been fittingly recognised.

His notes and themes have been various. In his earliest volume* he used a love-story as a setting for vivid scenes of the running fight with the Spanish Armada, when one autumn day the English look-out men suddenly saw—

Like spell, or dream, or some strange wizardry,
Rise a great crowd of gilded galleons!

At different periods more of historical word-painting succeeded—"The Ballad of the Battle of Crécy,"† and the tale of Haring of Horn, singly stemming, on the mid-dyke, Alva's storming of Haarlem:—

* *The Golden Hind.*

† *Tintinnabula.*

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On came the Spaniards,
Burning for shame :
Little recked Haring
How many came !

"Harder you push me,"
Shouts he in scorn,
"Harder you'll find me !
Haring of Horn." *

Of the same order, told with the same proper ballad-writer's direct plainness and abruptness, is the latest printed product of his muse,† the realistically weird legend of the burial and resurrection of young and beautiful Richmodis.

But it is the rule of true poetry, with very few exceptions, to be self-revelation, and this holds good of Mr. Newton-Robinson's. From first to last he has mixed something of himself, of personal feeling, with the incidents as chroniclers have handed them to him. Thus Mandeville's matter-of-fact allusion to the great Dragon of Cos, flowers into "Thessalé," a melodious fairy-tale. We have Hippocrates with his wisdom and wealth. Then like a thunder-clap bursts the anger of Artemis on father and daughter for her approaching desertion of the virgin ranks. Quite without reason, but as entirely after the goddess's manner, her vengeance culminates in the imprisonment of perfect and innocent girlish loveliness within a serpent's loathful coils. The five words of the old traveller, "Sche schalle not live long," are interpreted by the advent—after many tragic failures of greed and bravado—in the enchanted palace, deep hidden in wild woods, of an English champion,

True of heart, and young and brave,
Who rode blindfolded up the castled height,
And, looking not, the kiss of pity gave !
Then tore in haste the bandage from his head
And saw—no dragon—but a fair maid :—dead !

The apology for a bold adaptation of Ovid's story of Ceyx and Alcyone is of the same nature and is sufficient. The beautiful myth has here been passed through a fresh mind and fancy, which have transformed and made it theirs. We are told—

How by the ocean sat Alcyone
Hoping for Ceyx ; till one watery moon
Changed, and the ripple of a first spring tide
Wafted his body from the shifting sands,

* *Tintinnabula*, *supra*.

† THE ENGLISH REVIEW, September, 1910.

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Over sea-shallows, in among high rocks;
Where with the sunrise came his fair young queen,
For love and sorrow; for she knew before,
In three nights' dreams the shipwreck of all hope,
And came alone, save that her lame old nurse,
Fearing some evil, followed far behind.

And she beheld—ah! what did she behold?
—The queen gaze down the shadow of the dawn,
Calling out "Ceyx!"—and the body rise,
—The wan, pale body rise upon the sea—
And from it fall the panoply of death,
And vested in the glory of the gods
The soul of Ceyx cry "Alcyone!"
"Alcyone! sweet wife Alcyone!"

But she, the queen, all trembling with her love
Hastily tore Thessalia's diadem
From her pale brow, to cast it on the ground;
And without fear, or farewell, from the cliff
Sprang to the presence of her wedded lord!*

Melody and pathos are present in this very early poem, with the virtue, rare for youth, of self-restraint; and soon beside them, in volumes early or late, we come upon ideas as well as harmony and feeling. Multiply the lines tenfold, and they could not express better than the following six the deep truth that as nothing material is altogether lost, how much less can mind's offspring be:

When a keen thought starts from a seething brain
In the heart of a city vast and vain,
Whitherward may the wonder fly,
But it shall grow and multiply?
Like the wingèd seed of a meadow-flower,
Blown afield in a summer hour.†

As forcibly and almost as tersely the interdependence of body and soul—a problem attacked in vain by philosophers in numberless folios—is settled very agreeably, if less demonstratively, by "Genitus and Anima."‡ Well if human purblindness as in "Nyctalopæ"§ could be disposed of as comfortably:—

Blind go the many through the world:
Worm-battering moles, they delve unseen,
Their dusk and tortuous ways between
The start and sordid goal of lives unclean,
And should there be uphurled,
In those chance gropings, any grass-tipt sod,
And some emerge to feel the sunny ray,
They own the warmth, and smile,
And call it day.

* From *The Golden Hind and other poems*, 1880.

† *Ubi supra*.

‡ *The Viol of Love*.

§ *Tintinnabula*.

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But the clear light, the gift of God,
They cannot see, and having sunned awhile,
Again to that grave-dwelling-house descend,
Wherein their birth is, and wherein their end.

If a poet is a thinker, as every poet should be, there must be moods in which he will see the dark side of life. This is Mr. Newton-Robinson's temper in "A Cry of the Streets," which is a shudder at once, and an indictment:—

"Buy a light! buy a cigar-light!"
Pitiful whine! I hear it yet
And see her shivering, cold and wet,
In the starlight: in the starlight.
A woman's form, but an eldritch hag,
When I turn, her face to see,
White as a skull on a gallows-tree,
With a bonnet-remnant of murky rag,
Like the felon's last lock of tangled hair,
Fluttering loose in the ice-cold air!

The chilly moon set early to-night,
And it wants eight hours to the dawning light.
Like a wicked spirit, in ire, or fright,
The north gale sweeps the empty street
With fitful showers of biting sleet:
It has blown the flaring gas jets out,
And driven the starving tramp to rout.

"Buy a light! buy a cigar-light!"

And O! the pity!

Wealthy city!

There should be any like her, to-night!

A cinder this from the furnace of London's luxury, passion, and heartlessness, with the converse—no compensation, or intended by the poet to be—the morning inroad across Westminster Bridge:—

They troop across the vibrant arch
Lithe lads and rosy girls
Who bring their country vigour here
To throb great London's heart.

* * * *

All are but as the bricks to build
The cruel Babel-tower,
That ever crumbling at the foot,
Still craneth at the skies!

Yet, like the universe divine,
Cold, passionless, and rich;
Vast ransoms London yields to them
That grip her by the throat.

Strive, strive away health, youth and strength,
And thou from her shalt wring,
Such boon as dauntless Jacob had,
By wrestling with his God!

* *Tintinnabula, supra.*

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Power, and the knowledge of thyself,
Gold, leisure, great renown;
All these, and countless riches more
Lie clenched in London's hand!

Scenes, vivid both of them, and well worth painting, yet of a grimness from which it is a relief to turn to renderings of a trio of French pieces—to scenes anywhere else than in callous, everyday London—to a Conqueror's second-sight nightmare, to a lurid fit of poetic introspection almost morbid, to a fifteenth-century soliloquy by a compound, though historical and actual, yet almost unimaginable, of squalor and genius, beneath a gibbet preparing for the wondrous singing self. All three are admirable:—

A ghost sighs through Victor Hugo's "To-morrow."

To-morrow 'tis the charger that falters, foamy-white,
To-morrow, Conqueror!—'tis Moscow fired by night,
As a torch lit in the gloom!
To-morrow your Old Guard strew, dead, for mile on mile,
The plain of Waterloo:—then lone St. Helen's isle!
And then, and then—the tomb! *

Alfred de Musset's evocation in "A December Night" from a man's self, of his haunting, taunting double, to confront and judge him, loses in Mr. Newton-Robinson's sepia half-tones not a tint of the surprise and blank confusion at the self-portraiture:—

Wherever I would sleeping lie,
Wherever I have longed to die,
Ay! wheresoe'er on earth I flee:
There comes to sit beside my track
A wretch attired in garb of black:—
No brother could be more like me.†

The achievement, though having to compare with a version by Swinburne, in the translation of that marvel, "the Ballade which Villon wrote, expecting to be hanged,"‡ is perhaps higher still:—

Ye brother men! who after us live on,
Let not your hearts too hard against us grow;
For if you pity us poor wights, anon
To you the rather God will mercy show.
Here you see us hung: five-six—in a row!
As for the flesh that once we pampered gaily,
It is piecemeal devoured, and rotting daily,
And we, the bones, to dust and ashes fall.
At our ill-chance, O neither laugh nor rail ye,
But pray to God that He absolve us all!

* *Tintinnabula*, *supra*. † *Ibid*. ‡ *Ibid*.

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If we cry on you, brothers, you must not
 Mete us disdain; though justice, for offence,
Put us to death; since none the less you wot
 That not all men have got enough good sense.
Then intercede for us, with prayer intense
Before the sweet Son of the Virgin Mary,
That unto us His grace may never vary,
 Which hindereth Hell-fire our souls to thrall.
Dead are we; us then let no mortal harry,
 But pray to God that He absolve us all!

The rain has washed and drenched us from the skies,
 The sun has dried us up and burnt us brown,
Magpies and crows have hollowed out our eyes,
 And rooted forth the hairs of beard and crown.
Never, one instant, have we sat us down:
Now here, now there, howso the breezes vary,
Swung at their pleasure, we may never tarry,
 Pecked, thick as thimble-dents, by birds withal.
Mortals! no mocking speeches hither carry,
 But pray to God that He absolve us all!

ENVOI.

Prince Jesus! Who o'er all hast seignory,
Care Thou that Hell gain not the mastery!
 Us may no commercing with Hell befall!
Men! be not ye of our fraternity;
 But pray to God that He absolve us all!

Far be it from me to complain of sombreness in verse,
natural always in poetry, whether the poet be young or not;
but he should be able to prove that he has a command of
other chords. Happily, of this Mr. Newton-Robinson's
successive volumes offer abundant affirmative evidence.
Mark, for example, the many coloured glimpses of a mind
over the fleeting scenery in a journey to the South:—

A sunlit valley, far below
 My track (that on a mountain hung)
 Where a bright streamlet wound among
Green meadows, mapped like spiders' webs,
 And fringed with poplar, elm and oak,
Tiny as mosses underfoot;
 With white-walled hamlets, breathing smoke,
So far below; they seemed but toys,
 At feet of mountain-children scattered;
So far below: life made no noise,
 All echoes on the peaks were shattered!
A heaven of dreams! a haven of rest!
To satisfy a poet's quest!

“The Brook”* paints movement of a landscape
itself:—

At first:

Hurrying over stony shallows,
'Mid the meadowsweet and mallows,

* *The Viol of Love.*

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Filtering through the serried rushes,
Now from rock to rock it gushes,
Now in eddying pools it hushes,
Where the grayling dart and shine;—
Branch and rootlet softly brushes,
Where the brambles droop and twine.

Then through silent, sunlit reaches,
Where the waterlily swings,
Flows the brook to lonely beaches;—
There its golden sand it flings.

Lastly, listen to "Spring,"* singing its own sweet life's history—

At first :

Silent I come
For my birds yet are dumb,
While Earth in her snow-grave lies :
Into her tranced visage I peer,
And breathe a warm breath
On that semblance of death,
Till verdure dissolveth her bier,
And her winterly shroud
Like a storm-riven cloud,
Is melted away from her eyes!

then, having awakened and inspired her subjects, children and fondlings :—

To the moor and the fen
Of the Norland men,
I carry the kiss of the South :
The cuckoo, the swallow, the nightingale follow :
The bluebell and primrose, in thicket and hollow,
Upleap to the breath of my mouth!

until, knowing that she has done her work, and that her nurslings no longer need her fostering care, she bids them a regretfully loving farewell :—

But when the new leaf blesses
The gnarly vines of Trent :
When cherry-blossom tresses
The orchard leas of Kent :
When the pink may and the white may
Are scintillant with gems,
And the passion-wrought laburnum
Fires the green lawns of Thames :
When the oak is wreathed in yellow,
But the sluggard ash not yet :
When the song that hath no fellow
The nightingales forget :
When the lilac's hue is altering,
And the early hay is mown :
When the cuckoo's note is faltering
And the first wild rosebud blown :
On a sudden, on a morrow,

* *Ver Lyræ*, 1896.

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To their wonder, to their sorrow,
Men are ware that I have left them as I came;
But softly Summer nears
While they dream in awed surprise,
And with deep delight of tears
Fills their hearts and blinds their eyes :
—And I am but a memory—a name!

And now for yet another species of landscape-painting—for every poet's stock-in-trade—the moving panorama of love. I offer no more than a pair of specimens of Mr. Newton-Robinson's capacity to deal with it. But they are samples only, for each successive volume of his by turns flutters around and dwells upon the theme.

For the spirit vision, let me quote "Amoris Imago" * :—

'Tis but in dreams that I have met my love,
And where she walks I know not, on this earth,
Whose child she is, or what her day of birth,
And yet what know I not, that love can move?

Uncalled she came, at dead of morning night,
In such apparel as might angels wear :
Brown-eyed as breaking dawn, with golden hair
As gilds a cloud the first faint shoot of light!

I lay entranced, as though my lips were dumb,
My brain, my heart, for very joy adaze :
Awhile she bent on me her ardent gaze,
Then said : "Thy soul called mine, and so I come!"

Next for a life study, more in detail. Eminent painters are expected to present their likenesses to the great gallery at Florence. An analogous requisition is understood to be made upon poets, though not for pictures of their own features. Mr. Newton-Robinson need not be too timid of comparisons with other painter-poets :—

My lady walks in gladsomeness
Like Springtide of the year!
Her presence, like rich music, draws
Through stillness, gently near,
And like an all revealing book
Her sundered lashes loose her look.

Those eyes are like none other lights
That glow in heaven on starry nights.
True twins in every intent,
As would my heart and hers were bent!
And lustrous each, and brown and large,
A fair yet disconcerting targe
For every shaft that mine can fling,
With strong desire to fleet its wing,
And straight its arrowy barb to steer

* *The Viol of Love, supra.*

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Dipt in no venom save a tear,
Which draws its cunning to annoy
From sheer excessiveness of joy!
Her cheeks no less are shields to turn
The weapon of my lips—a kiss!
So bafflingly they blush and burn
To make the rash assaulter miss,
Till she may rout him with her eyes,
Revolt, repulse, regret, surprise!
Her hair is of the tawny shade
That on the firwood boles hath played,
And fretted with the gleams that note
The furtive squirrel's dainty coat.
It shimmers like a diadem
Above her vaulted brow!
Her neck is like the lucent stem
Whence lily-petals flow;
And mid the glory of her face
The sweet lips dance and rest, in grace.
Her slender hands are supple-strong
To rein the horse, or link the song
To mazy music manifold
The sullen keys would fain withhold:
To soothe, to flatter, to caress
Her chosen one, in dear duress!
And as in metal mirrors dim,
Or in a streamlet's current slim,
Faint semblances of beauty swim,
So let my verse, with reverent art
Veil, not reveal, her wondrous heart!
Her voice is like the lilt of streams,
Light, subtly-varied, low;
Her mind is like the orange flower;
Which blooms the whole year through;
Her moods their magic borrow
From changes of the sea;
Her love is like the morrow!
—What morrow comes for me?

I could choose none better than this—"My Lady's Portrait"—with its twin, wherewith to wind up the roll of Mr. Newton-Robinson's poems as yet published. Delicacy and warmth in conjunction are delightful, and the pair possess them. But, pervading his verse, is another quality all by itself, and to be weighed in the scale among properties of poetry. It is the power of exciting interest in the writer. Some great poems have failed of it, and many which make no pretensions possess it. It is impossible to read and approve of poetry without a desire to be in personal sympathy with the poet. Where a poet does not arouse this sentiment, there is a feeling as of a rebuff. Mr. Newton-Robinson's readers need not be afraid of that.

Editorial Note.—We regret to learn that Mr. Newton-Robinson passed away while the above article was in the press.

Synthetic Man

By Ajax

ARE you a synthetic man?

I took the question round to my friend Johnson the other evening, but he is a Public School man; he only stared rudely.

"Synthetic man!" he said. "What the Hell is that?"

The phrase, however, stuck in my mind. I tried it upon all my friends, male and female; I even approached the League; but nowhere could I obtain enlightenment. Some suggested reference to Mrs. Pankhurst, to Aleister Crowley, the poet; others merely stood me a drink.

"Rot!" they growled. I could get nothing more intelligible out of the men. "Come and have a bottle of Tokay; d——n the synthesis," said a pal of Harley Street. "*Totus homo semen est.** You know, like the cellula, cellula tag."

Everywhere the "manly" man—sport—sex! In despair I turned to the women.

"Tell me," I inquired of the most beautiful woman on earth in my sight, "are you a synthetic woman?"—and for the first time since I've known her she disappointed me. She folded her arms about my neck and kissed me full on the lips.

"That's a synthesis," she said; "the beginning, the middle, and the end."

But was it synthetic? I thought of writing to the most popular lady novelist. I took to reading Lombroso, Weininger, Ellen Key, all the biological and biogenetical authorities, and still I got no further. In every woman there is a criminaloid† instinct. Our Pope called her a rake. It is true that Stirner scoffed at the idea of woman content to be merely feminine, but only because he argued

* Virchow. † Lombroso.

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she could not well be otherwise. Nietzsche, I had been told, was immoral. Goethe only gave me "the eternal feminine"; Shakespeare only Mary Fitton. Against the Doll of Ibsen I found Strindberg's matriarchy, love as a "sex battle." Even my typist, whom I overwork abominably, produced no light. "Oh, we women are only women," she explained. The Holy Book spoke inexorably—"love, honour, and obey." Mahomet, Luther—these were merely "manly" men, all kinds of eccentric smoke-room tales attaching to them. Even Father Paravicini, the Jesuit, who considers modern England very favourable soil for a Catholic revival, failed to provide a satisfactory definition.

"The Virgin Mary was the synthetic woman," he declared—and it was a poor answer; she probably was, if immaculate.

I tried Don Juan, Browning, the Elizabethans; but poets' women are always mistresses; nor even out of the total works of Havelock Ellis could I glean the required information. At the question, all the "nice" women I consulted thought I was trying to "pull their legs"; all the clever women looked foolish; all the "womanly" women showed me their white teeth, as they do on the stage.

"Ah, que j'aimerais," dit la fille à part soi,
"Devenir la maîtresse d'un roi."*

Such was all I could extract from France. Always the old Edenic trollop. Pandora, Gretchen, Dulcinea, Peach-blossom, Fifi, Mona Lisa, Totty—none of these were synthetic, any more than Sappho was, or the Russian table-turning lady, or Salome, or Semiramis—wenches all, *la femme*.

And yet women are hunger-striking for some object or other not specifically indicated in the mystery of the eternal feminine. Something fundamental, evolutionary, epochal, must be going on somewhere, somehow; otherwise whence this devotion, this fanatical courage, which has reduced the Government and the British Law almost to the state of general paralysis?

No, no, my friends were right. If the Bible, Shakespeare, and all the nice women I knew were unable to explain "synthetic" man, then assuredly synthetic must

* Béranger.

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be silly, like the obsolescent overman. Hell has gone out of our philosophy—almost with the Angels, but woman remains, and man remains, very much the same as in the oldest of times, for in some respects Hammurabi out of the B.C.'s was more synthetic than the present Chancellor, and far more so than the Tsar or the German Emperor. Why, women—and here, I must say, Nietzsche helped me. The education of well-bred women, he wrote, “is monstrous. All the world has agreed to bring them up as ignorant as possible *in eroticis*”—and this little sentence made me think profoundly.

The man is right, I reasoned—the fact is, the fellow has a flair. All women are trained to virginity, which is the idol of the sex. There could be no synthesis in such people, because virginity necessarily implies ignorance, and ignorance is the negation of reason. And this idol, based on the conception of the Virgin Mary, rigidly maintained and perpetuated by the Churches into our time, is it not the antithesis to progress? Obviously. So long as women are brought up to regard marriage as the supreme act in their lives, so long as the entire feminine sex is trained to virginity, mental and physical, until some man comes along with the freedom of the sacramental ring, so long assuredly must they be bondwomen—to sex; therefore to man. It had never struck me before in that light. But it is true enough. Here, at any rate, was a fact definite, conclusive. Woman, by her own education and standard, is a quarry—our quarry. Not to know is not to be. To allow man all the knowledge, all the initiative, all the personality of the egocentric and creative type, and to withhold from woman all knowledge, all initiative, all freedom of personality—is to give man the right, and woman only the bondage, of sex for the racial ends of motherhood. I, for instance, have been all through the schools and practically know nothing, but I have the *liberty* to know, to try. I can make an ass of myself if I like. But my sister can't. Her parents would be outraged if they caught her reading, say, Strindberg's *Married*, or Mrs. Warren's *Profession*. We put hairpins in her bed if we find her talking too tall or affecting “superior” airs. It really is perfectly true. A sex which is physically and mentally ignorant has no intellectual right to advise or ordain. Virginity! That's it.

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That is what women stand for. We, who know, who toil, who fight—we are her protectors, her keepers, her masters. In the East, virginity means nothing, but then Orientals have harems, whereas we have souls, and the soul Christianity has given to women is sex.

This train of thought seemed to me to settle the matter. There was no sex question. I felt so relieved that, just for a joke, I telegraphed to a little friend of mine, whom I will call Goldenlocks, who lives most of the time—on the golf links—far down in the country.

“Are you a synthetic girl?” I wired; and as I was rushing out that night the nasty mustard envelope was handed to me.

Certainly. But I fear you’re an *acratic* man. GOLDENLOCKS.

An astonishing telegram to dine upon, I realised at once. Here was intelligence, comprehension, an avowedly synthetic girl calling me an “acratic”—evidently some horrid Greek derivative which no one I subsequently met at *The Gaiety* could explain. Aristocratic I felt I was, but acratic! No, I wasn’t going to be bowled out in that way. I wired again:—

Explain synthetic girl. Yours acratically.

To which I received the following reply:—

Iliastic woman, as opposed to ludicrous femininity. Synthetic means hermaphroditic—a being subject to the conditions both of the male and the female, which is the future type of emancipated woman. Read Edward Carpenter; Grillparzer; Stirner. Yours, GOLDENLOCKS.

I spent the morning in great excitement at the British Museum, and, coming out, I had an inspiration:—

Admitted. I’m acratic, *i.e.*, the domineering erotic male. I love. Will you marry me?

And this is what Goldenlocks replied:—

My iliastic personality is centripetal—incommunicable therefore with the centrifugal sexuality of teleological man. GOLDENLOCKS.

I read the words in astonishment. Goldenlocks! My little Goldenlocks! the girl who drives a golf ball one hundred and eighty straight yards; whose skin is softer than a white pansy; she whom I have so often danced with, Tangos and what not—and—kissed in the garden behind the hydrangeas! Ah, wicked Pankhurst terrorism! It was

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too much. I'm a weak man. I made up my mind there and then, and despatched this message :—

Synthetic be damned. I want you. May I come down see parents?

Here is her answer :—

Mother hunger-striking. Dad away acatically golfing. You're an ass, Jack. Of course. Come down by 4.20. Seventeen kisses. GOLDEN-LOCKS.

When Sweet Seventeen wires seventeen kisses, a man moves, even in the year 1913. I did. I bought a book by a German lady, Rosa Mayreder,* on the way down, and, opening it at random, as a fellow does on a four hours' journey with a serious work, I read these words :—

“For lofty souls nothing is more unbearable than the idea of bondage of sex. To be excluded on account of sex from any possibility of development, can but awaken in such souls a hatred against sex. For this reason firm and intrepid self-reliance, advancing with initiative, inflexibility, and strength of will, is more to be esteemed in woman than in man, because in a woman they show an overstepping of the bounds set by teleological conditions for the ordinary female individual. Nature has given the male the great advantage of allowing his teleological sex conditions to produce those qualities which are favourable to the development of free personality; whereas the female must *first overcome her teleological nature* before she can develop such qualities. Free in the highest sense—more so than the wholly ‘masculine’ can ever be—will be he who possesses sufficient synthetic force to attain by assimilation a higher and more comprehensive state of being. This force, which is wanting in the *acritic* man, is nothing else than a capacity for self-sacrifice. . . . And none but synthetic beings can be the creators of this form of life. . . . The representatives of higher humanity will be those whose psychophysical constitution enables them to break through the bonds of sexuality and thus raise and ennoble the inward relationships between the sexes—*synthetic* man and woman.”

The expropriation of the expropriators, like Karl Marx ! Here it was then, the synthetic being, the harmony of sex equivalents, type of the future—what I had been looking

* *A Survey of the Woman Problem.* By Rosa Mayreder. (Heinemann.)

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for, all in a really wonderfully sane volume, disposing of the egomania of Stirner, the power man of Nietzsche, the sex man of Strindberg, a philosophy of the woman's movement, calm, thoughtful, detached—in short, the only stimulating and suggestive statement I have ever read of the problem. In a couple of hours I learnt all about acratism and his counterpart, the slave paramour of ecclesiastical etiquette—submissive, teleological woman condemned by God in the Old Testament :—

“I will greatly multiply thy sorrow and thy conception : in sorrow thou shalt bring forth children, and thy desire shall be to thy husband, and he shall rule over thee.”

Strange ! the cruelty and vindictiveness of those words had never struck me before. I wonder how many of us realise the torture, mental and physical, inflicted upon women by this commandment, this moral mania based on the fairy-tale supposition of woman's first sin ! Even in the middle of the nineteenth century, when attempts were first made in England to use anæsthetics in cases of painful births, the English Church protested—and still protests—against it as a suspension and amelioration of a divine punishment. And I read on, and learnt what this astonishing woman writes about virginity—the gyve which holds down the sex in the grip of dependence, making of their souls, their bodies, as the all in all of their being. I read on and on. Even about war Rosa Mayreder manages to say some new things, and she is always gentle, always a woman, with scant sympathy for erotico-frigid English militancy.

The gentlewoman, she contends, purchases her supremacy at a very dear price. She is forced to entrench herself behind a reactionary tradition. As the representative of the expedient she has fallen into a doubtful attitude towards all that is *natural*, for in the world of ladyhood the natural becomes the improper. From her sphere all the great and solemn problems of life are banned ; the *salon* of the lady is nothing more than a gynæceum, inhabited by elegant, fragrant dolls whose first and continuous duty it is to decorate themselves and look appetising in order to please. And as chivalry degenerated into gallantry—and the gallantry of men in these unromantic days is already an anachronism—so the lady,

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clinging to traditions that no longer have any meaning in the body politic, finds herself shut out from the mental progress of her sex, for her artificiality is incompatible with freedom of thought, and so with personality. Already, says Rosa Mayreder, the conception of the lady is beginning to collapse, and the results of this process of dissolution of a historic figure must soon become visible. Here we encounter a problem of modern civilisation. A new ideal of womanhood is needed, a type retaining all that was best in the decaying form, and developing organically from that form so that she may attain to that which the gentlewoman never was and never could be: a free personality.

I put the book down. Here was I travelling down to Goldenlocks, fluffy, frivolous, desirable, darling Goldenlocks, absorbed in the revelation of synthetic woman—I, who had never even got into the upper school. I tried to revolt.

“The significance of woman is man,” I said to myself. More. Not only her reason, man also gives her her form. The whole endeavour of woman, is it not to realise with every possible means of cunning and development her innate sex self? The teaching of woman is woman, the creative repetition of the accepted type. To break away from convention is a virtue in man; in woman it is considered a vice. The central point or focus of woman—that which contains woman’s all, her goal, her genius and her significance—it is her spiritualised and inherent sexuality. Hence the drastic law of chastity governing the sex; the law of modesty, which prevents her from developing or exercising her individuality in the rough and tumble of life; the law of type by which she is driven, more easily than a herd of geese, whether it be in the matter of dress or thought or attitude or morality.

I thought of the feminine puppets of British “family” fiction, cut and padded to convention. In these books women are depicted as “they should be,” labelled, docketed, and no other type is admissible. Up to the age of eighteen all literary matter must be adapted to the young girl. After eighteen, she has done with her intellectual development. She is a finished product. With her hair, up goes the curtain of life. Of knowledge she has none—it has all been religiously kept from her. About sex, she

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is supposed to know nothing. She is a maiden, consciously, superbly ignorant, furnished only with the graces of fashion and allurements, a being at once terrible and beautiful, whom all the elder women envy and strive desperately to resemble—a wonderful thing, standing there in the ball-room in her little *décolletage* and chastity, man's prize, the virgin, symbol and essence of life.

I have danced with dozens of them, and frequently, I must admit, found them very tiresome, chiefly because, though educated solely to please and to the polite accomplishments, academies and finishing places rarely seem able to teach them to move. They are not easy to converse with either. Their ideas are as bare as their arms, and what ideas they have are as likely as not two hundred years old. Difficult people sometimes! They fear originality, as they are taught to shun original sin. Their whole philosophy is, "Be ordinary." The slightest divergence from type they regard as a treachery to the sex. Nothing more cruel exists, and nothing so charming. They are the finest flower of discipline—"capsules" covering an emptiness which only man can fill."

I would have British matrons observe that I am not the author of that remark. At the time it troubled me exceedingly; for here we do get at some reason for a movement which, superficially viewed, appears inexplicable. Is Rosa Mayreder right in what she says about the type? Has the fetich of the young girl become a "hindrance and a danger" to the mental life of the nation? It is a grave statement, involving issues subversive of the whole moral and social life of civilisation still dominated by this cardinal idea of Christianity, enforced even to such an extent in strict Catholic countries such as Spain that there a man can annul his marriage without further reason if, after the bridal night, he can prove that his wife was not *virgo intacta*. Yet this is clearly what she means.

"We shall be able to know what women are only when we no longer dictate to them what they should be." That is her challenge. Beauty, the world generally thinks, is "the mission of woman," and maternity her vocation. But these are self-contradictory conceptions. The cult of beauty, admittedly for man's gratification, is in direct contradiction

* Laura Marholm.

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to the state of mind and body conducive to the cult of maternity. Moreover, physically, maternity is antagonistic to beauty. If then maternity, Rosa Mayreder argues, is the grand vocation of women, then beauty would not be the chief factor in the valuation of womanhood, which it undoubtedly is. Maternity is not woman's chief vocation, then. It is a polite misnomer. In the existing conditions of man-made laws and government, beauty is to man the quintessential condition, as, in their hearts, behind the veil of good-breeding, all women are aware. To attain to a free personality, or even to be trained in a more efficient manner for their "so-called natural" office, women must accept the canon of ideal womanhood as that which it really is—"not an ethical ideal, but a sexual one, and by no means so noble in origin as it would seem."

Here we have a philosophy and a programme. Carried to its logical conclusion—and we may assume that synthetic woman will be logical—it means the breakdown of the whole Christian ideal and tradition of womanhood. It is sex-warfare—warfare, perhaps, conducted more within and against the sex itself than against man, who is by his training naturally readier to change and accept. It is the acceptance of the Oriental view of chastity. It means equality of sex freedom.

Taking the practical, worldly, ordinary man point of view of the problem, I confess I do descry signs that point in that direction. The fact is, life has changed so profoundly since the Victorian era that the ideal man himself has lost its significance. What can muscle achieve to-day? Conscript armies have destroyed the whole individualism of heroes, for where every man is a soldier there is neither merit nor distinction in being one. To-day the puny frame with a brain can govern continents. Money is King of this century. As the ideal of manhood etiolates, so necessarily must the ideal of womanhood.

It has. Even we astatic sex-men don't fancy Doras nowadays, any more than Phyllis marries Tom on account of his biceps. Sport has knocked all that down. The *salon*—who has a *salon* in modern London? Our drawing-rooms are meeting places for lectures and discussions on eugenics, sociology, socialism—problems such as the White Slave Traffic, the nutrition of babies, the woman's question,

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divorce reform; as for dinner-parties, they are positively exciting, such remarkable statements do the prettiest women make about matters we thought they knew nothing about.

Our girls—they mostly wish to seem “out of love.” The mystery of sex cannot be kept up on the golf links, at the Bridge-table, in the cackle of co-sex clubland. Even Don Quixote would hardly put up a lance for the furious females who charge orchids. The discussion of sex is the fashionable pastime of the day; one might imagine it was a new cosmetic, so pleased women seem with their “discovery,” so curiously the elemental truths of life seem to astonish them. Yet it is precisely here that I find the paradox which fills me with doubt.

On the one side we have this picture of fighting femininity; on the other, the world which amuses itself—the sex-man and submissive woman—and every month the contrast seems to grow wider and more distinct. Here are a handful of women staggering humanity by a display of courage and physical endurance unrivalled in history, yet never was so much wealth lavished on women, never did women think more about their clothes and spend more on them, and never were the fashions which rule them so fickle or imperious. If there is any serious movement among women for free personality—freedom, that is, from sex dependence—what is the meaning of this London of sexuality, of frivolous joy-hunting, of music-hall excitement, of provocative dress, of theatres given over almost entirely to light entertainment, of a Press literally kept by women’s advertisements, of shop exhibitions of corsets and underwear—all woman’s fancy and pleasure put there and kept there to show women off to more advantage to man. For no other reason whatever.

The whole face of English life is changing. What man cares to-day if Smith tells him he is “no gentleman”? The gentleman is almost as antiquated as the spotted dogs who used to run under barouches in the Victorian era. Even old age has gone; instead we have old age pensions. Our girls go everywhere. Sex is all—there can be no modesty with the sheath, slit, or hobble skirt. Even the purdah of woman’s toilette has vanished,—we know all about it from the shop-windows, and the quacks. Though we still keep fig-leaves on our statues, the modern tendency of

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women is all towards unabashed display and nakedness; in fact, there never was a time when women were more publicly flattered, advertised, decorated, or bedizened, and certainly for no ethical, philosophical, sociological, or suffrage purpose. Blushes—we have co-sex pillow-fights in pyjamas in the up-to-date country house! Modesty—in conventional magazine fiction perhaps! Virginity—consider! With sport, our girl-school system, the existing freedom in society, the educational work of the Suffragettes, the Eugenists and kindred societies, the shops, the stage, the electric—can there be old-fashioned virginity (ignorance, that is) in such conditions? To ask is to realise at once the hollowness of the contention.

The fact is, though tradition remains, actually the position of woman has already changed. The theory of her has gone. Woman is to-day an economic force in the public life. In the struggle for existence she is already taking her active part, shoulder to shoulder with man, without mystery or false shame. In a word, the sex has come out of its shell.

The trouble is that it has emerged too quickly. The State, conditions, conventions, ideas, man, woman herself—they are all unready for her; and I am not thinking here of political womanhood, but of the sex in general, which appearing thus outwardly encased in all the old wrappings and trammels of custom, has disturbed the social equilibrium. Mere woman is naïvely ahead of theoretic woman, because she has already assumed what her fighting sister is still seeking to crystallise into formula—which is largely the reason of our objection to her. And so much is this the case that it may be said with confidence that in practice, though not in theory, the freedom of woman is won. Laws need alteration—the divorce laws particularly—possibly it will be well for sensible women to record their vote. Tacitly the public admits as much. But it won't be bullied. To woman generally, laws do not mean much, just as most men are astoundingly ignorant of them, or we should not have all these lawyers and fees. But she has discovered the new liberty, the new position of the sex, the new attitude towards it. And evidently she is enjoying herself. The bachelor girl, the self-supporting girl, the independent girl—she is as much a reality to-day, with

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almost as high a social position, as the chorus-girl of acraatic Comedy.

All this seemed to me so clear that I glanced casually out of the window, and, seeing the telegraph-poles flitting rhythmically past, I could not help wondering whether Rag-time also was synthetic. All America, all Paris, half England doing rag-time, and surely to no evolutionary or revolutionary end. Eve probably one-stepped Adam out of the Garden. It's no virginal dance, anyway. Indeed, it shocks me more than it seems to shock the mammas.

The sociologist of to-day cannot ignore the phenomenon, because it is symptomatic of the modern note and attitude. It comes from the most pampered sex in the world, the American woman, who got it from the primitive contortions of the niggers. And that, too, is significant. Between the girl who smashes window-panes for an ideal and the Turkey-trotter who dances for fun, there would seem no mental or moral nexus; yet in America the brilliant Suffragette speaker of the afternoon will Bunny-hug some "nice" boy round and round half the night—which makes a man think that the more things change, the more they remain the same.

I am puzzled. Synthetic cannot be identical with syncopated woman—and yet why not? Theory is no part of humanity. I see no scientific reason why Madame Curie, perhaps the most distinguished woman alive, should not enjoy a Tango with a well-groomed young man, any more than I could object were Mr. Joe Coyne to write a learned treatise on immortality. Life is made up of surprises and contradictions. Napoleon* playing on the floor in the library with the actress George is to-day of as much human value as the battle of Jena, and was perhaps the inspiration of the famous Code. As there is nothing final in life, so all laws, theories, conventions, ideas, and even ideals, must be transitory. We angle for a whale, we catch a stickleback. Does it matter finally? Don't we also sometimes tickle for a trout, and find we have caught a water-baby?

Absolute freedom. Yes, I suppose if *every woman* earned her living, she would economically and socially be

* *Mémoires de Mlle. George.*

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free, as free as anyone can be in a civilisation which inclines more and more to the compulsory collectivism of democracy. That day would appear a long way off; and as for real freedom, what man, or king, is free? In idea woman is free enough, even if many of the professions are still closed to her. It is women who maintain the restrictions on their sex. There is nothing to prevent the modern woman from developing her personality, her instincts, and what particular aptitudes or talents she may have in any of the arts, in any science, or in any useful or economic direction. Creatively, she stands to-day unshackled. If her desire is unto herself, she need not take a husband, in which case she will only deprive herself of motherhood, unless our whole attitude towards illegitimacy is altered with the public denouncement of virginity, when obviously marriage, as an institution, has no social foundation. For the whole conception of Christian marriage rests on the chastity of the unmarried female. The father wants to know and possess his own children. Old-time chivalry was the knight of chastity, and our idea of virility derives from it. Take that idea from man, and its corollary is licence, leaving love as the sole law of maternity. But as love is no law, and never can be, such a condition must inevitably liquidate the whole status of sex. With an age which is ever increasingly losing its ideals, it is not altogether a hopeful prospect—at least, so it appears to me, who am unable to conceive of a non-marriage state in a civilised community either as a solution of the suffrage problem or of woman's independence.

At the same time, I repeat we men have lost not a little of our tradition—we are not the dogs we were—as civilisation in the cities increases, so are we certain to lose more of it. There is frankly nothing heroic, not much even that is manly—in the old sense of the word—in modern economic conditions, which are growing more and more material and selfish. Romance has lost its glitter in the grime and sweat of our foul cities; what romance is left to us, curiously enough, is scientific. The men who fly have romance. The workers in laboratories have romance. Young Lovelace finds it a sorry quest. There is no romance in modern war, little in drawing-rooms, none in the public-house. Boys and girls, we are all turned out of the

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schools like so many automatons, thinking alike, acting alike, talking all the jargon of the hour.

What is to take the place of the "gentleman," the descendant of Christian chivalry? He stood for something very real in the national life; above all, he was the guardian of the gentlewoman. And what will take the place of her?

Synthetic woman, answers Rosa Mayreder—woman with the higher qualities of man. To attain to this type, she has first of all to rid herself of the conventions which at present hold her down, frustrating her mental development and individuality: she must be free, in the same way that men are free. But she can never emerge from the slavery of sex until she steps over the bounds imposed upon her by man, the bounds of virginity, which doom her to passivity. Once free, her evolution is inevitable. She will at last be able to decide what is the true vocation of woman and to develop accordingly. Vain for the sex to struggle against man; the ideal is only realisable through and with man. He will follow, developing as woman develops into the synthetic type of humanity. Sex will then no longer be a tyranny; it will be an ideal, and sexuality will be a sacrament.

I finished this volume of the German lady with feelings of emotion. She had given me what I had been looking for: a synthetic philosophy of the woman's movement, which unquestionably is going to be one of the great landmarks in civilisation. The synthetic ideal is not sympathetic to me personally; moreover, the real bar to woman's freedom is woman. Sex is and must be the greatest force in life, because life is entirely dependent upon it. Perhaps the most synthetic civilised community in the world is a bee-hive, but there the drone, or male, is an idler—he is not synthetic at all. For synthetic woman to chafe at beauty as the valuation of sex is unreasonable, also, I hold, unæsthetic. Love is blind, it may be, but it is only blind because of beauty. Without the *ideal* of beauty humanity would be little higher than the animals. We should go back, instead of forward, at any sex depreciation of beauty, which is the fountain spring of all art and creation. The appreciation of beauty is a gift, a cult, and thus differs from instinct. Nothing could be more fatal to

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the true freedom of woman than sex atrophy of spiritualised beauty. Man needs joy, as he needs the sun. If the ideal of synthetic woman is a female unlovely in the eyes of man, however independent, however intellectual, however spiritual, she will not assuredly be man's ideal; and the moment she ceases to be that, why, whose ideal will she be?

A comrade, a helpmate, a fellow-worker. Yes, but not a lover! The inspiration of love is beauty. If in the synthetic state it will be thought degrading, servile, or silly in a woman to be beautiful, to be physically desirable, what incentive will there be to life? Probably that is what Rosa Mayreder has in mind when she warns woman that the ideal to be aimed at is an ideal of "*sexuality*." And it is because she realises this fundamental condition of nature that her book has a real philosophic and constructive value.

In the synthetic person, none the less, I seem to descry a lack of animalism, and consequently of vitality, which must lead to emasculation. I love a great bouncing puppy. I love the vitality of man. A race of pure reason—can it ever be a noble race? Have not all the heroic deeds, the great creative works in life been done by that nervous animal force we call vitality? Would a synthetic woman put out to sea in a storm, like Grace Darling? Would man, if he were never damned, be worth salvation? It is generally the vital men who are damned. And it is just this vitality that is so often higher than reason, as the heart is often higher than the mind.

As it is, probably most men would admit that the greatest thing in the world are babies; women coming next; the "so-called" domineering sex a poor third. We are conquering the air—the conquest of sex is still but a woman's theory, the theory of the synthetic ideal. Shall we win to it? I wonder. And do you know I am still wondering, because when the train steamed into Pontrefrac station it was a smoking ruin—burnt down by the Suffragettes, the porters told me—and, on a milkcan, Goldenlocks sat, looking the picture of maidenhood, and we exchanged I don't know how many kisses.

The Gentle Art of Faking Furniture

II

By Herbert Cescinsky

IN the first article of this series some account of the methods of the furniture faker were given. A good deal depends, of course, on the conditions under which the piece is made : whether wholesale, at commercial prices, or retail for direct consumption. It is simply a matter of price and time involved. An oak piece ordered to-day for delivery some century or two later would not require to be faked at all ; time would do all that was necessary, and the maker could confine his attention solely to questions of design and detail. The shorter the period in which the article is required, the more violent must be the methods.

There are many adjuncts to the wire brush, referred to in the previous article. Hob-nailed boots are useful, especially if of policeman size. Table legs, especially those of the massive, bulbous kind so general on Elizabethan banqueting tables, can be improved in antiquity by being dropped from the top of a tall factory on to a pavement below. Generally speaking, however, old oak beams have the necessary cracks ready made. I believe that wax polishing is now done by power-driven brushes in really up-to-date factories. This is a great improvement on the old hand process, producing a better result in a shorter time.

Ornamental iron work is a valuable adjunct to the good fake ; it assists the Cæsar's wife business very materially, and offers no great difficulties. Salt and water will give the result of centuries in a few weeks. The forging—in the true blacksmith's sense of the word—must be good, for English ironwork, when done by hand, has never lost

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its national character. Hinges and the like must be fixed with clout nails; it is embarrassing to discover a Nettle-fold screw at an awkward moment on an Elizabethan piece. On fourteenth century livery cupboards thick leather should be substituted for iron hinges; this gives a much more genuine appearance.

It has been stated before that mahogany furniture is difficult to forge successfully, but this only applies to untouched examples. Allow a decent margin for "restorations," and the problem is much simplified. The lack of the raw material is a serious drawback, however, unless one is making for the American market, where the criticism is not so severe. The American Customs, however, are difficult; it is such a toss-up. If the authorities guess wrongly, the consignee has to pay duty, which, in implying that the piece is not genuine, is awkward both for dealer and purchaser. It is, of course, common knowledge that genuine antiques are admitted in America duty free, but the methods of examination is analogous to that of a bull examining a mathematical calculation. It may pass muster, or the mathematician submitting it may be gored or tossed. Generally speaking, however, if a well-known dealer be the sponsor the difficulties are much reduced, but the odds of duty being levied are about two to one whether the piece be genuine or otherwise; if, however, the consigner be of no great repute, then, to use the book-maker's parlance, the prices shorten somewhat.

The lapse of a century or more produces certain irregularities and inexactitudes which are very different in their nature from mere crudities of workmanship. Side by side with the development of English furniture during the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries we can trace the evolution of the tools of the joiner and the cabinet maker, with concomitant growing perfection of workmanship. Shrinkage and warping of the timber used, however slight the irregularities may be, materially affect the mechanical perfection of a piece. Furniture of the Tudor and Stuart periods was initially crude, due to tools of little or no precision and the lack of training of the workmen of the time. With the introduction of foreign artisans, chiefly of Dutch extraction, during the reigns of James II. and the Stadtholder William, a much higher standard of pro-

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duction was inaugurated. Veneers were laid with the hot caul or the hammer, either plain or enriched with an intricate inlay of marqueterie. It is this furniture which is both costly and difficult to imitate. Modern perfection is as much in advance as the Tudor crudity is behind the standard of this period. There are many devices adopted by the faker to attain the result, the most usual being to take an original plain piece and re-veneer it with marqueterie. Making outright is seldom attempted, and never with complete success. The re-veneered plain walnut furniture is, however, difficult to detect if the imposition be cleverly done. One method is to lay the veneer in the usual way, and to wash off the protecting paper left by the marqueterie cutter. The cleaning up is then done with a small piece of pumice stone, the irregularities being purposely left. The marqueterie is then treated with nitric acid, which bleaches the walnut ground, and causes the marqueterie to rise in some places and sink in others. The result is a very good imitation of marqueterie of the period of William III.

The usual method with lacquered furniture is similar to that adopted in the case of marqueterie. A plain piece of undoubted antiquity is selected, and the lacquer applied. To obtain the cracked appearance of age, one of two means are chosen, either to prepare the ground with oil colour and to finish with shellac polish or varnish—in which case the slower drying under-coat, in the contraction of drying, causes the lacquer to crack—or to “craze” the whole surface with hot needles. The latter is the most artistic, but the most expensive. It is only adopted with the best work. Considerable ability is required in the imitation of the Oriental forms of English lacquer—which is the most prized—to still retain the national character. Usually the counterfeit invites detection by over-perfection of execution.

If it were desired to attempt a further classification, we might revolve antique furniture into the “fakeable” and the “non-fakeable”; in other words, those pieces which are profitable to imitate, and those which are impossible of duplication, actually or commercially. Among the latter may be classed the later seventeenth and the eighteenth century grandfather and bracket clocks. They

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are frequently forged, but they should deceive no one with any culture, any more than a Bank of England note would if engraved on a sheet of letter paper. A long-case may be, and often is, married to a clock which does not originally belong to it, but if the two are of the same period very little mischief is done. The early square-dial clocks are expensive things to make by modern methods. The matting of a dial centre in the old-fashioned manner, by hand, with a fine punch, or the filing of the elaborate pierced hands of the same period, were only commercial possibilities when the artisan worked seventy hours a week for half a crown. I have often pictured, in imagination, the intelligent duplication of one of Tompion's or Quare's clocks in the original manner of these old makers; the cost would be prohibitive. Forgeries do abound, especially in country districts, but the purchaser must possess more faith* than judgment to be gulled by them. We are dealing here with one of the exact phases of collecting, where precise knowledge is everything, and mere opinion is not required. I know of no greater joy to the collector with a mechanical mind than in taking a fine late seventeenth century grandfather clock to pieces and examining each part carefully with a lens. One can intensify the pleasure by putting it together afterwards. The conscientious care in the dividing of each wheel, the tempering of each arbor and pinion, and the pride taken with each apparently insignificant detail are truly amazing in these days of wholesale machine production. A collection of clocks, such as that of Mr. D. A. F. Wetherfield, is a veritable triumph, and a testimonial to the knowledge of its owner. Here, at least, one can know, and be independent of the "expert" who has opinions—and has pawned his knowledge, if he ever possessed any.

Of all our national handicrafts, that of the furniture maker with his brother craftsmen, the clockmaker, the weaver of fabrics, the marqueterie cutter, the glass-blower, and the brass finisher, is the most evanescent and the most worthy of preservation. Painting and literature, permanent arts as distinguished from those of music—other than from the written score—have their professors, and

* "Faith," said the schoolboy, "is the capacity for believing that which we know to be untrue."

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their chairs. Will a future generation witness professors of national handicrafts, of antique furniture, and the like? Machine production has done much to destroy the pride of the workman in his work. It is so difficult to enthuse over the making of dovetails only, year after year. The art of the borer of wormholes is capable of little expansion, and the making of a thousand of the one article is depressing from sheer monotony.

One credit is due to the faker. He has struck a blow, all unwittingly, against the wholesale power duplication of the one model, *ad nauseam*. His work must vary, to be believed, and that his efforts have been appreciated is shown by the growth of the antique trade. An artist, like Thomas Gray's rose, "born to blush unseen,"—for if he blushed in public he would be found out—he has done good by stealth. He has improved the status of the trade and of the public. The taste for reproductions is later than that for the collecting of antiques; born of the superior cult, as it were. Golder's Green has followed in the footsteps of Park Lane, even as Mary, the housemaid, copies her mistress's sables with the skin of the useful rabbit. There is always a measure of good in things evil as well as of evil in things good. Glory and honour to the faker, therefore! He has, as a general rule, profited but little; his customers have not been gulled. They have profited by his skill to make their fortunes, and if you have been taken in, blame the dealer rather than the faker. Your deception is merely a testimonial to the skill of the latter; if you knew more he would have to improve. Get on, or get out! that is his maxim. He can claim no vast profit for himself; he must work at commercial rates, after all. He has the added mortification of frequently seeing his pieces fiercely competed for, at fabulous figures, at well-known public auctions. There is very little pleasure in deception, if the fruits are gathered by others. Bear in mind, also, the actual faker does not deceive; his cards are known before he plays. He is merely catering for a demand; one might as well blame a man who made chairs with nine legs because the public required them. If the fool crop be perennial, his are not the first fruits; he is lucky if he gets the husks.

One question arises from the foregoing. If the game

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of collector *versus* faker be such a keen one, how do our national collections escape? The answer is short and sharp; they don't. They are infinitely cautious, and in no hurry to buy, and that is partial salvation. In a multitude of counsellors there is often wisdom, and no genuine piece is the worse for the continued scrutiny of many eyes. The official methods—or procrastination—of the Board of Education are fatal to the acquisition of bargains, but they make for safety as far as fakes are concerned. The quick-buying collecting public is a much happier hunting ground for the forger of antiques. Yet, with all their caution, museum officials are taken in, as witness the "Bode-Lucas" bust and the tiara of Satapharnes. There is one class of antique which is fatal to the expert—the historical piece which has been altered or "improved" by a noble owner, probably quite innocent of the fact that the integrity of the article was being destroyed thereby. The Sizergh Castle bedstead in the Victoria and Albert Museum is an instance of this. Originally a walnut bed, there is now nothing genuine remaining but the two posts; the rest has been made up with oak. As a genuine piece it would deceive no one if offered for sale to a collector in a dealer's shop, yet the provenance of Sizergh Castle was sufficient for it to be purchased for the nation.* The museum being established, *inter alia*, for national education, such pieces as this bedstead, and others which could be instanced, should be removed forthwith, whether bought for, or presented to, the nation.

The references, during the whole of the foregoing remarks, have been to fakes of high quality, those which really tax the knowledge of the expert in the highest degree. From these we get a gradual descending scale until we reach examples where the ability—or impudence—lies only in the selling. It is truly surprising what some people will accept as "antiques" on the bare word of a dealer. Pieces of a character and purpose utterly unknown at the date to which they are referred, are sold every day. Queen Anne sideboards or china cabinets, Chippendale dressing-tables or washstands, these are a few of the so-called antiques which are passed off as genuine on the

* There are old engravings still in existence which show this bedstead in its original state.

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gullible collecting public. It is a peculiarity of furniture collecting that the person who would doubt his skill to select a diamond, a fabric, or a motor-car, or even a joint of beef without expert advice, will buy antique furniture recklessly, on his own unaided knowledge—or the absence of it—without any guarantee beyond the description of a dealer who, he must know, is an interested—and usually an ignorant—party. Dealers frequently do not know even the meaning of the terms they use; they are ignorant of periods, proportions, or design, and sometimes cannot even pronounce the names they use in their “shop patter.” I have heard one well-known expert refer to an “Elizabethan” court cupboard.

The question of provenance is the real difficulty in the disposal of the forged antique. Where did the article come from, from whom was it purchased, what was the amount paid for it, how much, if at all, has it been restored? These are awkward questions to answer when the piece has been deliberately ordered to a preconceived design from a notorious faking factory. There is so much to remember, as, although any fool can tell the truth, it takes a genius with phenomenal memory to make a good liar. In a big firm there are many people who have to learn the same lesson, as the client on his second visit may be attended to by another salesman. Thus, in a recent transaction which came under my notice, one member of a firm stated that a piece came from Wales. At the second visit another assistant changed its origin from Wales to the Midlands. The principal gallantly tried to fill the breach by giving the location as Worcester, which, in a way, bridges Wales and the Midlands. What a pity it is that a faked piece cannot come from several places at once. In this instance the firm took the piece back and refunded, not without considerable slinging of mud and after much pressure. This is the penalty of faulty drilling of the rank and file. Even when the historical statements are unanimous, however, there is still the evidence of books of account, which have to be divulged in an appeal to the law. Hence this end is rarely reached; it is better to disgorge in the one case than have a host of supplementary ones crop up as the result of the advertisement of an action at law. It is awkward in these matters to be like

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Lord Byron, who awoke one morning to find himself famous.

It would appear, from the foregoing remarks, that the collecting of furniture is a hopeless business, but this is not the case. One can neither buy nor sell with success in any trade without experience; why should furniture be exempted? The trade has infinitely wider ramifications than almost any other. The expert must have a profound knowledge of woods in all their kinds and varieties, a keen eye for design, an acquaintance with the patterns, ornamental motives, and methods of the various periods. A workshop training is of the utmost value, and an acquaintance, at first hand, with the methods of the faker, indispensable. Knowledge of this kind must not be allowed to rust; it must be continually reinforced by practice, and study of genuine examples in all conditions. The mansions of England and the national museums are open for public inspection, although the latter are not quite free from reproach, and have to be taken *cum grano salis* in many instances. With furniture of undoubted repute, as, for example, at Hardwick, Penshurst, Knole, Nostell Priory, Harewood House, Osterley Park, and a host of other palatial homes, the collector is quite safe. He will find that the labour and close study necessary is more than repaid. There is no real pleasure in collecting without knowledge; one may score one success on the principle that even a blind sow sometimes finds an acorn, but at the expense of a heap of costly blunders. The true collector does not pursue his hobby for pecuniary profit, but that is no reason why knowledge of his subject should be ignored. The joy of possession, and appreciation, far outweighs that of any monetary gain, and this pleasure only the genuine examples can give. The instinctive love of sport, of a bargain, is ruined by the discovery that the material is not "all wool and a yard wide." The game is a keen one—collector *versus* faker. Do not undervalue your opponents. The needy billiard sharp is one to be feared; he must be a good player, beyond the average, or he would be extinguished by the first amateur who comes along. As Mark Twain observed: "Beware of the man who carries the chalk in his pocket, and calls the marker Jim." Be wary of the faker, and exceedingly watchful;

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you are not compelled to collect by dire necessity; he must sell his wares, and at the highest possible price. There lies your advantage over him. Do not expect too much; there may be other people in the world your equal in smartness. Above all, don't disdain to learn. The lowest mechanic in the furniture trade may read you a lesson on many points. To form a collection of furniture only—to say nothing of the hundred and one other articles which go to make a home beautiful—you must study not one trade, but several. One quality yet remains, which is denied to others than the born collector—the instinct for the beautiful, the eye for what is “fytte and fyne,” which unaided by long experience is of little value, but reinforced by continual observation is even as the faith which will move mountains.

“Be Hard, My Friends”

(NIETZSCHE)

By the Editor

WHEN Frederick the Great cashiered and sent young Blücher “to the Devil” for protesting against the promotion of a nobleman over him, he showed himself to be a poor judge of men, but a firm commander. Fritz was not thinking of the unit, he was thinking of the Army: it was a question of policy. He deliberately filled the Army with officers of noble birth, because the standard of the nobility was honour; a noble who flinched at a crisis could never subsequently find refuge in his own class—he would be an outcast; whereas men of lower birth always could. Blücher was a commoner, Fritz needed nobles. *Noblesse oblige!* The man was sacrificed for the cause.

It is true that ultimately Frederick failed, but that was not his fault. The impetus which he gave to freedom and the rejection of old-world traditions was not grasped by the Philistine Germans until Bismarck placed the issue with France before them. On the other hand, it did no harm to Blücher, who, at the age of ninety, led the Prussians home at Waterloo. Judgments and decisions may be wrong, they are rarely irreparable, and very often they are right. The thing is to take decisions, to know, that is, what one wants—the only really fatal thing being indecision. History teems with examples. We have Nelson fixing the spy-glass to his blind eye. Everywhere, every day it is the hard and prompt decision that carries on the business of mankind, the will of self-assertion. A Christian, said Luther, “is the most proud lord of all and subject to no one; the most dutiful servant of all and subject to everyone.” In a word, he is an ego. It is not easy to be hard by any means, or there would be little mediocrity and no subjection. Sternness—which does not mean to be cruel or evil or unkind

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—is essentially the quality of justice, which, again, is the philosophic interpretation of mercy. For a mercy which is all-forgiving and unmindful shuts out all reason of thought by which alone we are differentiated from the animals. Our sins are visited upon our children, the question therefore is to be. But a man cannot be unless he has the will. Without volition, the individual is only so much jetsam. He is of no mental account. At best he can only be a server.

You can annihilate or dismantle a Fleet; you cannot turn a fool into a wise man, though wise men can be foolish enough: that is the difficulty of life. Our bodies are nothing, our minds are all, and the trouble is that the higher the intelligence of man grows, the deeper his philosophy, the wider his sympathy, the more problematic ourselves and the things that are seem to become. Only a few decades ago civilisation appeared to our fathers as a well-defined and settled idea, embracing certain accepted truths and principles which to-day the very sciolist among us would reject. The immortality of the soul, the divinity of the Book, the justice of war, the inviolability of kings, the sacrosanctity of the Law, the permanency of class and privilege, the inevitability of the existing order of society—these things were the creed of the country. To question them was to incur the stigma of blasphemy. The mental outlook was rigid and inexorable; we travelled slowly along the road in shay or coach, and, from all accounts, it was a jolly time enough. There was leisure up and down. The Squirearchy batted on the land. We English accepted. To doubt was a weakness. The big houses had their family ghosts, the poor had their beer: between them stood the law, tradition, superstition, the legacy of Feudal custom.

It was Germany who disturbed our national equilibrium, first by the military swiftness of her victory and national consolidation, and secondly by her stimulus and contribution to thought. The Germans sent us back to the study of Shakespeare. Very reluctantly we got to hear of their philosophies, their historians, of the methods of their criticism and inquiry, of what they were saying about God and Jerusalem, science and the cosmoramic truths, beliefs

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and observances, so that at last even we had to set about translating them. We hated them, as the British bumpkin hates theory, and the gentleman hates originality. We thought these people “indecent.” To a man like Newman, they were the cowboys of culture. And we are still fighting this foreign intrusion, for if at last we have come to accept Wagner, we still regard Nietzsche as an “immoral” man, just as idealist political opinion in England still affects to disregard the lesson of Bismarck, though it is the reason of all modern statesmanship. Not until the Kaiser’s Navy was a rising and fighting reality did Englishmen hear of Mommsen or Treitschke, or Schopenhauer or List, who was the founder of modern German statecraft, or of any of the economic Pan-German professors until Mr. Chamberlain popularised political economy, characteristically enough, as a diversion in party politics. But the “idea of satiety,” as the Germans call it, is no more. The Germans taught Europe to want and to ask. Our splendid British Bumble, who stood at the portal of Victorian thought and progress, has shrunk to the insignificance of the modern horse. Oliver has been vindicated. We Englishmen, too, want and ask to-day. And we want more than a beadle’s treacle.

There is something of the Chinaman in the national psychology, and just as self-depreciation is the habit of the Chinese gentleman, so we generally imagine that we are “going to the dogs.” Perhaps we are moving a bit rapidly for our institutions, as might be expected in an era of Celtic inspiration, but otherwise things seem astonishingly healthy. Privilege has gone, and in its place we have got opinion. The menace of Germany has once more turned our attention to the map and mind of Europe—a condition which has always proved beneficial to the native genius. We were greatest in the days of Agincourt and the Armada, of Cromwell and Napoleon; we have become again internationally vital since the crisis of the Boer War. Slowly foreign ideas are percolating through the mists of insularity. New standards have come into the Island, new ideas, new truths. Karl Marx has come, the Russian Ballet has come, Lloyd George has come, Mrs. Pankhurst has come; we have a few airships and a few Territorials, we are even becoming slowly

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aware that we have a great writer on the sea in Joseph Conrad.

But every epoch has its crises, and so in this period of flux and discovery, this new sublimated democracy of ours, perhaps the weakness of civilisation is civilisation. The keeps and fastnesses of Victorian usage have fallen. Where once we saluted in silence is now a market-place. In the fermentation of change and rudiment, manifestation has preceded our philosophy. The freshness of it all, our delight in the new freedom, our human exhilaration at the discomfiture of so many of the old forces—we may be somewhat unduly elated. We are a literate people to-day—and books as common as potatoes. We find we can all talk. Nearly all the mysteries have been revealed; there is no longer any dread or much reverence. Bully for Robinson, no doubt. But knowledge is a dangerous thing, both too little and too much of it. The man with a little wisdom talks pimples; the sage is apt to become a cynic.

Between Tappertit and the wise man of the Mountain there is the hiatus of confusion. As under the feudal system the lord was on very agreeable terms with his serf, as in the realms of thought insanity is often perilously akin to genius, so the State, which stands for the masses, is necessarily shaken and rocked when its extremities are in sympathetic antagonisms. The hardness of initiative and direction weakens. Fissures appear in the integument. Doubt creeps in with its dystrophic effects upon the pulse and action of the whole. There is a weakness, which in the case of our higher civilisation may roughly be described as blather.

It is the disease of the new age, a kind of mental and moral snuffles.

We blather about art and culture, books and plays, pictures and the intellectuals, music and the latest sensation, just as we are blathering now about aeroplanes in lieu of a national scientific design. Criticism has grown so kind that we are all reviewers of books nowadays, except when we want to larrap into the work of a friend—which

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we do under the cover of anonymity. Take, for example, what is called the Marconi affair. A Minister who has earned, not inherited, his money, invests £20,000 in the American Marconi Company, and puts two other members of the Cabinet in the speculation. The American Company is not connected with the English Company. No man has ever yet pretended that a Minister is not to invest. Subjected to an examination of a rigour unprecedented since the trial of Warren Hastings, the three Ministers have emerged unsullied and unscathed, the only aspersion any sensible man can cast upon them being that of Party indiscretion. Yet for months the blather has persisted. For weeks the Commission has been sitting, whereas the essential issue in the whole teapot nastiness is the importance to England of a wireless telegraphy system.

The national side of the question completely ignored, though the *Titanic* was lost solely because of this neglect of a great scientific discovery, as if the only thing that mattered in the national life was talk, this blather about Ministerial investments. Is it not rather like the Turkish clatter about the impregnable lines of Adrianople's fortifications? Is it not of far greater importance to England to possess the best wireless telegraphy system available? The thing is merely a Party machination with the object of drawing individualist Liberalism into the snare. Nothing more. Blather—of no more moment to the nation than is the commercialism of the Futurists to art, or the Rag-Time jollity to music.

It is the weakness of our higher civilisation. Instead of coming to the fundamentals, we are engrossed in the superficialities of the sensation, in what may be called newsification. Mr. Lloyd George has shown himself to be rather a “mug” in the City—that is all. Mr. Rufus Isaacs has been indiscreet. Just foolery, as *John Bull* pointed out. Every day the commercial fleets of the world realise afresh the stupendous power of wireless telegraphy—the thing that really matters to Great Britain. Another Party political *potin*, which, under the leadership of Mr. Balfour, would probably never have been permitted.

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The other day we all went news-mad because a curate ran off with a lady who was not his wife, and chose to do so as secretly as possible. A bad curate, a bad man—that is the only sensible commentary. But the fellow was hunted down by wireless telegraphy even into Australia, as if he were a second Crippen. As a fact, it is a good thing for the Church that such a man has left it. He was obviously unfitted for the task. At grips with life out there, he will probably turn out an excellent chap and a useful member of society, and the Church will be rid of an undesirable. Here, again, we see the power of blather about an entirely insignificant event—the power, that is, of disproportion, artificiality, and sensationalism.

Signs these of weakness. Here is another side of the question put before me by a man who has spent the last four years in South Africa, travelling up and down the country. He was talking about the new type of Englishmen who go out, say, to Rhodesia, men from the 'Varsities, the best, he said, we sent. They start out there for a shoot on Sunday afternoons, as here we stroll along with the perambulator by the Serpentine or on Streatham Common. And sauntering down the road, one Sunday, one of these fresh arrivals came suddenly upon a male lion only fifty yards away. They looked at one another for a moment, and the lion, not being hungry, ambled off into the grass. Not a shot. No, the man walked back into camp with his rifle and calmly told the story.

“Shoot!” retorted the fresher, when questioned about it, “it never occurred to me.” My friend, who was once on the stage, became dramatic. In four years, he said, he had never had such a chance. A male lion, single-handed, and not shoot! He couldn't understand it. “And he's a decent fellow, too,” he exclaimed, “he's the best bridge-player in the district.”

The professionalism of Party blather has become so pronounced that English public life is rapidly becoming the playground of personal recrimination and the kaleidoscopic artificialities of scenic oratory. In France only the temperament of the *Midi* can compete with the

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blather necessary for Parliamentary success, and we are doing our best to ape it. Every thinking Englishman in the Empire will agree that the condition of Ireland presents a problem of national urgency, but because a Liberal, and not a Tory, Government honestly tries to find a solution, we have the blather of internecine war coupled with the cry of treason to the cause of Protestantism. As a fact, it is admitted that Irish Home Rule would sound the knell of Catholic power in the island, as is evident from the objection of the priests there to it. Let Ireland grow up, and at once the local ignorance maintained by Catholicism would be broken up. It is time. And when Ireland does get Home Rule, we shall all wonder what we were talking about.

Moral blather has always been a mania with us, and is actually a public profession. It is because of the moral blather of Puritanical Liberalism that so many good men, who would otherwise be good Liberals, are at the poll so often bad Conservatives. The cant and humbug of the thing revolt them. That is why in a mud-slinging business such as this of Marconi, opinion is so ready to see only the moral side of the matter, to smile at the discomfiture of smugness. It is not given to man every day to duck Mr. Stiggins in a horse-trough. And the opportunity is the bane of Liberalism. The private life of a Liberal, this is reckoned fair game by a public pulpit-driven by hypocrisy, for it is an expression which, too, is Liberal. On the day of exposure, the morality-monger has no friends. “Hit him hard, Bill,” resounds from every throat. And there is no retaliation. A Liberal press which enquired into the private conduct of the Tory aristocracy would find no jury-men to condemn. The element of sport comes in. It is sufficient. Where there is no pretence, there is no offence. But to hang a hangman is cricket.

It is well; testifying to the fibre of public sanity. “Live dangerously,” Nietzsche wrote. How far finer than to live smugly! Better shoot at a lion, miss him, and get mangled to death, than merely stare at a lion, walk home, and win a fiver at bridge. Even a drunkard is preferable to a sluggard, for the former, at any rate, has

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a vice, whereas the latter has neither vice nor virtue. To be evil, a man must have a stout heart and a good stomach. It is as hard to be really evil as it is to be really good. The mental dyspepsia of modern civilisation is a weakness in the State, promoting the culture of insincerity, which is largely the reason why feminine militancy has succeeded in pushing its claims into the forefront of practical politics, because in the wilderness of blather about us these women are determined and are sincere.

In many ways China is an example of the higher State, where a civilisation, which is as old as oranges and lemons, has grown up in the calm of the contemplative life. Until quite recently China had neither army nor patriotism. A soldier was a mere hireling, the flag had no national meaning at all. The philosopher stands as high there to-day as Cabinet Ministers stand with us. It was the abode of philosophy, examinations, sophistries, knowledge and poetics, Pundit wisdom and contemplation, the country of art for art's sake, and life for life's sake, where the local *Candide* cultivated his land, and in the delirium of opium dreams men won to the Nirvana of ecstasy. No national questions ever troubled the surface of Chinese opinion. So wise are the Chinese that it is a virtue to die, and the best way to punish an enemy is to commit suicide on his doorstep. They have the most flowery literature in the world, also the best manners. No European civilisation has ever remotely approached the Chinese in the philosophic and recondite attainments. A little chippy-choppy, now and then, otherwise the serenity of the happy wisdom, an Empire of the polite amenities.

And now after all these centuries their pigtails are coming off; they are going back, reverting to the methods of barbarism of Western civilisation, whereas we are inclining to theirs. The phenomenon is of some national interest. As our public life takes on the higher Mandarin spirit of the East, the Chinese are taking to pipeclay. There would seem matter for meditation here. The fresher who refused a shot at a lion acted like a philosophic Chinaman—the Chinaman who shouldered his rifle and cuts off his pigtail signs on to Hohenzollern militarism. The farther

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civilisation recedes from instinct, the more philosophic and humanitarian it grows, the less will become its strength and the reason of activity. As boiling water evaporates into steam, so a civilisation may evaporate into the torpor of abstract rumination. We would seem to be put on earth for the redemption chiefly of our fallacies. When man has conquered them, when he has no longer any idols, creeds, beliefs, superstitions, mysteries, illusions, or summits to overcome, well may one ask what can he do with the philosopher's stone in his palm, but throw it back into the sea, like the Chinese are doing after four thousand years of apathy? The vanishing point is but the beginning of a new point. But as the only thing final in life is its vanishment, so the only thing positive is activity. Like Robinson Crusoe, we have to go out in search of our food and necessities, to act, to do something, or our members would atrophy, and our minds would perish of inanition. Fortunately, the perfect wisdom has never yet been found in this world, and it is never likely to be. Always there is a higher pinnacle. Always there is a beckoning beyond.

Like Harlequin's tights, blather is a fascinating superficiality; we are apt to forget there is a man inside them. We are all pursuing comfort and well-being. Civilisation is occupied in eliminating danger, shock, violence, surprise, the unexpected, from mankind, because in the great Moloch of Capital, routine smoothness of running is essential to its machinery. The State care of individual life, balanced by its indifference to the conditions of life, is not a glorious idea. As it gathers man collectively into the system, its effects must be to sap his vitality, to use him rather than lead him to use himself. A civilisation which grows too orderly or refined must necessarily also grow flaccid, prone rather to show and loquacity than to deed and achievement. On the one hand, it makes things so easy; on the other, it crushes us into slavery. Opportunism, which is the motto of the age, is not the mother of opportunity, which comes, like love and adventure, only to those who seek it. It is so much safer to meet a lion and not shoot, than to shoot and risk the consequences.

But nothing was ever won without risk, and it is perhaps

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symptomatic of Young England that it is the classes who have become the cynics, whereas the masses are the enthusiasts. It is well to remember that sometimes in the midst of our daily blather, which is apt to deflect our purposes. If cruelty is the greatest crime of man, weakness is not less an evil punished with protean visitations. To be merely wise is not sufficient, any more than it is to be merely good. To inspire—which is to lead; to *do* good, a people, or an individual, must also be strong. But to be strong it is necessary to be hard—to oneself first and always.

ED. NOTE—The second instalment of Mr. Arnold Bennett's Series "The Storyteller's Craft" will appear next month.

Play of the Month

The Yellow Jacket

IN all the world there is no sight so foolish as a dead body, which is none the less a very real thing, and the reason, no doubt, is that with death the illusion of what was, passes, only vitality having the smallest significance or reality. A carcase is utterly without poetry. The mind closes upon it in sheer blankness. Into the earth with the thing! *Finis*. A man whistles and passes on.

Stageland, of course, is entirely dependent upon illusion—that is to say, we know that it is all make-believe; that when the villain is killed in the last act he goes out afterwards to supper, probably to dance the Turkey Trot at the Cabaret, as that the heroine, whom we left on the manly chest of the hero, will probably drive home with some man who is not a hero; in a word, our evening's enjoyment depends upon the quality or intensity of the impression conveyed, which again is dependent upon its vitality. Methods differ. We who are unimaginative believe in imitation life and nature—hence our stock scenery, our stage properties, spectacles like *Drake* and the autumn "realisms" at Drury Lane, and the public's abhorrence of being enjoined to utilise what perception imagination or intellect it may possess, in a playhouse.

The Yellow Jacket, the Chinese play at the Duke of York's, shows us the Eastern view, which takes us back to our own childish charade days, to the make-believe of make-believe which, too, was very much the condition of the Shakespearean theatre. Just as a child says, "Now let's play Red Indians," and is able instantaneously to plunge itself into the atmosphere, emotion, and realism of the game, regardless of locality but strictly conscious always that it is a game, so in this Chinese play the visible is philosophically invisible; we are told what to see and what not

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to see; reality is shown to be unreality—and yet this unreality is the very life of the performance; in short, the vision of our childhood returns: the play is absolutely the thing.

All the time, precisely as in the mind's eye of a child, movement is illusionary. Externals being eliminated from the scene, the art is to conceal the art; thus Chorus, the man who wrote and produced the play and instructed the actors, is invisible; he only tells us from time to time of a change of scene or action, visible only when entertaining the audience before the curtain between the acts in the self-depreciatory, mock-urbane manner characteristic of the race, his position being that of, say, the drawing-room chair which we used to put on the table to figure as the ogre's castle. Then there is the Property Man, always visible and yet invisible, who helps the thing through, on the stage all the time, completely bored with the whole proceedings—out of the picture, of course, and yet dramatically and even terribly vital to the illusion.

It is the technique of contrast, the contact of the real with the unreal, exactly as life is. This fellow going through the night's work in the tired, mechanical way of routine indifference, to whom the whole business means only what money he can get out of it, takes the place in effect of the Greek Chorus; he is the mirror, the other soul. All the while he throws down the illusion of the play and the players—dusting the actors' boots at irrelevant moments, snatching things out of their hands, irritating, ignoring them, reading the newspapers and what not, and yet he enhances that illusion because by the affirmation of his own reality he relieves and punctuates theirs. Instead of seeming foolish, out of place, obstructive, this curious figure becomes essential and constructive. The very objectionableness of the man heightens the contrast. He is our other self, paradox, the *journalier*, dreary life of toiling mankind, always present with us, even after dinner in our evening clothes. And thus unexpectedly, unconsciously, he is the literary expression of the Play and House, himself more tragic than the tragedy, comic because of his reality. His gloom is the exact counterfeit to our attitude. He, the one real thing, becomes the illusion, while the stage becomes a reality.

THE YELLOW JACKET

In the theatre he is a new dramatic power, rising to the sublimity of Æschylean tragedy. This duality of the visible with the invisible—a dramatic effect that Strindberg aimed at in his mystic plays—is singularly successful by this Chinese method; at times it is positively terrific. The hero, for example, dies in a snowstorm—the snow being indicated by little pieces of paper shaken about the stage by the Property Man through a sieve. A white shroud is thrown over the body, but there are a few pieces of paper left. The Property Man stops, taps the bottom of the sieve, and with superb nonchalance tips the remainder on to the corpse.

On the stage the effect of this action, supposed to be invisible, is catastrophic. The vanity of death, the splendid youth of life—here it all is! No words could express so dramatically the philosophy of our being in this world, the polarity of life and death. Here, in a manner impossible on the Western stage, we have at once the illusion of illusion and disillusion, the expression and commentary of tragedy and comedy in a double appeal to the imagination. Instantaneous, irrevocable, it is a moment of overpowering drama.

Again, take the scene in the “boat of love,” where we are bidden to imagine the lovers floating down a Chinese river at moonlight among the rushes and the great flowers. As a fact, the actors recline on a couch, two men behind them making rhythmical movements with long fans accompanied by a swishing sound representative of flowing water. We should have had real water, a real boat, elaborate mechanical devices, rushes and Covent Garden chrysanthemums, and a whole paraphernalia of painted scenery—and probably all the while we should have been hoping the machinery would not go wrong. At this Chinese play, how simple! Yet strange; at the first words of love we seem to be transported into China, reeling with the lovers in a dream of ecstasy. Illusion. Our imagination soars. A little is so often better than much. It was the sound of an ocarina that gave Wagner the music of Tristram—so here this Chinese Romeo and Juliet scene is a thing of beauty; we are in the realms of love—“if there were only lips for all our kisses!”

The Yellow Jacket is a most interesting and stimulating

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performance, quite beautiful as a spectacle, a satire written with poetic distinction, which enables us to laugh as much as we please. It is difficult to believe that its production here can be without important influence on the drama. If only as a lesson in presentation, it teaches how infinitely behind the East we are in the mechanism of stage optics, how far more subtle, poignant, and emotional is the Oriental method of appealing to the imagination through the imagination, what curious and transcendental effects are obtainable through the poetic medium of suggestion. It teaches us, too, how entirely unnecessary stage vulgarity is, how exquisitely droll humanity can be on the stage faithfully and naturally portrayed. Then it has produced a cast of unknown English players who are a revelation, while Ross as Chorus, and Holman Clarke as the Property Man, are creations.

Is it possible that in this visible though invisible figure we have the key to that unlocking of the higher soul that has been the problem of the intellectual drama? Why not? No Western play has carried the use of antithesis as far as this fellow does, and his power is simply that of suggestion. Were he to speak the whole pitch would be destroyed, and he would become as ineffective as Shakespeare's ghosts. He is the mind's eye, not the critic, working objectively and subjectively, like that of the spectator. There would seem great possibilities in such a person. Put him on the stage with Hamlet, and we should no longer have any doubts as to the manner of Hamlet's madness. By a touch, this common-sense man (out of the play) would reveal him to us. He stands for proportion. That is his job. He drags us to earth, but by so doing he indicates the infinities above.

S. O.

Books of the Month

BIOGRAPHY AND HISTORY

A MODERN HISTORY OF THE ENGLISH PEOPLE, 1880-1898. By R. H. GRETTON. Grant Richards. 7s. 6d. net.

MR. GRETTON has set out to devise a new way of writing history; and it seems to us that he has set out to devise it with a very serious misunderstanding in his mind. He wishes to catch the actual mind of the people at a certain time. That, admittedly, is the very desirable thing to do in the writing of history. And it is equally clear that some or other Act in Parliament, some or other statesmanlike move in foreign affairs, or even some or other victory won in the nation's name but without the remotest kind of benefit to its people—that all these, and other noteworthy public events, may have no earthly reference to the actual mind of the people. That is true enough. But it does not mean that the comic songs sung by errand boys, or the current society scandal, any better reflect that mind. They are both parts of journalism, and the tendency of journalism to dominate more permanent things is one of the unhealthiest signs in modern writing. No one who has had anything to do with the construction of a daily paper can ever hold the cynical faith that journalistic files constitute national history; and Mr. Gretton's book may be called a careful and orderly *précis* of the journalistic files for the score of years he includes, couched in a chastened form of their style. To claim for that conception the virtue of modernity is neither here nor there: it is only an evasion. Nevertheless, though we earnestly deny that Mr. Gretton's record is necessarily a history, modern or otherwise, of the English people between the years 1880-1898, we would very gladly and heartily bear testimony to its value as a journalistic digest of those years. As such it shows considerable skill in its inclusions and exclusions. The disjointed facility of its style helps it as such a digest. It is a rapid and orderly *résumé* in a convenient space.

GENERAL BOOTH. By GEORGE S. RAILTON (His First Commissioner). Hodder and Stoughton.

"THE last great Evangelist of a creed militant claiming to be in the confidence of a Deity as to a future existence." It is possible that so some future compiler of "Who's Who of the Past," after reading this book, may define "The General." His contemporaries—be they as congenitally indifferent to this emotional specialist's particular belief in salvation as they are intellectually incapable of assuming that humility which conceives itself of sufficient importance to be perpetuated indefinitely as a thing above, superior to, all known or probable mutation—will find, in this record of his life, more than mere data for their own deductions. There is much in it to interest every student of humanity—apart from ratiocination or economics. The vast elaboration of charitable effort which has grown from the Nottingham apprentice-lad's youthful impulse is delineated by his First Commissioner with due regard to its fundamental simplicity—the Spirit of the Army. Those who have listened at an "Open Air" will have seen the spirit working in the flesh. Few will doubt its general sincerity. Such sentences as this will suffice to depreciate it in the eyes of that other and larger-growing army: "There is not a mill-owner in the place who does not want to get Salvationist workpeople,

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even to the boys of our soldiers, because they know they can depend on them." For of Christ-cum-Capitalism the working man is growing tired. Nevertheless, he will recognise from a perusal that, in a generation much given to a great enthusiasm for football, there are others—others whose objective is inspired also by a sight of goals round which there strives a possibly "larger" humanity than finds expression, say, in "The Final" behind the big glasshouse at Sydenham.

HARRIET HOSMER: LETTERS AND MEMOIRS. Edited by CORNELIA CARR.
New York: Moffat Yard and Co. 1912.

MISS HARRIET HOSMER, who was born in Massachusetts in 1830 and died in 1908, must have been a woman of considerable courage and energy, with keen interests and a buoyant nature and a real enthusiasm for the art of sculpture, to which she devoted herself. It is therefore a pity that this book, which is written by an intimate friend and sincere admirer of Miss Hosmer, should fail to make the reader realise her humour and vitality. Moreover, her work, which was not of the first rank, was produced under the influence of an artistic tradition already superseded for the most significant artists and critics. Miss Hosmer had a large and varied circle of friends, and was specially attached to England and Italy; the influence of France hardly counted at all in her life work. She seems to have been free from petty self-advertisement; the impression given by the book is one of entire artistic rectitude and dignity, though not of the divine spark. The book is profusely, but not very happily, illustrated with photographs of her work.

THE HISTORY OF ENGLISH PATRIOTISM. By ESMÉ WINGFIELD-STRATFORD.
Lane. Two vols.

"Patriotism," says Mr. Wingfield-Stratford, "is but the highest form of love for a created person, and he that would be a patriot must thus think of his country." He does not come very much nearer than this to a definition of patriotism; but he makes it clear that he identifies it with religious feeling on the one side, and on the other a developed race-consciousness which consists of identity between past and present, and between the part and the whole. "In early times the problem was how to weld a number of personal and sectional loyalties into an English patriotism, in the most restricted sense. Since that period England has grown into Great Britain, and Great Britain into the British Empire." The author has not made it quite clear how far he proposes to treat the development of patriotism as a conscious feeling, and how far he is showing its historical results. As a matter of fact, he takes the opportunity to discuss anything in history that strikes his fancy. He sums up the Middle Ages for us, and shows how feudalism, depending on a *personal* bond, is opposed to the communal feeling of patriotism; and he sums up the concluding phases of the Middle Ages, the days of "England's eclipse." The early Tudor years are years of preparation which burst forth in the splendour of Elizabeth's reign, and a whole chapter is devoted to Shakespeare, whose works "are the quintessence of Elizabethan patriotism." A great part of the book is devoted to a discussion of English authors—Milton, Burke, Wordsworth, Shelley, Byron, Macaulay, &c.—but their views, their sayings about society and country, are considered so little in relation to the author's central purposes that his literary chapters do not contribute much to his argument. He is naturally captivated by the obvious patriotism of Disraeli, the Young England movement—Disraeli talked patriotism; therefore to this author he was a patriot. Shelley did not always talk in terms of patriotism, so he does not satisfy Mr. Stratford. "Imperium et Libertas" is the noble ideal which he holds up as his flag. But the patriotism with which he is concerned is too vague and rhetorical an affair to be wholly winning; his history also is too flamboyant and verbose to be very informative. Nevertheless, it is a bold and generous work—there are indeed 1,200

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pages of it—and much labour has gone to the making of it. We finish the book with a gratified sense that Mr. Wingfield-Stratford, though dissatisfied with the present, is hopeful of the future.

ESSAYS AND GENERAL LITERATURE

GEOFFREY CHAUCER. By EMILE LEGOUIS, Professor of English Literature in the University of Paris. Translated by A. L. Lailaboix. Dent. 5s. net.

Since the same author's "Early Life of Wordsworth," there have been few books as good as M. Emile Legouis' study of Chaucer. It is a masterpiece of learning, good sense, and good taste, in combination, and makes one regret that the power of the pen is ever given to those who lack the combination. In two hundred pages M. Legouis had no space for dull display if he wished to do anything more. Consequently he has done without it. What might have been used for that purpose is now subsumed, out of sight, and merely gives depth to the graceful narrative, description, and criticism of the two hundred pages. Sometimes, of course, it cannot be denied that his grace is sleight of hand, and covers, not learning, but ordinary "pure ignorance," as when, for example, he tries to show that after all "The Canterbury Tales" were not an astonishing achievement for the author of the "Parlement of Foules" and "Legend of Good Women." It is only not astonishing to those who think of Chaucer simply as the ripe Canterbury Pilgrim. What M. Legouis insinuates is very probable—that the Tales were not the product of one short period, that they were made what they are by the happy thought of combining them; and assuming that some or many of the stories had long been written, it was a stroke of genius, suited to the poet's nature, with its changing and unstable humour, thus to elaborate this composite work, where he could reveal himself by turns as a lyrical or epic poet, a tender or licentious story-teller, full of imagination or sentiment, or humour or joviality." M. Legouis shows the liveliest sympathy with Chaucer at his best, when "by choosing an English subject he made himself a European poet." But he shows it also in tracing each stage of Chaucer's development, in noticing, for example, an "irresistible tendency to familiarity" in the personal ballads, and in connecting with his attempt to express "the poetical beauty of French verse," his bringing a glad light of day to men, the characteristic love of the word "clear," which gives, as its French form did to the "Chanson de Roland," a lucid atmosphere to his work. In the end he gives his opinion that "amongst writers of genius the one who strikes us soonest as a friend is Chaucer," though "exiled for his sin of humour from the highest regions of poetry"; or should it not rather be said that, though a frequent visitor to those regions, he was content to dwell outside them?

SHAKESPEARIAN ADDRESSES. Edited by LIEUT.-COL. FISHWICK. London: Sherratt and Hughes. 1912.

These addresses, delivered to a Bohemian club in Manchester by various members, have been edited in a kindly manner by Col. Fishwick, with an introduction giving some history of the club. But kindly as he is, he reminds us, and members of the Arts Club in particular, that "Shakespeare is still like a vast ocean unexplored—and not another quarter of a century's addresses will have completed its exploration." Few of the essayists, except perhaps Sir Edward Russell writing of "The Religion of Shakespeare," aims at exhaustiveness. Thus Mr. George Milner writes on "Shakespeare's Method of Work," Mr. William Wade on "Shakespeare as a Playwright," Mr. T. R. Wilkinson on "Shakespeare's Era and his Contemporaries," Mr. W. A. Balmforth on "Shakespeare's Humanity," the Editor on "Shakespeare's London." The writers might say, as the chorus says, in the "Shakespearian Cantata,"

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written and composed for the Arts Club celebration of Shakespeare's birthday in 1890, and printed at the end of this volume:—

And where the fadeless wreaths are strown
On his great shrine we place our own;
The flowers it bears have humble birth,
And reverence lends them all their worth;
Yet honour though they may not give,
For him alone they bloom and live.

They are reverent and they have woven a wreath as various perhaps as it is fading.

THE FLOWER OF GLOSTER. By E. TEMPLE THURSTON. Williams and Norgate. 7s. 6d. net.

This is an idyll of the English canals. Mr. Temple Thurston has discovered what few people have yet realised, that railways arrived in time to rob waterways of their anticipated commercial importance, and that consequently middle England is filled with quiet, placid, bird-haunted rivers made by the hand of man. Half a century of sleep has obliterated all trace of the navvy—the very word no longer recalls the robust makers of canals—and the towpath now winds its way through sleepy old-world villages and half-forgotten towns. Mr. Thurston hired a barge for his holiday, and passed enviable days amid the ancient inns, the half-timbered houses, and the old-world rustics of these modern backwaters. There is no need of this writer to say that he handles adequately such picturesque material. Yet one word of remonstrance may perhaps be hazarded. We refer to an unnecessary use of expletives. And the expletives—curiously enough—are not in the main those of the bargees he meets. They are his own. The book, as we say, is an idyll. Idylls and expletives do not mingle well.

The sketches by Mr. W. R. Dakin add value to an unusually well-printed record of an English holiday.

A SURVEY OF ENGLISH LITERATURE: 1780-1830. In Two Vols. By OLIVER ELTON. Arnold. 21s. net.

THERE can be no question about three things. First, the importance of the period covered in these two volumes by Professor Elton; second, the indefatigable labour its mere writing must have cost him, to say nothing of the immense reading that lies behind it; and third, the completeness of his record. In the effort to "coin funny nicknames for the stars of night," many names have been invented for the period he surveys: the Romantic Revival is one, and the Renascence of Wonder is another, while Professor Elton himself speaks of the "convalescence of the feeling for beauty." It eludes them all, though the last is simpler, and so more comprehensive, than the others. It might perhaps be spoken of as the Return of Poetry. Poetry in the age preceding had not only been banished from immetrical language, but it had escaped from metre itself; and nothing can better illustrate the age, for the mere rhythms of metre are in themselves often sufficient to conjure down poetry into their entanglements. But after Gray and Collins, poetry, not content with its proper temple in verse, overflowed into prose, creating new forms and rhythms in each. It is a considerable fault in Professor Elton's volumes that both Gray and Collins are excluded by the dates he forcibly sets down, whereas Crabbe, by the fact of his inclusion, gets an altogether disproportionate attention. The stream began, in so far as any stream can be said to begin anywhere, with Collins's *Odes* of 1747; and it flowed past, and influenced, rather than included, Crabbe. It does not avail to say that the survey was only intended for the years between the dates as given. That seems to beg the question, for the dates were chosen to express something, and we suggest that, since they fail to express it, a somewhat laxer treatment would have been preferable.

That, however, is a minor fault in a careful and exhaustive piece of

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work. Professor Elton's very completeness makes it exceedingly difficult to speak of his books. It certainly makes it impossible to treat them at all adequately. He does not stick only by the better known names—the names that justly speaking, make the period what it is. There is scarcely a writer between the fifty years he is concerned with that he does not mention. There is scarcely a book that he has not read. His method is to take the greater names, each in a chapter by itself, and then to dispatch the names of lesser consequence by battalions in chapters under suitable headings. Most of these latter chapters, it is true, have a tendency to become mere catalogues of performances, many of the performances being of indifferent skill and interest. Furthermore, their very form as a catalogue of names, with brief summaries of what those names imply, are inclined to make one lose sight of very real differences. The division we have spoken of looks as though Professor Elton had divided his men and women into those of front rank and those of second rank. Some method had, of course, to be employed, and that is the fault of this particular method. It imposes an injustice on those of the second rank. What Professor Elton has to say, for example, of Chatwin is very wise, and one could have hoped that it would draw attention to his work in the unnecessary neglect that has come to it; but we doubt whether he will be much noticed among a host of negligible writers under the heading, "The Novel of Suspense."

It is a cheap consolation to a writer to say that his work is so good that it deserves criticism, although there is much of truth in the saying. Let us say at once, therefore, that Professor Elton's volumes, as a record as a whole of a period scarcely second in variety and importance of performance to the Elizabethan outburst itself, are a solid achievement, and display a width of sympathy conterminous with the range of his survey. If they lose a sense of proportion in what they include, that is not so much a fault as the defect of a virtue. An example of his method of treatment is to be found in the chapter on De Quincey. He says: "Though Lamb works by condensation, by intensity, by sudden and piercing traits, and herein has no rival. De Quincey's stroke of wing is slower, longer, more sustained and leisuredly, and if at times it is dilatory and feeble, he covers in the end a great space of country"; and he adds, "it is De Quincey's honour that, whether he failed or triumphed, the 'continuous, the sustained, and the elaborate' were ever his artistic ambition." This steady refusal to take sides, to demand of one artist what was a virtue in another (and would have been, conceivably, a vice in him), is an excellent example of his procedure. That prose triumvirate, Lamb, De Quincey, and Hazlitt, receives a round and impartial praise, however mutually exclusive its constituents might seem to be. Blake and Keats, Shelley and Scott the poet, are searched, each of them, and equally, for his particular merit of song, and praised or condemned by his success or failure in that. It is, of course, the only sane method; but it is a method not easy to discover in a day of petty censors. The result is that, despite the width of his canvas, each figure is painted with understanding, save, perhaps, Wordsworth, where something is lacking. As an example of this, we can instance the chapter on Shelley. For those who, finding not what they themselves have sought, but hearing the critics in what they think to be their own judgments, have conceived of Shelley as a wild and irresponsible soul "somewhat lacking root in homely earth," Professor Elton should come as a necessary awakening. There never was a shrewder, more alert brain than Shelley's. His political sagacity, in the light of after events, was astonishing; and his sound common sense would be a salutary ingredient in the minds of some modern men of practical affairs. Though this is not stated as emphatically as it might be in Professor Elton's pages, yet it is there, and it is an evidence of his understanding and independence of judgment. That judgment is displayed consistently throughout these nine hundred odd pages in many penetrating *obiter dicta*. The two volumes should be often turned down for reference and assistance.

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SIRENICA. By W. COMPTON LEITH. John Lane.

There is a flavour of the *Hydriotaphia* in these scholarly pages of Mr. Compton Leith. They resolve themselves into a sumptuous discourse, which traces the influence of the Sirens athwart the ages—of the Sirens, that is, as our author conceives them. According to him, they are the beguiling voices that lead man astray from the ordered path of duty into the realms of fancy or adventure; they articulate the yearning for that *Imagined Better Thing* which lies forever beyond his grasp. The wistful melancholy in the marbles of Scopas—the revolt from reason of all poets and dreamers: what is it but the mischief of those old sea-maidens wrought upon the mortals who have had the folly, or the daring, to listen to their deathless song? The Sirens are the Spirit of Romance, unyielding adversaries of all that is practical and sober in human life. . . . 'Tis a pretty conceit, and artfully elaborated.

THE RELIGION OF THE OPEN MIND. By ADAM GOWANS WHYTE, B.Sc. Watts and Co. 2s. 6d. net.

In twelve admirable chapters Mr. Whyte sets forth what he calls the religion of the Open Mind. It is a plea for sanity, for a reasonable view of human life—a terse, modest, and truthful statement of our present knowledge in regard to man and the universe. Books like this cannot fail to purify our outlook and dissipate the cobwebs of mediævalism that still cling about our national habits. Every intelligent boy and girl ought to have a copy of it, for, complex as the subject is, Mr. Whyte has a rare gift of lucid exposition. The little volume ends with a message of hope drawn, not from the prospect of a state of bliss after death, but from the demonstrated fact that man, in proportion as he makes himself more and more acquainted with the laws that govern his environment, attains to a higher state of morality, comfort, and happiness. Mr. Eden Phillpotts contributes a discriminating and straightforward introduction.

GEORGE DU MAURIER. By MARTIN WOOD. Chatto and Windus. 7s. 6d.

It is amusing to run through this book and dwell on the forty-one illustrations which amused our fathers and those of us who were old enough to remember the works of the author of *Trilby*. They have an historical interest, sociologically at least, because, like Max Beerbohm, du Maurier was not only a satirist and a draughtsman, but also a man of the pen, with an artistic outlook and the caustic touch of the Bohemian. Let us be thankful that this is no mere work of dismal adulation. Mr. Martin Wood criticises and explains du Maurier on the whole without undue bias. Du Maurier, we see now, had very serious limitations as well as prejudices. He was in all essentials an artist, quite a musician in his way, an admirable amateur actor, a satirist, and an entirely delightful personality. A Victorian, he was never vulgar, and though these pictures reflect the artificial sentimentality of the Dickens tradition, he yet managed to depict the manners of his time in a way that will make his work live.

THE VICTORIAN AGE IN LITERATURE. By G. K. CHESTERTON. Williams and Norgate. 1s. net.

The Editors of the Home University Library have themselves taken the unusual course of criticising this book, by declaring, in a forward Note, that they "wish to explain that this book is not put forward as an authoritative history of Victorian literature. It is a free and personal statement of views and impressions about the significance of Victorian literature made by Mr. Chesterton at the Editors' express invitation." Certainly it is a free and personal book. A book that refers to Hardy as "a sort of village atheist brooding and blaspheming over the village idiot," to give a sample of its personal statements, certainly cannot be taken as an authoritative history; and so it fails to fill its place in the

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admirable library of which it forms a part. But those readers who deduce from this that the book is one that can be, and had better be, neglected, will make a great mistake. Its great fault, from another point of view, is also its virtue; for it avoids the colourless course of most histories, and forces one to examine, and even to reconstitute, one's values of the multifarious achievements of the writers of the time. It is a series of striking summaries; and though many of them may miss fire, many more of them illuminate their subject with peculiar vividness. Indeed (and this is the odd paradox about Chesterton) he seems to illuminate most when he most seems to miss fire. In our hot disagreements with him—even in our angry protests at some of the things he says—we find that we are, nevertheless, all the time reconstructing our values; and therefore are being constantly submitted to his influence. Certain it is that no one will remain the same after reading this book, be it history or be it what we will. Those who dislike change will avoid it; but the robust, whatever the inclination, will buffet in its waters, and come out greatly invigorated.

TOWARDS A NEW THEATRE. By GORDON CRAIG. Dent. 21s.

It is no good asking what does Craig mean, because, like a true artist, he probably does not know himself. His work is still tentative, and though he tells us he has seen the summit of the mountain, he is careful to classify his work in stages through which he has passed—the curtain, the screen, stages—and seems constitutionally unable to “precise” his ideas under any formula or rule. And this is logical enough, for it is the freedom of the theatre towards which he is groping, a freedom from all the other arts, a theatre evolved out of itself, synthetic, harmonious, a whole. Here, too, doubt is justified. For the scenic art, the architectonics of stage production, can never rank before the word as we still know the modern play, and so much is this so that men like Ibsen, Strindberg, Shaw need no scenery at all, so forcible is their own presentation of illusion, or what other name one pleases to give the vitality of dramatic art. On the other hand, Hamlet, Macbeth require scenery, as romance necessarily demands its setting, and here Craig is unquestionably finding some splendid truths and possibilities. Take the trilogy of the Steps. It is obvious that the artist is grappling with the problem of the vitality of matter. Almost the thing is splendidly successful. The staircase is moody—it has idea, even movement, whereas the figures upon them seem quite unimportant, as is the law in a world which is eternally young. Jacob's ladder was never half so real as that staircase. The imagination soars above realism; we have the illusion of suggestion; we feel, we think. One cannot help asking, however, whether Craig in his passionate search for freedom is not threatening the freedom of other branches of the theatre, its literary side as distinct from its emotional. He seems inclined to create his effects too much from the dictates of personal judgment, which must obviously be often arbitrary. The commentary illustrating this sumptuous volume shows that, and it is evidenced by his design of a great pillar for the witches' scene in Macbeth, where the mingling of literary and artistic talent seem to have led to discord. That is his danger. There is a lot of the Puritan in Craig. For to give us a new theatre, he must be fiercely and exclusively an artist of production. To kill the playwright would be to kill the goose. And we want the golden eggs, all of them. Most particularly we want what Craig is striving for—a free theatre, a place of beauty and nobility.

FICTION

STEPHEN COMPTON. By J. E. PATTERSON. Heinemann. 6s.

A novel of real power by an author who has obviously come to grips with life, and writes out of the fruits of an experience chastened yet unembittered. Lacking though, as it is, in the fine graces and delicacies

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of thought and convention, the book is less admirable when treating of those phases of social existence which are established in luxury and idleness. The picture of the young Socialist, Steve, is an admirable thing, burning, vital, with all that curious mixture of sensitiveness and crudity we look for in prophets of the people. The sociological part of the tale is treated with a sympathy and thoroughness that remind one of Mr. Wells at his best.

A little more humour, a little grace—but that were perhaps asking too much of a book obviously written out of the author's heart.

THE CALL OF THE SIREN. By HAROLD SPENDER. Mills and Boon. 6s.

A novel in which every chapter is prefaced with a quotation, generally in poetry, perplexes the reader, for the query naturally arises: was the chapter written to the quotation, or *vice versa*? Mr. Spender's novel has this rather irritating habit. Otherwise it is a good tale of a mildly melodramatic order.

HELENA BRETT'S CAREER. By DESMOND COKE. Chapman and Hall. 6s.

One is not sure, first of all, whether Mr. Coke's novel is an elaborate satire on the mechanical methods of the fiction-writers for the sixpenny magazines, but it is borne in on one as the story proceeds that it is no satire but the thing itself. For the class of people who carry this love of fiction to the point of insisting on an almost entire absence of reality in the *personae* and characterisation of a novel, "Helena Brett's Career" may be recommended. But such inhuman abstraction must be chilling to the average reader. Mr. Coke's characters are the types of rather old-fashioned farce. If the book had humour it would indeed be a tolerable farce. Maybe it was meant to be, but the author who has scouted subtlety in all the other qualities of his book, has made a mistake if he has used it here.

THE CLAY'S REVENGE. By HELEN GEORGE. Stephen Swift. 6s.

By the clay is meant that element of the beast which resides, dormant or otherwise, in most of us. This story concerns itself with the rousing of the beast, and is almost pathological in its treatment of him. We may be taken as complimentary or the reverse when, having regard to the trend of modern fiction, we say that it would only have been written by a woman.

SIMON BRANDIN. By B. PAUL NEUMAN. John Murray. 6s.

A hero and heroine, victims of Jew persecution, with natural hatred of the Russian Government. The hero becomes associated in a half-hearted way with the secret associations who fight persecution with assassination. The usual beautiful female Nihilist flits luridly across the story, and does promptly and thoroughly the deed that Simon had been fingering about all his life. Lastly, the eyes of Simon and his ward are opened as to their feelings for one another, and they decide to leave vengeance and the guidance of national destiny in other and stronger hands.

But all this kind of thing has been told before, and told exceedingly well, and we cannot see the reason why Mr. Neuman should have essayed to do it again.

THE NET. By REX BEACH. Hodder and Stoughton. 6s.

An excellent story dealing with the Mafia, terrible and most subtle of brigand secret societies.

MALAYAN MONOCHROMES. By Sir HUGH CLIFFORD, K.C.M.G. John Murray. 6s.

Another volume of reminiscences and tales and studies in native temperament from that further East which our author knows and can describe so well. There are twelve of them here, all original, and yet all, or nearly all, infected with that *explanatory* method which he insists

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upon adopting, to the detriment, as we think, of the inherent excellence of his material. But we must not complain, for the book contains some of the best of Sir Hugh Clifford's sketches—the first, for example, "The Confession of the Outlaw, Mat Arif," or that other one, "The Quest of the Golden Fleece," whose grimly fantastic realism it would be hard to beat.

THE VILLAGE IN THE JUNGLE. By L. S. WOOLF. Edward Arnold. 5s. net.

Mr. Woolf unfolds before us the vision of a native settlement buried in the jungle of Ceylon, remote from the traffic of men. The soil is bad, the rains deficient, and only once every six years or so are the water-tanks full and the paddy-fields so green that the poor cultivators may anticipate the joy of a belly-full of rice. At other times, half-starving, they sow their chenas—meagre tracts of land, wrested from the jungle that broods patiently all around, ever ready to swallow up the ephemeral works of man in its frenzied tangle of greenery. This is a straightforward tale, contrived without any great literary pretension. But the pictures of these poor cultivators—a resigned prey of usurers, tortuous in their thoughts and dealings, obsessed by imaginary devils and a dark fatalism—are drawn from life; Silendu, the hunter, and his women-folk, the headman of the village, the nondescript trader, Fernando, will be recognised as types by all who have lived in these woodlands. The author knows his Ceylon, and has given us a refreshingly truthful book.

WIDECOMBE FAIR. By EDEN PHILLPOTTS. Murray. 6s.

With *Widcombe Fair* and its two companion volumes, one of which is to be published this year, the other in 1914, Mr. Phillpotts completes his "comedy of Dartmoor, planned more than twenty years ago." It is only when we turn to the long list of novels facing the title page that we realise how many acts that comedy has run to. In a modest foreword Mr. Phillpotts speaks sanely and with great good taste of his own work, asking the critic to judge it as a whole, "and from no fragment." It is still more difficult to judge of *Widcombe Fair* from this, which is only the first instalment of it. As Mr. Phillpotts himself says, "it is an attempt to view a village in a single stroke; and at the elevation needed for such a survey, only the sound of laughter is heard." Yet, if we listen attentively, quite other sounds reach us through this gaiety. There are scenes, like that of the interrupted burial rites of the bastard child of Margery Reep, which, if they are comedy at all, are comedy of a very grim kind. Mr. Phillpotts is not a great artist, but he is a sincere one, and there is much good work in *Widcombe Fair*. It is a striking sign of the author's power that the book, though fragmentary and formless, holds our attention and interest all through. The stage is a large one, and it is perhaps a little overcrowded. Among the many characters the bizarre figure of Nicky Glubb stands out as a genuine creation, and one wishes that Mr. Phillpotts had given us a little more of him, and a little less of some of the other people.

INEFFECTUAL FIRES. By E. M. SMITH-DAMPIER. Melrose. 6s.

This, which we believe to be the author's second novel, is a story of the eighteenth century, and Sir Joshua Reynolds figures as one of the minor characters, while Horace Walpole hovers, unseen, in the background. It is the history of the failure of Benedict Shaw, an artist. We see him first in his native village, a youth of picturesque appearance, with a face "haggard as a lifeless field," and "cavernous eyes." We see him last, the victim in a drunken brawl, lying dead beneath the walls of the Strozzi Palace. The plot is tragic, but the story strikes the note of romantic melodrama rather than that of true tragedy. If we might hazard a word of advice to its author, it would be to read and re-read

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that austere masterpiece, *L'Education Sentimentale*. The study of Benedict Shaw is lacking in intimacy, and his story is developed too jerkily. That he should, morally, go to pieces so very easily and rapidly seems hardly consistent with what we are told about him in the earlier chapters. The tale really exists for its portrait of Sabina Blanchflower, an original and convincing figure. The book is carefully written, though at times with a certain naïveté and stiltedness, particularly in the dialogues; while the phrase, "I protest," recurs with somewhat irritating frequency.

CRITICAL

A CANDID HISTORY OF THE JESUITS. By JOSEPH McCABE. Nash.

So many contradictory, false, and exaggerated statements are made about the Jesuits that a candid history of "The Society of Jesus" is very welcome, and at this moment, where there is evidence of a Catholic revivalism in England, it has come at the right moment, filling a public want. The author has tried to be impartial, and on the whole he has succeeded beyond expectation. This is no work of bias, no case of special pleading. It is a plain statement of facts so far as they are ascertainable about a body which has always worked in complete secrecy. Mr. McCabe does full justice to the young soldier, Loyola, the founder of the Society, and the account of this man's early struggles, his fortitude and energy are extraordinarily interesting. Indeed, throughout, the splendid enthusiasm, courage, and unconquerable spirit of the "Black Fathers" are cheerfully admitted by Mr. McCabe, and, where possible, he gives them the full benefit of the doubt in most cases of regicide, and murder of Pope or commoner, their complicity in the Bartholomew massacre, and similar "Christian" deeds in the name of Jesus, though not in the Gunpowder Plot, because there the guilt of Father Gerard was proved, and he himself suffered the penalty. The result is an astonishing history of personal courage and activity, a record which has no parallel of service rendered to a cause which, under the Cross of Catholicism, was almost from its beginnings systematically anti-Papal and anti-Catholic, and invariably anti-social, anti-national and reactionary in all matters of liberty, education, science and progress. Though this black army never numbered more than 25,000 actual Fathers, they worked their way into every country of Europe, ruled almost every country in turn, obtained hold of nearly all the universities, got into every Court, and spread to the end of the globe. The story of their peregrinations in Asia is sheer romance—indeed, romance and the melodramatic instinct have always been their characteristics. Centuries ago they were in Japan, China, India, South America, Burma, Turkey; two Fathers even penetrated into Llassa, in Thibet, a hundred and fifty years before Captain Younghusband—and always they persevered, and always they amassed enormous fortunes, and always, when driven out, they returned. Quite indefatigable, these "black birds"! Their history is as romantic as the wildest tale of pirate adventure.

The reason of the Jesuits' success has been secrecy and intrigue. They have been the most astute diplomatists known in history, intriguers first, priests afterwards, with the cunning of the commercial genius a close third. Working always in the dark, they have always proved too dark for Popes, Kings, and Governments. With their philosophy of casuistry, their doctrine of "Probabilism," their methods of the "means justifying the end," they have always been able to seize upon the weak side of man and turn it to account. With wealthy widows their success has been invariable. Fastening always on the rich—we have them at Farm Street—they have sucked them like leeches. The Confessional naturally gave them the means to get at queens and kings, as their educational propaganda drew the interest of the rich, and—when necessary—their fanatical work among the poor disarmed the people's animosity.

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Yet when all is said and done, what have they accomplished? Positively, nothing. Their persistent intrigues were behind Philip of Spain, Alva, all the persecuting reactionary movements of Catholicism. The idea that they supported learning is utterly false. They were the sworn foes of enlightenment always, the best proof of which is the fact that in the countries where they have always been the strongest—Spain and Portugal—illiteracy is more pronounced than anywhere west of Russia, whereas England, France and Germany, who shook them off, are the most advanced. No great mind has ever risen from their ranks, with the exception of some theological controversialists. Their schools in Spain to-day are infamous. They have stood against Liberty in every shape. Their existence has been a continual source of intrigue, reaction and oppression. Wonderful in their office, they have been the red hand in civilisation.

THE THEOLOGY OF THE CHURCH OF ENGLAND. By F. W. WORSLEY, M.A.,
B.D. Chapman & Hall. 7s. 6d. net.

There is a calm absoluteness about the title of this book which will raise a question in the minds of most readers, and a smile on the lips of some; considering the wide diversities of opinion on matters theological within the Established Church—considering the distance which divides, say, Bishop Moule from Bishop Gore, and both from Bishop Percival—who exactly is in a position to expound for us authoritatively “the theology of the Church of England”? Mr. Worsley, as a matter of fact, has furnished us with an able exposition of the High Anglican view, as held by those who maintain that “the Church of England was never Roman Catholic,” notwithstanding the fact that from the day of Augustine to the time of the Reformation it was customary for English ecclesiastics to appeal to the Pope, thus acknowledging his supremacy and jurisdiction. Given the author’s standpoint, however, it must be said that his volume is instructive, temperately written, and likely to be of use as a compendious statement. He is, of course, occasionally rather hard put to it to reconcile his Catholic doctrines with the Thirty-Nine Articles, as when, *e.g.*, he contends for the lawfulness of Prayers for the Departed in the face of the Twenty-Second Article’s emphatic denial of Purgatory; and to say that the word Mass is “*still* very generally used” in the Church of England is scarcely accurate, seeing that the term has only of late years crept back into use. We could wish that Mr. Worsley had not yielded to the temptation to indulge in the sneer at Dr. Hastings Rashdall which disfigures his preface; we assure him that there is all the difference between “ceasing to believe in the Atonement” and ceasing to believe in certain crude views about the Atonement, to which alone Canon Rashdall refers as likely to repel men from going to church.

WINDS OF DOCTRINE: STUDIES IN CONTEMPORARY OPINION. By G. SANTAYANA. Dent & Sons. 6s. net.

It is impossible in a brief notice to do more than give some slight indication to the reader of what he may expect to find in this brilliant and suggestive little book. And first of all we hasten to assure him that, thanks to the clearness of Professor Santayana’s style, it may be read with pleasure by any intelligent person. Professor Santayana is gifted with a delightful humour that in its kindly irony recalls at times that of Anatole France. Like the author of *Le Jardin d’Epicure*, he is a sceptic, and the criticism he brings to bear upon life and philosophy is, for the most part, destructive. This is, perhaps, particularly in evidence in the essay on “The Intellectual Temper of the Age,” and in that upon “The Philosophy of Henri Bergson.” Professor Santayana is rather unkind to M. Bergson. His account of the philosophy of Mr. Bertrand

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Russell is more sympathetic, though even of this latter he says: "It needs to be very largely supplemented and much ripened and humanised before it can be called satisfactory or wise." The essay on Shelley is subtle and original, and worth a thousand of those vaguely æsthetic appreciations which that unfortunate poet seems principally to have inspired. The last paper, on "The Genteel Tradition in American Philosophy," contains a penetrating criticism of the American genius, and a delicate and charming appreciation of William James. Professor Santayana has the lightest of touches, and we have not for a long time come across a book so attractive and so stimulating as *Winds of Doctrine*.

FRENCH PROPHETS OF YESTERDAY: A STUDY OF RELIGIOUS THOUGHT UNDER THE SECOND EMPIRE. By ALBERT LEON GUÉRARD. Unwin. 12s. 6d. net.

This is an able and exhaustive survey of French religious thought in the nineteenth century, beginning with Chateaubriand and Joseph de Maistre, and ending with Renan. The author himself explains the origin of his book as an attempt "to interpret for our English and American friends that aspect of French thought which they find hardest to sympathise with." Nobody could be fairer or more dispassionate in his judgments than M. Guérard. His sympathies, to be sure, are not with materialism; yet he is at pains to do the materialists justice. M. Guérard sees no possibility of France returning to the Church, but, on the other hand, he finds that his countrymen are weary of rationalism, and the book ends with an attempt to picture a possible religion of the future, which will arise from a blending of science and humanitarianism. Scattered here and there through the book there is a good deal of literary criticism, sometimes very acute, as in the estimate of Baudelaire. One welcomes the tribute to Alfred de Vigny, but we think M. Guérard underrates Taine, and overrates the importance of Hello, and certainly that of Barbey d'Aurevilly. Barbey was a fine old gentleman, but really he had very little talent, and not a great deal of intelligence. We remember once, after reading Huysmans' eulogy of him in *A Rebours*, wasting 2s. 8d. on *Les Diaboliques*, in the vain expectation of getting a thrill from that amazingly silly and puerile work. The chapter on Renan is perhaps the best in the book.

THE SOCIOLOGICAL VALUE OF CHRISTIANITY. By GEORGES CHATTERTON-HILL, Ph.D. A. and C. Black. 7s. 6d. net.

This is a case where a gratuitously false premiss goes far to vitiate an otherwise interesting and well-written treatise. The false premiss, airily announced in the author's preface, states that "the great mass of educated people are perfectly convinced of the absolute uselessness of all discussion concerning so-called 'dogmatic truths,'" with the implication that it is possible to treat Christianity simply from the point of view of sociology, while regarding its religious content as mere husk. But "the great mass of educated people" are convinced of nothing of the kind; and Christianity having achieved, shall we say, a modest vogue during the nineteen centuries of its existence, as a system of religious truths, it is rather too late in the day to persuade us, as this American writer attempts to do with characteristic confidence, that what is really vital in the teaching of Jesus is His social doctrine, while the rest can be remitted or dismissed as a negligible quantity. And it is really naïve of Dr. Chatterton-Hill to sing the praises of the Roman Church as an integrating social force, superior to Protestantism, when at the same time he will have nothing to do with Roman dogma—as though the two did not stand and fall together. Having said so much, it is fair to state that the author has much that is both of interest and of value to say on such topics as

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Fraternity versus Equality, Struggle and Suffering, the Supreme Dignity of Labour, Marriage and Family Life, &c. May we hint that his habit of quoting the words of Jesus in Latin strikes us as a quaint affectation? Those for whom he writes would probably understand his quotations quite as well if they were given in the original Greek; on the other hand, there is quite a fair English translation available.

CHRISTIAN ETHICS AND SOCIAL PROGRESS. By J. WILSON HARPER, D.D.
James Nisbet and Co. 5s. net.

Dr. Harper's acknowledged eminence as a student of sociology will ensure a ready welcome for this thoughtful and stimulating volume, which in modest compass covers a great deal of ground, and deals with a supremely important subject in a lucid and helpful manner. The chapter devoted to a criticism of Schopenhauer's and Nietzsche's ethics is particularly valuable, and in his twenty pages on Bergson the author makes a real contribution to a reasoned estimate of that brilliant thinker's philosophy.

TIME AND CHANGE. By JOHN BURROUGHS. Constable. 4s. 6d. net.

Here is a small volume, full of profound and mellow teaching. Mr. Burroughs, the American naturalist, has gone to mother earth and her rocky covering for inspiration; his geological studies have trained his mind to think rigorously and along independent lines. This is the creed of the man who has pondered in solitude, watching wild natural forces at work, and thinking upon their significance: "Science has atrophied his faith, but it has softened his heart." Open the pages where you will, and you will find them fired with a constructive imagination and a very real love of humanity. By way of criticism, we would like to observe that, in our opinion, he is rather prone to treat words like *nature* and *evolution* as if these were entities. "How like an inventor Nature has worked!" he says; and, on the next page, "Evolution touches all forms, but tarries with few." Now this comfortable and old-fashioned kind of language will do very well for true sages like our author; they may use such terminology, because they know what it stands for. But it is likely to mislead the outsider into thinking that "nature" is something other than the summary of our terrestrial experiences, and "evolution" more than merely one of its aspects.

POETRY AND DRAMA

THE VENTURERS AND OTHER POEMS. By VIVIAN LOCKE ELLIS. 21 York Buildings, Adelphi.

It was very interesting to pick up this volume almost by chance, and turning casually over the pages to find the attention arrested by musical and dignified lines. Studying it more carefully, we found that there was not a single poem in it which failed to give some pleasure and yield some beauty. There was a kind of stately deliberation in rhythm and diction according well with the mood, the emotion, or the pondered idea which each poem expresses. It is quite possible to read some of these poems through for the mere pleasure of the sound without fully grasping the meaning; but when we read more attentively we find that the emotion or imaginative idea behind it was a real one—we may feel less impressed by the language, but we are convinced that the poem is a record of fine experience. That is to say, it is poetry in a very real sense of the term; it is sincere; it is an expression of something that the poet really means, and it is poetical expression. Occasionally the meaning is in a slight degree obscure, but on examination it proves to be not the obscurity of vagueness, but of an elusive thought or feeling which resists direct expres-

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sion. Others are perfectly clear, like that first poem in the book, which begins :—

“In northern nature where the stream
Atlantic flows and far
Earth's Celtic shores resound beneath
Orion's droning star,
The cloudy havens and sweet-famed
Isles of the English are.”

And the Nocturne beginning :—

“Ye sentries of the amber moon,”

presents to us with meditative charm and stillness an experience of night which only poetry of a high order could recall.

“The Travellers in Styx” may seem to be couched in language too Miltonic. But the language is sustained by the philosophical idea which suggested the poem, and by the imagination which informs it. Mr. Ellis's poems are full of ideas, and yet it is always the imaginative aspect of ideas which prompts him—it is only when ideas are transfused into emotion that they can yield poetry, and Mr. Ellis understands the medium in which he works. In this book it is true he does not produce lines or stanzas of that amazing felicity which belongs to genius. But the level is always high, and the undercurrent is strong enough to attract and move.

TRAVEL

WAYFARING IN FRANCE, FROM AUVERGNE TO THE BAY OF BISCAY. By
EDWARD HARRISON BARKER. Macmillan and Co., Ltd. 7s. 6d. net.

Anyone going on foot through picturesque foreign country, with an open eye and an open mind, content to set down things day by day exactly as they happened, can make a book that will be sufficiently enthralling to those who have never left their own fireside, and whose curiosity has never been stirred by questions concerning the psychology of race and its relation to climatic and political conditions. Mr. Barker has that open eye and that open mind, and he sets down what he saw with clearness, vigour, and unfailing good temper, without bothering overmuch as to the coherence of his narrative, or the worth of the facts recorded. He speaks of plants “which flourish where the foot of man has never trod,” thereby revealing a literary manner and a mental outlook which belong to a time when railways were still a wonder, and woodcutting was—as mainly in this volume—the chief means of reproduction for the press.

DREAM CITIES : NOTES OF AN AUTUMN TOUR IN ITALY AND DALMATIA. By
DOUGLAS GOLDRING. Fisher Unwin. 8s. 6d. net.

Cheery are these travel-sketches of Mr. Goldring, though why any of the towns he saw should be called a Dream-City is not quite apparent. He certainly makes them seem real enough. The book records a trip over Trieste into Dalmatia and Montenegro, and home again *via* Milan and Modane—a trip which has given Mr. Goldring the opportunity of telling us a number of pleasant things about the places he visited, and of displaying his amiable outlook upon things in general. There are good photographic illustrations. Cheery, very cheery! A man who can write affectionately of the French station officials at Modane—well, he certainly belongs to the large-hearted type of mortal.

Although every precaution is taken, the Proprietors will not be responsible for the loss or damage of the manuscripts that may be sent in for consideration; nor can they undertake to return manuscripts which are not accompanied by a stamped addressed envelope.

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Nocturne

By Geoffrey Cookson

UNDER the walls of silent palaces,
Obscure and blind, save for some pale largesse
Let fall from lustrous amber-lit saloon,
I drifted like a boat, in that ghastr noon
Of midnight, like the cold eclipse's spell.
On many a curve and shining parallel
Of moated light the sombre walls down-gazed;
And in the trenched darkness globed lamps blazed
With spiteful beams, like those the moonlight whets
On the keen edge of frosty bayonets;
Or bombs exploding from a solid core
Of frozen fire that bursts in starry war.
And ringed with many an intersecting arc
The smooth-slabbed pavement shone, as when some dark
Cliff-shore the glamorous cold foam invades.
Vast façades loomed and domes; and long arcades
Glittered; and all around me and beyond
Roof upon roof uprose pavilioned
In darkness; and the swarth night, dragon-eyed,
Glistened with beaded lamps, that dawned and died,
Like jewel-flash of shut anemones,
When a blue wave leaps from the tropic seas.

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Where, like some antique god in panic flight
Struck motionless at the perturbing might
Of strange, new worlds, the archer sinketh low
The futile menace of his shaftless bow,
I stood : amid the roar of clashing streets,
Above the mob, like a new-stripped athlete's,
Shining with costly oil, his bronze limbs gleamed :
And ghastness on the surging concourse beamed
A fiery dazzlement. In her dark shawl
The flower-girl, patient at his pedestal,
Seemed stoled in silver ; wild narcissus-slips
Wanned in her basket : pallor kissed her lips
And the ripe-hued carnation-flowers'. It threw
On many-tinted news-sheets a death-hue,
Like moonlight among tombs ; as if they summed
The strife of shadows : and the lit cars hummed
Like moths with shining eyes : in all that press
Nought else articulate ; and echoless
The myriad footfall.

Out of that blind sea,
Through vagueness rolling on phantasmally,
Men leapt into the light, and sank and rose
Like waves. Down distant archipelagos
Of gloom they came ; 'twixt granite flood-gates hemmed ;
Spurned back in foam from scornful statues ; stemmed
By vast columnar monoliths : gorged squares
Spued them down causeways wide, colossal stairs,
And giant-architected avenues.
In that fierce glow I saw them melt and fuse
Like fire-edged phantoms at a furnace-door :
Slow down choked aisles they swayed like cooling ore ;
And they were swallowed 'neath the concave gleam
Of white-walled colonnades, like a dark stream
Gulfed in some subterranean labyrinth.
And all about the statue's stubborn plinth
And sharp obstructions, many-islanded,
They broke, like billows on a jagged bed
Of sunken rocks, where the still moonbeam plays,
Fought and stormed on and down the wasteful ways
Were spent upon the night.

NOCTURNE

And from that pool
Of turbid being, fierce and masterful,
Rose lonesome music; homeless, vague and blind
As thunder; as the dreams of some vast mind
Heaving to consciousness. Each low wave-crest
Seemed undulant with a whole world's unrest:
And near and far boomed the deep ocean-swell,
Immense and dark and unassuageable
As Time and Death. On its broad surface filth
And splendour glittered; chastity and spilth
Of lewdness; all compassion, all disdain,
All beauty, all disgust, all pride, all pain,
Swept indistinguishably; as if some power,
Which is the cosmic spirit of the hour
And of all time, that neither seeks, nor spares,
Nor pardons, nor rewards, but all man dares
Or suffers, prompts, absorbs and supersedes,
Wrought visibly; compelling to its needs
Those strenuous atoms, by the hand that flung
The stars through space, fish through the deep, and stung
To life the warm earth-slime. The human stream
Swarmed, yeasty nothings focussed in the beam
Illumining a microscopic slide.
And tyrannous frauds that kept the world tongue-tied,
Serene and sanguine prophecies, and bright
Hallucinations sank; and infinite
Abysses wailed; and deities august
Cried, like the voice that whispers in the dust.
And darkened windows glimmered in the naves
Of lampless sanctuaries; and silent graves
Seemed cenotaphs of faiths whose light is spent;
And a new voice beat down the argument
Of childish creeds. But beyond love and hate,
Remorseless still, and still dispassionate,
Helpless and irresistible as doom
Heaved the unfathomable sea, whose womb
Brings forth her mighty children, and whose maw
Devoureth her own brood.

By that strong law
That links the stars in luminous delight
I let those vast vibrations through me smite

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Deep chords; until I knew the melting bliss
Of dreams; of waves; of bubble-notes that kiss
In foaming seas of sound; and through me flowed
The universal, lifting the dull load
Of fragmentary being. Two extremes,
Both perfect, one of action one of dreams,
Bore equal sway in me: no eastern sage
More quiet in his forest-hermitage,
Nor art's intensest energy more rapt.

So where the threaded ways dense darkness sapped
I drifted; down slack channels, shallow creeks,
Slow-paced canals, where the smooth current sleeks
Low-chiming in the violet-hued nocturne;
And glowing-ripe, like grapes, large arc-lamps burn,
Clustered in that ghast vineyard's monotone
Where Aphrodite's priestess walks alone.
And though the mean beast man, askance and tame,
Blinks in the cold stare of that hard-eyed flame,
She cometh as a stately prophetess
Of truth, that looketh all men in the face.
Yea, and she bringeth gifts, and soothfast spells,
To rouse and to allay tumultuous hells:
Her blood is sleepy as a full-gorged snake's,
As a slow smoke, that lingeringly forsakes
Its dish of gold in some adulterous shrine,
Where shredding spices Lust doth medicine
The languid fires. With myrrh and frankincense
She hath prepared her bed, for recompense
She asketh the clean-minted gold, whereon
Soft palms closed furtive once in Babylon:
Love's traffic-token in Carthage and Tyre.
To the low music of unchaste desire
She steppeth trippingly with galliard gait;
And with that strange, slow, meaning smile doth bait
Her mouth that withered ages long ago.
The hornéd moon of Ashtaroth doth throw
Her shadow down a horrible abyss:
But not extinguished by the bestial kiss
Beauty, that holy thing, still burns in her:
Though Time and hideous Death make loathlier
The loathéd rites of interwreathed embrace,

NOCTURNE

Yet lovely as a seraph's is her face
Procured from heaven for hell's heresiarch.
And for her full-moon festival the dark
Midnight is streaked with faint and luminous bars
As from a galaxy of fallen stars,
That at all seasons she may gather in,
To brim her vat, the purple grapes of sin;
The street made populous, that, crowned and palled,
She may walk publicly through that dark-halled
Sheol; her woman's flesh by paths of doom
Short, shameful, strange, find out the little tomb
Where all paths end. And, like a brain of brass,
The cogged wheels count the moments as they pass,
Meting with golden numbers no man sees
The patient minutes and the slow degrees
On the vain orbit of recurving Time:
And the night rouses to a sleepy chime,
As if some god, that careth not at all,
Lifted a tired hand, and let it fall.

The Young Emigrant

By Wilfrid Thorley

DEPARTURE.

MOTHER, I'm going. The sea-breezes whip like a thong;
Goad me and call with a taunt as they whirl me along.
Soon will I follow and shatter my fetters of hatred and
wrong.

Never—I promise—no, never again shall you rue.
“Promise,” you say? Can I, then, to no promise be true?
Well, you have bred me, I'll not quarrel now, my dear
mother, with you.

No need to urge me, firm-footed I leap to the tug,
Blind to the valley of fields that I've garnered and dug,
Drowsy gold breaths of the gorse probing deep in my veins
like a drug.

“What of Dow's rick?” I'll not burn it again in my life,
Anger that rankles I fly and the risk of new strife.
Yonder there'll come little harm, though I irk all day long
for the knife.

I've stifled my heart's deep prayer, the voice of my pain.
What? Wince at the roar of the wind, the welt of the rain,
Here, iron-sheathed to the shafts of my woe—iron heart,
iron brain?

The wings of the gulls like sickles are cleaving the sky,
Vain gleaning the void. They flash in the storm cloud
and cry.
The sea you tell me is bitter; and so, my poor mother,
am I.

THE YOUNG EMIGRANT

The storm-wind is rising, I'll ride in my vessel and trust
The backs of the stallion-breakers, loud in their lust,
Spent on the steel of her bows as they shiver and parry
and thrust.

Each mail shall bring letters, I warrant you. When I
grow cold,
Mind me of fields where blue blurs of cloud-shadow are
rolled
Over the daffodils' lances of green and their helmets of
gold.

I'll picture the full-pillared pine gloom, the shoots of the
vine,
Brood-mares in the meadow, and harvesters bending in
line.
Mother, I'll pillow your portrait, and fancy your cheek
throbs to mine.

Stand clear of the rail. I'll wave till we've rounded the
bend;
The light of your eyes shall follow me out to the end.
Good-bye! (*How the quay slips away!*) God keep you!
(*Dear eyes how you rend!*)

(*Clear of my brand of false shame would I shield you
from harm.*

*Fain would I forage for ever yon low-lying farm;
Lie, just a baby again, harboured safe in the curve of your
arm.)*

PASSAGE.

Hemmed round with monitory lamps,
Vague clamour; whipped with floating sud,
The muffled horns of sea-worn tramps
Wail menace dire athwart the flood;
Dock-free, the engines thrill and thud
And hurl the liner through the fog;
She strains, a panther keen for blood;
She quivers like a scolded dog.

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The last spire fades, the last grey roof,
And fainter gleam the lights of Hull;
Against the dark sky poised aloof
One homeless, solitary gull;
While far away the sea looms dull
With crestless waters rolling sleek;
The clammy pillow chills my skull
And valves spit steam amid the reek.

Outside the melancholy bell
Peals from some wave-bewildered buoy,
Remote as on the brink of Hell
The echo of long-perished joy.
My mate whom many ales decoy
From sleep, raves loudly. All to him
What Helens light his later Troy
And how to sate his lustful whim.

I turn upon my pillow damp
With oozings from an unseen leak;
The flame dies slowly in the lamp,
And in my veins the blood runs weak.
There is no space whereon to wreak
Blind fancy groping wild for love—
The crumpled pillow at my cheek,
The lines of bare white board above.

ARRIVAL.

All along the river reaches stooping files of dusky nudes
Marshalled by a hoar Silenus sober from a recent bout;
Mountain summits, snowy-crested, girdled by the tropic
woods
Rise, superb in frozen rhythm, like the old Earth's last
redout
Scorning all the starry legions that uplift their glinting
spears
Flashing in their vast manœuvres on the purple field of
night;
And the water rolling dark till, demon-like, the lightning
leers
As a gage of war in heaven thrilling chaos into light.

THE YOUNG EMIGRANT

Pomp of ample forest shielding bird and beast in pliant
 shade,
Blending as the pale moon draws the cloud-swathes o'er
 her pearly breast,
Gluts the zeal of aching eyes beyond the bourne for which
 I prayed.
Here forget your wild youth's revel, the remorse and the
 unrest.
Here, where moves no sullen labour straining at the galling
 yoke;
Here, where silent-footed natives smile benign on alien
 lords,
At a word their strong backs bending to the rhythmic
 paddle-stroke
Cleaving thro' the windless water like the sweep of
 clustered swords.

All the sense grows numb and drowsy breathing sap
 absorbed in air;
All the strange narcotic juices waft their essence on the
 breeze;
And the straining eyes sun-wearied, climbing up the
 mountain stair,
Greet the cool snow on the summit and the purple gloom
 of trees.
And I move through veils of vapour, like a tense
 somniaulist
Staid and slow in holy rapture, whom some tyrant dream
 impels,
On the voiceless, moon-dazed river fondled by the floating
 mist,
To the bamboo-bordered haven where the ripples chime
 like bells.

COMFORT.

I've the fever, so they tell me, and an old grey wastrel
 spins,
As I lie here in my hammock, spicy yarns about his sins.
 Weather's wetter
 I'll be better
When the fog-cloud thins.

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I'd a bath among the bamboo and it seemed to cool me
through,
Draw the heat out from my body as the sun draws up the
dew.

But he curses,
Saying, "Nurses
Won't give much for you.

"When you're well it's good to wander, but, by thunder,
when you're sick,
And you're burning like a candle at the bottom of the wick,
Then let Hell come
But it's welcome
If they snuff you quick.

"I was seven weeks in Smyrna with a fever caught from
figs
Eaten ripe with sups of brandy (we were loading Bergen
brigs),
Better billet
On dry millet,
And you'll dance no jigs.

"We'd a sooty lascar stoking, and a Swede who never
smiled,
Fourteen Greeks with greasy faces smooth as eggs, and
seven mild
German seamen
Shipped at Bremen
Made the Captain wild.

"Didn't know a word of English, stolid louts with lots o'
nerve,
But the Swede, blue-eyed, splay-footed, floundered with
each tidal swerve;
Till we'd illness
For his stillness,
Then we made him serve.

"And he gazed about bewildered, like an angel down in
Hell.

THE YOUNG EMIGRANT

He was kind though, never left us, though the fever
wouldn't quell,

Growing dafter
At the laughter
From the gay bordel.

"But we ran up the Blue Peter after fifty days in port;
Met a squall south-west of Lisbon; lost a spar as though
for sport.

Two weeks graving
Made the raving
Owners cut pay short."

So he rambles, lightly droning, till at last I fall asleep;
And I dream of women swimming after ships along the
deep,

Till they grasp me,
Fain to clasp me,
When I wake—and weep.

DOUBT.

What if she be not light,
But full of a love withheld,
Till I rise up free from my plight
The stronger for passion quelled?
And, the mists of anger dispelled,
Ah! love, ah! love, will you write?

What do the bright eyes scheme
At gaze from the photograph?
Is it only a sunshine dream
That ripples her cheeks to laugh,
Or is it the lads' light chaff
That hailed her over the stream?

Well, she's a girl and deep—
Deeper than I can plumb.
Does she wake in the night and weep
For the voice of her love grown dumb?
Does she laugh, and kiss, and succumb,
And barter her soiled love cheap?

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O! I could love her still,
I who deemed love was dead.
Poor weak fool! For now I am ill,
And drawn by a silken thread.
Could she come here now to my bed,
I would yield up all to her will.

CONCLUSION.

Poor young fool! He came in April, caught the fever
here in June;
Let none help him; left the shanty; took a dip in the
lagoon;
Came back panting in the twilight, looking whiter than
the moon.

And when all the owls were hooting and we heard the
jackal's cry,
Crept to bed. We burnt banana-rind to keep the fog-
cloud high;
But the fever snapped him like a reed the fierce suns
bleach and dry.

He was maudlin; he was bitter; he was humble as a
child;
Day by day the boy grew stiller; day by day he grew
more mild;
Till we found him with the picture, like a stunned beast
staring wild.

And he dropped it from his fingers—rigid stems of
shrunk bone;
Drew one breath and sank back heavy on his pillow, like
a stone.
And we buried him, palm-sheltered, with the pictured girl
unknown.

The Story Teller's Craft

II

Writing Novels

By Arnold Bennett

I

THE novelist is he who, having seen life, and being so excited by it that he absolutely must transmit the vision to others, chooses narrative fiction as the liveliest vehicle for the relief of his feelings. He is like other artists—he cannot remain silent; he cannot keep himself to himself, he is bursting with the news; he is bound to tell—the affair is too thrilling! Only he differs from most artists in this—that what most chiefly strikes him is the indefinable humanness of human nature, the large general manner of existing. Of course, he is the result of evolution from the primitive. And you can see primitive novelists to this day transmitting to acquaintances their fragmentary and crude visions of life in the café or the club, or on the kerbstone. They belong to the lowest circle of artists; but they are artists; and the form that they adopt is the very basis of the novel. By innumerable entertaining steps from them you may ascend to the major artist whose vision of life, inclusive, intricate and intense, requires for its due transmission the great traditional form of the novel as perfected by the masters of a long age which has temporarily set the novel higher than any other art-form.

I would not argue that the novel should be counted supreme among the great traditional forms of art. Even if there is a greatest form, I do not much care which it is. I have in turn been convinced that Chartres Cathedral, certain Greek sculpture, Mozart's *Don Juan*, and the juggling of Paul Cinquevalli, was the finest thing in the

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world—not to mention the achievements of Shakspeare or Nijinsky. But there is something to be said for the real pre-eminence of prose fiction as a literary form. (Even the modern epic has learnt almost all it knows from prose-fiction.) The novel has, and always will have, the advantage of its comprehensive bigness. St. Peter's at Rome is a trifle compared with Tolstoi's *War and Peace*; and it is as certain as anything can be that, during the present geological epoch at any rate, no epic half as long as *War and Peace* will ever be read, even if written.

Notoriously the novelist (including the playwright, who is a sub-novelist) has been taking the bread out of the mouths of other artists. In the matter of poaching, the painter has done a lot, and the composer has done more, but what the painter and the composer have done is as naught compared to the grasping deeds of the novelist. And whereas the painter and the composer have got into difficulties with their audacious schemes, the novelist has poached, colonised, and annexed with a success that is not denied. There is scarcely any aspect of the interestingness of life which is not now rendered in prose-fiction—from landscape-painting to sociology—and none which might not be. Unnecessary to go back to the ante-Scott age in order to perceive how the novel has aggrandised itself! It has conquered enormous territories since *Germinal*. Within the last fifteen years it has gained. Were it to adopt the hue of the British Empire, the entire map of the universe would soon be coloured red. Wherever it ought to stand in the hierarchy of forms, it has, actually, no rival at the present day as a means for transmitting the impassioned vision of life. It is, and will be for some time to come, the form to which the artist with the most inclusive vision instinctively turns, because it is the most inclusive form, and the most adaptable. Indeed, before we are much older, if its present rate of progress continues, it will have re-occupied the dazzling position to which the mighty Balzac lifted it, and in which he left it in 1850. So much, by the way, for the rank of the novel.

II

In considering the equipment of the novelist there are two attributes which may always be taken for granted. The

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first is the sense of beauty—indispensable to the creative artist. Every creative artist has it, in his degree. He is an artist because he has it. An artist works under the stress of instinct. No man's instinct can draw him towards material which repels him—the fact is obvious. Obviously, whatever kind of life the novelist writes about, he has been charmed and seduced by it, he is under its spell—that is, he has seen beauty in it. He could have no other reason for writing about it. He may see a strange sort of beauty; he may—indeed he does—see a sort of beauty that nobody has quite seen before; he may see a sort of beauty that none save a few odd spirits ever will or can be made to see. But he does see beauty. To say, after reading a novel which has held you, that the author has no sense of beauty, is inept. (The mere fact that you turned over his pages with interest is an answer to the criticism—a criticism, indeed, which is not more sagacious than that of the reviewer who remarks: "Mr. Blank has produced a thrilling novel, but unfortunately he cannot write." Mr. Blank has written; and he could, anyhow, write enough to thrill the reviewer.) All that a wise person will assert is that an artist's sense of beauty is different for the time being from his own.

The reproach of the lack of a sense of beauty has been brought against nearly all original novelists; it is seldom brought against a mediocre novelist. Even in the extreme cases it is untrue; perhaps it is most untrue in the extreme cases. I do not mean such a case as that of Zola, who never went to extremes. I mean, for example, Gissing, a real extremist, who, it is now admitted, saw a clear and undiscovered beauty in forms of existence which hitherto no artist had deigned seriously to examine. And I mean Huysmans, a case even more extreme. Possibly no works have been more abused for ugliness than Huysmans' novel *En Ménage* and his book of descriptive essays *De Tout*. Both reproduce with exasperation what is generally regarded as the sordid ugliness of commonplace daily life. Yet both exercise a unique charm (and will surely be read when *La Cathédrale* is forgotten). And it is inconceivable that Huysmans—whatever he may have said—was not ravished by the secret beauty of his subjects, and did not exult in it.

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The other attribute which may be taken for granted in the novelist, as in every artist, is passionate intensity of vision. Unless the vision is passionately intense the artist will not be moved to transmit it. He will not be inconvenienced by it; and the motive to pass it on will thus not exist. Every fine emotion produced in the reader has been, and must have been, previously felt by the writer, but in a far greater degree. It is not altogether uncommon to hear a reader whose heart has been desolated by the poignancy of a narrative complain that the writer is unemotional. Such people have no notion at all of the processes of artistic creation.

III

The one important attribute in the equipment of the novelist—the attribute which indeed by itself practically suffices, and whose absence renders futile all other attributes, is fineness of mind. A great novelist must have great qualities of mind. His mind must be sympathetic, quickly responsive, courageous, honest, humorous, tender, just, merciful. He must be able to conceive the ideal without losing sight of the fact that it is a human world we live in. Above all, his mind must be permeated and controlled by common sense. His mind, in a word, must have the quality of being noble. Unless his mind is all this, he will never, at the ultimate bar, be reckoned supreme. That which counts, on every page, and all the time, is the very texture of his mind—the glass through which he sees things. Every other attribute is secondary, and is dispensable. Fielding lives unequalled among English novelists because the broad nobility of his mind is unequalled. He is read with unreserved enthusiasm because the reader feels himself at each paragraph to be in close contact with a glorious personality. And no advance in technique among later novelists can possibly imperil his position. He will take second place when a more noble mind, a more superb common sense, happens to wield the narrative pen, and not before. What undermines the renown of Dickens is the growing conviction that the texture of his mind was common, that he fell short in courageous facing of the truth, and in certain delicacies of perception. As much may be said of Thackeray, whose mind was somewhat incom-

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plete for so grandiose a figure, and not free from defects which are inimical to immortality.

It is a hard saying for me, and full of danger in any country whose artists have shown contempt for form, yet I am obliged to say that, as the years pass, I attach less and less importance to good technique in fiction. I love it, and I have fought for a better recognition of its importance in England, but I now have to admit that the modern history of fiction will not support me. With the single exception of Turgenev, the great novelists of the world, according to my own standards, have either ignored technique or have failed to understand it. What an error to suppose that the finest foreign novels show a better sense of form than the finest English novels! Balzac was a prodigious blunderer. He could not even manage a sentence, not to speak of the general form of a book. And as for a greater than Balzac—Stendhal—his scorn of technique was notorious. Stendhal was capable of writing, in a masterpiece: “By the way, I ought to have told you earlier that the Duchess——”! And as for a greater than either Balzac or Stendhal—Dostoievsky—what a hasty, amorphous lump of gold is the sublime, the unapproachable *Brothers Karamazov*! Any tutor in a college for teaching the whole art of fiction by post in twelve lessons could show where Dostoievsky was clumsy and careless. What would have been Flaubert’s detailed criticism of that book? And what would it matter? And, to take a minor example, witness the comically amateurish technique of the late “Mark Rutherford”—nevertheless a novelist whom one can deeply admire.

And when we come to consider the great technicians, Guy de Maupassant and Flaubert, can we say that their technique will save them, or atone in the slightest degree for the defects of their minds? Exceptional artists both, they are both now inevitably falling in esteem to the level of the second-rate. Human nature being what it is, and de Maupassant being tinged with eroticism, his work is sure to be read with interest by mankind; but he is already classed. Nobody, now, despite all his brilliant excellences, would dream of putting de Maupassant with the first magnitudes. And the declension of Flaubert is one of the outstanding phenomena of modern French criticism. It is

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being discovered that Flaubert's mind was not quite noble enough—that, indeed, it was a cruel mind, and a little anæmic. *Bouvard et Pécuchet* was the crowning proof that Flaubert had lost sight of the humanness of the world, and suffered from the delusion that he had been born on the wrong planet. The glitter of his technique is dulled now, and fools even count it against him. In regard to one section of human activity only did his mind seem noble—namely, literary technique. His correspondence, written, of course, currently, was largely occupied with the question of literary technique, and his correspondence stands forth to-day as his best work—a marvellous fount of inspiration to his fellow artists. So I return to the point that the novelist's one important attribute is fundamental quality of mind. It and nothing else makes both the friends and the enemies which he has; while the influence of technique is slight and transitory. And I repeat that it is a hard saying.

I begin to think that great writers of fiction are by the mysterious nature of their art ordained to be "amateurs." There may be something of the amateur in all great artists. I do not know why it should be so, unless because, in the exuberance of their sense of power, they are impatient of the exactitudes of systematic study and the mere bother of repeated attempts to arrive at a minor perfection. Assuredly no great artist was ever a profound scholar. The great artist has other ends to achieve. And every artist, major and minor, is aware in his conscience that art is full of artifice, and that the desire to proceed rapidly with the affair of creation, and an excusable dislike of re-creating anything twice, thrice or ten times over—unnatural task!—are responsible for much of that artifice. We can all point in excuse to Shakspeare, who was a very rough-and-ready person, and whose methods would shock Flaubert. Indeed, the amateurishness of Shakspeare has been mightily exposed of late years. But nobody seems to care. If Flaubert had been a greater artist he might have been more of an amateur.

IV

Of this poor neglected matter of technique the more

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important branch is design—or construction. It is the branch of the art—of all arts—which comes next after “inspiration”—a capacious word meant to include everything that the artist must be born with and cannot acquire. The less important branch of technique—far less important—may be described as ornamentation.

There are very few rules of design in the novel; but the few are capital. Nevertheless, great novelists have often flouted or ignored them—to the detriment of their work. In my opinion the first rule is that the interest must be centralised; it must not be diffused equally over various parts of the canvas. To compare one art with another may be perilous, but really the convenience of describing a novel as a canvas is extreme. In a well-designed picture the eye is drawn chiefly to one particular spot. If the eye is drawn with equal force to several different spots, then we reproach the painter for having “scattered” the interest of the picture. Similarly with the novel. A novel must have one, two, or three figures that easily overtop the rest. These figures must be in the foreground, and the rest in the middle-distance or in the background.

Moreover, these figures—whether they are saints or sinners—must somehow be presented more sympathetically than the others. If this cannot be done, then the inspiration is at fault. The single motive that should govern the choice of a principal figure is the motive of love for that figure. What else could the motive be? The race of heroes is essential to art. But what makes a hero is less the deeds of the figure chosen than the understanding sympathy of the artist with the figure. To say that the hero has disappeared from modern fiction is absurd. All that has happened is that the characteristics of the hero have changed, naturally, with the times. When Thackeray wrote “a novel without a hero,” he wrote a novel with a first-class hero, and nobody knew this better than Thackeray. What he meant was that he was sick of the conventional bundle of characteristics styled a hero in his day, and that he had changed the type. Since then we have grown sick of Dobbins, and the type has been changed again more than once. The fateful hour will arrive when we shall be sick of Ponderevos.

The temptation of the great novelist, overflowing with

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creative force, is to scatter the interest. In both his major works Tolstoi found the temptation too strong for him. *Anna Karenina* is not one novel, but two, and suffers accordingly. As for *War and Peace*, the reader wanders about in it as in a forest, for days, lost, deprived of a sense of direction, and with no vestige of a signpost; at intervals encountering mysterious faces whose identity he in vain tries to recall. On a much smaller scale Meredith committed the same error. Who could assert positively which of the sisters Fleming is the heroine of *Rhoda Fleming*? For nearly two hundred pages at a stretch Rhoda scarcely appears. And more than once the author seems quite to forget that the little knave Algernon is not, after all, the hero of the story.

The second rule of design—perhaps in the main merely a different view of the first—is that the interest must be maintained. It may increase, but it must never diminish. Here is that special aspect of design which we call construction, or plot. By interest I mean the interest of the story itself, and not the interest of the continual play of the author's mind on his material. In proportion as the interest of the story is maintained, the plot is a good one. In so far as it lapses, the plot is a bad one. There is no other criterion of good construction. Readers of a certain class are apt to call good the plot of that story in which "you can't tell what is going to happen next." But in some of the most tedious novels ever written you can't tell what is going to happen next—and you don't care a fig what is going to happen next. It would be nearer the mark to say that the plot is good when "you want to make sure what will happen next"! Good plots set you anxiously guessing what will happen next.

When the reader is misled—not intentionally in order to get an effect, but clumsily through amateurishness—then the construction is bad. This calamity does not often occur in fine novels, but in really good work another calamity does occur with far too much frequency—namely, the tantalising of the reader at a critical point by a purposeless, wanton, or negligent shifting of the interest from the major to the minor theme. A sad example of this infantile trick is to be found in the thirty-first chapter of *Rhoda Fleming*, wherein, well knowing that the reader is tingling for the

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interview between Roberts and Rhoda, the author, unable to control his own capricious and monstrous fancy for Algernon, devotes some sixteen pages to the young knave's vagaries with an illicit thousand pounds. That the sixteen pages are excessively brilliant does not a bit excuse the wilful unshapeliness of the book's design.

The Edwardian and Georgian out-and-out defenders of Victorian fiction are wont to argue that though the event-plot in sundry great novels may be loose and casual (that is to say, simply careless), the "idea-plot" is usually close-knit, coherent, and logical. I have never yet been able to comprehend how an idea-plot can exist independently of an event-plot (any more than how spirit can be conceived apart from matter); but assuming that an idea-plot can exist independently, and that the mysterious thing is superior in form to its coarse fellow, the event-plot (which I positively do not believe),—even then I still hold that sloppiness in the fabrication of the event-plot amounts to a grave iniquity. In this connection I have in mind, among English novels, chiefly the work of "Mark Rutherford," George Eliot, the Brontës, and Anthony Trollope.

The one other important rule in construction is that the plot should be kept throughout within the same convention. All plots—even those of our most sacred naturalistic contemporaries—are and must be a conventionalisation of life. We imagine we have arrived at a convention which is nearer to the truth of life than that of our forerunners. Perhaps we have—but so little nearer that the difference is scarcely appreciable! An aviator at midday may be nearer the sun than the motorist, but regarded as a portion of the entire journey to the sun, the aviator's progress upward can safely be ignored. No novelist has yet, or ever will, come within a hundred million miles of life itself. It is impossible for us to see how far we still are from life. The defects of a new convention disclose themselves late in its career. The notion that "naturalists" have at last lighted on a final formula which ensures truth to life is ridiculous. "Naturalist" is merely an epithet expressing self-satisfaction.

Similarly, the habit of deriding as "conventional" plots constructed in an earlier convention, is ridiculous. Under this head Dickens in particular has been assaulted;

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I have assaulted him myself. But within their convention, the plots of Dickens are excellent, and show little trace of amateurishness, and every sign of skilled accomplishment. And Dickens did not blunder out of one convention into another, as certain of ourselves undeniably do. Thomas Hardy, too, has been arraigned for the conventionalism of his plots. And yet Hardy happens to be one of the rare novelists who have evolved a new convention to suit their idiosyncrasy. Hardy's idiosyncrasy is a deep conviction of the whimsicality of the divine power, and again and again he has expressed this with a virtuosity of skill which ought to have put humility into the hearts of naturalists, but which has not done so. The plot of *The Woodlanders* is one of the most exquisite examples of subtle symbolic illustration of an idea that a writer of fiction ever achieved; it makes the symbolism of Ibsen seem crude. You may say that *The Woodlanders* could not have occurred in real life. No novel could have occurred in real life. The balance of probabilities is incalculably against any novel whatsoever; and rightly so. A convention is essential, and the duty of a novelist is to be true within his chosen convention, and not further. Most novelists still fail in this duty. Is there any reason, indeed, why we should be so vastly cleverer than our fathers? I do not think we are.

V

Leaving the seductive minor question of ornamentation, I come lastly to the question of getting the semblance of life on to the page before the eyes of the reader—the daily and hourly texture of existence. The novelist has selected his subject; he has drenched himself in his subject. He has laid down the main features of the design. The living embryo is there, and waits to be developed into full organic structure. Whence and how does the novelist obtain the vital tissue which must be his material? The answer is that he digs it out of himself. First-class fiction is, and must be, in the final resort autobiographical. What else should it be? The novelist may take notes of phenomena likely to be of use to him. And he may acquire the skill to invent very apposite illustrative incident. But he cannot invent psychology. Upon occasion some human being may

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entrust him with confidences extremely precious for his craft. But such windfalls are so rare as to be negligible. From outward symptoms he can guess something of the psychology of others. He can use a real person as the unrecognisable but helpful basis for each of his characters. . . . And all that is nothing. And all special research is nothing. When the real intimate work of creation has to be done, and it has to be done on every page, the novelist can only look within for effective aid. Almost solely by arranging and modifying what he has felt and seen, and scarcely at all by inventing, can he accomplish his end.

An inquiry into the career of any first-class novelist invariably reveals that his novels are full of autobiography. But as a fact, every good novel contains far more autobiography than any inquiry could reveal. Episodes, moods, characters of autobiography can be detected and traced to their origin by critical acumen, but the intimate autobiography that runs through each page, vitalising it, may not be detected. In dealing with each character in each episode the novelist must for a thousand convincing details interrogate that part of his own individuality which corresponds to the particular character. The foundation of his equipment is universal sympathy. And the result of this (or the cause—I don't know which) is that in his own individuality there is something of everybody. If he is a born novelist he is safe in asking himself, when in doubt as to the behaviour of a given personage at a given point: "Now, what should I have done?" And incorporating the answer! And this in practice is what he does. Good fiction is autobiography dressed in the colours of all mankind.

The necessarily autobiographical nature of fiction accounts for the creative repetition to which all novelists—including the most powerful—are reduced. They monotonously yield again and again to the strongest predilections of their own individuality. Again and again they think they are creating, by observation, a quite new character—and lo! when finished it is an old one—autobiographical psychology has triumphed! A novelist may achieve a reputation with only a single type, created and re-created in varying forms. And the very greatest do not contrive to create more than half a score genuine separate types. In Cerfberr and Christophe's biographical dic-

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tionary of the characters of Balzac, a tall volume of six hundred pages, there are some two thousand entries of different individuals, but probably fewer than a dozen genuine distinctive types. No creative artist ever repeated himself more brazenly or more successfully than Balzac. His miser, his vicious delightful actress, his vicious delightful duchess, his young man-about-town, his virtuous young man, his heroic weeping virgin, his angelic wife and mother, his poor relation, and his faithful stupid servant—each is continually popping up with a new name in the Human Comedy. A similar phenomenon, as Frank Harris has proved, is to be observed in Shakspeare. Hamlet of Denmark was only the last and greatest of a series of Hamlets.

It may be asked, finally: What of the actual process of handling the raw material dug out of existence and of the artist's self—the process of transmuting life into art? There is no process. That is to say, there is no conscious process. The convention chosen by an artist is his illusion of the truth. Consciously the artist only omits, selects, arranges. But let him beware of being false to his illusion, for then the process becomes conscious, and bad. This is sentimentality, which is the seed of death in his work. Every artist is tempted to sentimentalise, or to be cynical—practically the same thing. And when he falls to the temptation, the reader whispers in his heart, be it only for one instant: "That is not true to life." And in turn the reader's illusion of reality is impaired. Readers are divided into two classes—the enemies and the friends of the artist. The former, a legion, admire for a fortnight or a year. They hate an uncompromising struggle for the truth. They positively like the artist to fall to temptation. If he falls, they exclaim, "How sweet!" The latter are capable of savouring the fine unpleasantness of the struggle for truth. And when they whisper in their hearts: "That is not true to life," they are ashamed for the artist. They are few, very few; but a vigorous clan. It is they who confer immortality.

Our “Melancholy” Hymnal

By Prof. W. H. D. Rouse

It is a melancholy thing to read an English hymn-book. Doubtless for most of us sacred associations gather around the hymns we sing, so that we abandon ourselves to the feelings called up by these associations, and do not notice what we are singing. Yet if in a critical mood we examine them, we cannot but be overcome with melancholy. They are so well meant, and so badly expressed; so pious, and so ridiculous; they are sentimental when they should be impassioned, grovelling instead of penitent, incoherent when they ought to be simple. It is not true that great poets are irreligious; on the contrary, their glory it is to see a soul of goodness in things evil, and this is the essence of religion. Yet our hymns are obviously not written by poets. There is surely no reason why religion and illiteracy should be unequally yoked together; and it were better to sing no hymns at all than to sing trash.

A good hymn is subject to the same laws as any other literary composition. It is lyrical, the expression of a mood, whether that mood be suggested by a thought, an occasion, or a doctrine. It must not preach, or try to explain a doctrine, or put it into words. Unity it must have; and even when cast in the form of a prayer, a hymn must not merely enumerate things desired. There must be no self-consciousness or straining after effect. Moreover, as we are to sing them, hymns must be capable of being sung. Obvious enough, no doubt; yet most hymns violate these obvious and simple rules. Take as an example of a good hymn that noble prayer of Isaac Watts, beginning, “O God, our help in ages past.” The mood here expressed is confidence: as God has helped His saints in the past, He is besought with complete confidence to protect the petitioner in the future. The whole theme is foreshadowed in the first two lines—“Our *help* in ages *past*, our *hope* for

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years *to come*." That God's defence is sure is proved by experience (verse 2), and our defender was before the hills in order stood, and will never change (verse 3). To God, a thousand ages are but an evening gone (verse 4), and the men who ask His help fly like a dream (verse 5). This God the singer prays to guard His people, and to be their refuge for ever (verse 6). The imagery is consistent and suitable. God's throne stands immovable, and His people dwell in its shadow, whilst Time like a river rolls by it carrying the lives of men. The first verse is wholly an address; and the last repeats the address, substituting in one line the prayer which is the substance of the hymn. The very repetition here adds to the effect, suggesting the unchangeableness of God. Only one line is open to criticism, the third—

Our shelter from the stormy blast—

which anticipates the second verse, and introduces an image which is not afterwards made use of. A similar analysis discloses unity of thought and expression in others. Cowper impresses his own faith amidst clouds and darkness by the exhortation beginning—

God moves in a mysterious way,
His wonders to perform.

The analogy of day following night suggests a similar faith to George Gascoigne, who utters his simple praise as a morning hymn :

Ye that have spent the silent night
In sleep and quiet rest,
And joy to see the cheerful light
That riseth in the east.
Now lift your hearts, your voices raise,
Your morning tribute bring,
And pay a grateful song of praise,
To heaven's almighty King.

Others which fulfil the requirement of unity, simply and consistently expressed, are, "All people that on earth do dwell," "Again as evening's shadow falls," "Ye holy angels bright."

Let us take first, as an example of incoherence of thought, a hymn which has been much admired :—

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Lord of power, Lord of might,
God and Father of us all,
Lord of day and Lord of night,
Listen to our solemn call :
Listen, whilst to Thee we raise
Songs of prayer and songs of praise.

Light and love and life are Thine,
Great Creator of all good ;
Fill our hearts with light divine ;
Give us with our daily food
Blessings from Thy heavenly store,
Blessings rich for evermore.

Graft within our heart of hearts
Love undying for Thy name ;
Bid us ere the day departs
Spread abroad our Maker's fame ;
Young and old together bless,
Clothe our souls with righteousness.

Full of love and full of peace,
May our life on earth be blest ;
When our trials here shall cease,
And at last we sink to rest,
Fountain of eternal love,
Call us to our home above.

What is the idea which suggested this hymn? The first verse prays the Almighty to listen to prayer and praise : two things already quite distinct, which require very different expression, and are not suitable for one lyric poem. Now let us see how the combination works out. Premising that the great Creator of all good has light, love, and life, the hymn asks for divine light, for daily food, and for heavenly blessing. Daily food, it will be observed, is here foisted in without excuse ; and there can be little doubt that it was only suggested by the word "good" as a rhyme. Love comes in the next verse, with a new metaphor. It is no longer a blessing from a store, but a shoot to be grafted ; the metaphor itself is not consistent, for you do not graft a shoot within the heart of a tree. The love, too, is so characterised as to suggest that love for our neighbour is not intended. The rest of this verse has nothing to do with prayer, but perhaps was meant to represent the praise ; and here another new idea is introduced, "ere the day departs"—the first hint that the hymn is meant for any particular part of the day. And, it may be asked, what part is meant? The words suggest evening ; but to spread *afar* our Maker's fame would need a longer

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time than the fag-end of the day. A fresh metaphor, "clothe," appears in the last line. The fourth verse leaves praise, and returns to prayer; more, it returns to the love already prayed for, and adds a new item, peace, which has not been mentioned at all. There is no prayer for life, although we were led to expect one. Next, death is suggested; and the Almighty is besought to call us to our home above when death comes. Again a fresh metaphor is used, and one very ill-chosen: for fountains cannot call. The accessories are as bad as the form. We have called attention to the metaphors, which are not only inappropriate, but are not even sustained through the length of a short sentence. Observe also the address. What is the difference between power and might? Why is the idea of God's fatherhood suggested, and then forgotten? What on earth is the meaning of the third line in this connection? It is quite clear that the phrase "Lord of power" first came into the writer's mind; that power suggested might; that might suggested night, and night day. A fifth-form schoolboy makes his Latin verses thus with a gradus, and makes better verses. There is absolutely no redeeming feature in the whole hymn; it is contemptible.

We pointed out in the last hymn that the idea of death was brought in without obvious reason; but the reason seems to be, a feeling that as the hymn is coming to an end, death will round it off nicely. The same thing is seen in other hymns, and may perhaps be taken as a sign of grace. So the authors do feel that a hymn should have some form, even though they do not know what literary form is. We may take a second example, which also exemplifies the faults we are considering. It appears to be a favourite hymn, as it is printed in several collections.

As Thou didst rest, O Father, o'er nature's finished birth,
As Thou didst in Thy work rejoice, and bless the new-born earth,
So give us now that Sabbath-rest, which makes Thy children free,
Free for the work of love to man, of thankfulness to Thee!

But in Thy worship, Father, O lift our souls above,
By holy Word, by prayer and hymn, by eucharistic love;
Till e'en the dull cold work of earth, the earth which Christ hath trod,
Shall be itself a silent prayer, to raise us up to God.

So lead us on to heaven, where in Thy presence blest
"The wicked cease from troubling, and the weary are at rest,"
Where faith is lost in vision, where love hath no alloy,
And through eternity there flows the deepening stream of joy.

OUR "MELANCHOLY" HYMNAL

To Thee, who giv'st us freedom, our Father and our King;
To Thee, the risen Lord of life, our ransomed spirits sing;
Thou fill'st the Church in earth and heaven, O Holy Ghost; to Thee
In warfare's toil, in victory's rest, eternal glory be.

This is a Sunday hymn. It begins, "As thou didst rest and bless," and should go on, "so may we rest and bless"; instead of which we read, "so give us rest," the blessing being forgotten already. If these words mean anything, the sense must be: "as truly as thou didst rest, *i.e.*, if it be true," then give us. This rest "makes thy children free"; the statement lacks point. Rest should make them strong, or refresh them; deliverance or effort makes free. The verse ends with a paradox, and a dark one too. The Sabbath rest makes men free for work, and that work is love and thankfulness. Do the words imply that this "work" is to be done on the Sabbath? If so, there is no rest, only a change of work. It cannot be that this work is to be done during the week. The Sabbath rest makes one free on the Sabbath. We come to the second verse. At once rest is forgotten, so is work, love, and thankfulness; and worship is introduced. The first word, But, implies a contrast. We are free to work as described, but in spite of love and thankfulness, lift our souls above. Do love and thankfulness, then, degrade our souls? We are to be uplifted by the services of the Church until the work of earth—that is, doubtless, of the six weekdays—becomes a silent prayer, to uplift us. We have left the present "Sabbath," then, on which we were to rest; for the process of uplifting is to go on for some time, for Sabbath after Sabbath, until our ordinary work is able to uplift us. We seem to end where we began, by the way; we are to be uplifted in order that we may be uplifted. The author does not even add "higher." Now comes the allusion to death, which is to round off the hymn. The metaphor changes from uplifting heavenward to leading along a path. The second line needs no comment. The third and fourth contain a fine phrase spoilt, and two new metaphors irreconcilable together. "Faith is lost in sight" is a fine phrase, but "vision" suggests at once unreality, the very opposite of what is intended: then love is a metal, and joy a stream. Surely the hymn might end here; not at all. We must have the doxology padded out with irrelevancies to fit the metre. Father and King have

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nothing to do with freedom, but rather with government; ransomed spirits is more appropriate to the departed than to those on earth; "thou fillest the Church" is unintelligible; warfare and victory has nothing whatever to do with Sabbath rest.

If the reader will examine other hymns in this fashion, he will be amazed to find how many of them are mere incoherent babbling. Many which are not so bad as those we have discussed, are yet nothing but catalogues of thoughts. Some have half a dozen verses all of a model; as "This is the day of rest, this is the day of joy," and so on through the whole list of the virtues or blessings. The doxology is a godsend to such hymns; this, or an allusion to death, is the only possible way to end them, else they might go on from here to Mesopotamia. In others there is repetition of the same idea with hardly a change. One hymn begins with the two verses following:—(1) The day is over, grant that the night may be sinless. (2) The joys of day are over; grant that the night may be offenceless. What banality! Here again is a verse which could hardly be surpassed:—

O help us, Lord; each hour of need
Thy heavenly succour give;
Help us in thought and word and deed
Each hour on earth we live.

The word help is repeated, the idea is expressed thrice; "each hour" is twice said; the whole thought of the stanza is contained in the first line, and the expansions of the other three are an insult to the intelligence. The rest of the hymn is of like doggerel. It would be only too easy to multiply examples of these childish devices. It is unlucky that piety seems so fond also of mixing metaphors; so that a voice is spurned, the Deity is at once a rock and a creature with wings, a stream, a support, a covering. Bonar makes a staff and buckler guide, Keble compares the Holy Dove to a gale; even an accomplished scholar like Stanley fills his verses with senseless padding and vulgar tags, and appears to be amply satisfied.

When we leave the poetic form and look at the substance, we observe that a large number of hymns are only sermonettes in disguise. Isaac Williams, reputed no mean singer in his own country, explains the theory of Jewish

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sacrifice; Alford sets forth the surprising theory that the least of all who attend his church is greater than John the Baptist; Gaskell preaches on the importance of humble work; one whose name we forbear to mention expects all men to take up the cross, in a composition of which it is hard to say whether substance or rhythm is more objectionable. One verse will suffice as an example:—

Take up thy cross then in his strength,
And calmly every danger brave;
'Twill guide thee to a better home,
And lead to victory o'er the grave.

"'Twill" is good; but the rest, how debased, a ridiculous muddle as usual, and said in the tone of the fat, comfortable Pharisee. And the maudlin sentiment, the insincerity of some hymns is appalling. And how confident they are in the ignorance of those who shall sing them! Who but a hymn-writer would dare to talk of the angels walking about on a starry floor? With such glaring faults as those we have indicated, one more or less does not matter; and we have only to add that modern hymns cannot be sung, because they are conceived not as groups of sounds but as strings of printed letters; accents and long notes are coupled with prepositions and words of no account; and sounds which ought to be long are made short. Who could sing, for example, the creaking line—

The inestimable treasure of a soul that ever lives.

We plead, then, for a thorough sifting of our hymns. Let it be understood that if to write a hymn be the ambition of every pious man, it is his duty as an honest man, when written, to burn it. From the poets we can get enough hymns of good quality to meet all necessities. Milton, Ken, and Cowper will furnish the first selection; a few can be had in Tennyson, Whittier, and Longfellow; the versions of the Psalms provide a few more; Isaac Watts has a dozen good ones; and for all rigid exclusion of the mediocre, a certain number of others may be found amongst the rubbish of Hymns Ancient and Modern and the other numerous collections. Lastly, let the old poets be searched, and it will turn out that not only Campion and Herrick, but several others will enrich our book with gems which have never yet been seen in this setting.

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Educated congregations may add a few of the best Latin hymns. The result will be a good book; if it is not μέγα βιβλίον, it will at least not be μέγα κακόν.

What we have said is sure to give pain to many devout souls. That is to be regretted, but it cannot be helped. There is no reason why the whole people should suffer for one; and it is impossible that the people should without suffering be taught to associate their holiest feelings with detestable doggerel and insincere sentimentality.

The Man with Two Mouths

By F. Tennyson Jesse

ON a grey day a girl was walking along a crescent of sand that curved at the cliff's base. As she went the water welled up in the slanting hollows left by her feet, and the fat, evil-looking leaves of the cliff plants glistened with spray-moisture; even the swollen fingers of the marsh samphire, that all seemed to point at the girl as she passed, each bore a tremulous drop at the tip. At the end of the little beach the girl paused, and then turned to look out to sea, balancing herself on a slab of wet shiny granite, where the cone-shaped shellfish clustered and from which the long green weed floated out and in on the heave of the tide. The girl held back the red hair that whipped about her forehead and stared from under an arched palm.

"Tes naught but a plaguey dolphin, d'believe," she muttered, yet still stayed for one more glimpse of the dark thing that was bobbing up through the curdling foam-pattern. A stinging scatter of spray blew into her eyes, blinding her, and when she looked again the dark thing had come nearer, and she saw it to be the body of a man caught in the ratlines of some shrouds that the sea's action had lapped around the mast they had once supported. Were it not that his chin was hitched over the ratlines, so that he was borne along with his face—a pale blot among the paler blots of the foam—upturned, he would doubtless have sunk, for he was not lashed to the mast in any way. A huge foam patch had formed in the web made by the tangled shrouds, so that his head and shoulders showed clearly against the creaming halo, on which his long hair, dark with wet and released from its queue, lay streaked away from his tilted face. The girl called to him twice in her strong, rough voice; then, since even if he still lived he was past any consciousness of doing so, she kept her

energies for the saving of him. Wading in as deep as she dared—not more than up to her hips, for even then the heave and suction of the water threatened to knock her off her feet—she clung on to a ridge of rock with one hand, and, leaning forward, made snatches at the spar whenever it surged towards her. To her dismay she saw that with every heave his legs must be catching against some rocks, for his head began to sink away from the supporting rat-lines, and when at last she caught one end of the spar she only succeeded in drawing it away from him. His head disappeared; for a moment the dark hole in the midst of the foam-circle held, then broke and was overrun as the whiteness closed upon it. The next minute a surge of undercurrent brought him knocking against her legs; she just managed to hold on with one hand while with the other she plunged down at him. Her fingers met the cold sleekness of his face, then caught in his tangled hair, and, drawing herself up backwards against the rock-ledges, she pulled him with her, step by step. A few moments more, and she had staggered up the narrow strip of beach with her burden dragging from her arms. Tumbling him along the drier sand at the cliff's foot, she knelt beside him, and with hands trembling from the strain that had been put upon the muscles, she pulled apart the clinging shirt, that was so sodden it seemed to peel from off him. She felt at his heart, then laid her ear to the pale, glistening chest where the dark hair was matted to a point between the breasts; she beat that pale chest with her hand, and at last saw the faint red respond to the blows of her fingers. On that much of hope she desisted, seemed to hesitate, then half-hauling him up by a hand beneath each shoulder, she began dragging him towards where the cliff curved outwards again to the sea. At a point some three or four feet from the ground the cliff overhung so that it was possible to imagine smuggling beneath it at low tide, though a curtain of the glossy spleen-wort fern hung down so thickly it was difficult to tell. Going upon her knees, the girl crawled backwards under the dripping dark green fringe, and pulled the man in after her. Within, a tunnel in which it was soon possible to walk upright led at a gradual incline up to what was apparently the heart of the cliff, which here was honeycombed into those smugglers' caves of

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the West of which even now all the secrets are not known. Up this incline she got herself and him, and at last dragged him triumphantly into the big cave where she and her father, Bendigo Keast, stored the smuggled goods in which they traded so successfully. It was very dark, but with accustomed hands she felt for the small iron box in which the flint and tinder were kept; soon a tiny flame sprang to life, and she passed it on to a wick that floated limply in a little cup of stinking fish-oil on the floor. In the mere breath of light thus given the rows of stacked barrels loomed dimly, the outermost curve of each gleaming faintly, while between them the shadow lay banded.

Thomasin Keast ran some brandy from a little keg near into her palm and tilted it between the man's teeth, then slopped the raw spirit over his shirt, drenching it again. Then—not stripping him, for the modesty of a Cornish woman, who thinks shame to show even her feet, prevented that—she filled her hands with brandy and ran them in under his clothes, rubbing tirelessly up and down till the flesh began to dry and tingle. Around his reddened neck, where the soft young beard merged into wet curls, she rubbed; over his shoulders, where the big pectoral muscles came swelling past his armpits like a cape, then down the serried ribs that she could knead the supple flesh around, past the curve-in of the whole body beneath them, to the gracious slimness of the flanks and the nervous indentation of the groins between the trunk and the springing arches of the thighs. So Thomasin knelt in the gloom of the cave, and all the time that his life was coming painfully and reluctantly back to him under her strong, glowing hands, she felt as though some presage of new life were flowing into herself. The old saw has it that the saving of a drowning man brings ill-luck to his rescuer; but Thomasin, as she watched grow in his features that intangible something which makes the face human instead of a mere mask, scorned the superstition; and still more she scorned it as her urgent hands felt the rising beat of his pulses and arteries. For during that time his hidden form became so known to her that his every curve and muscle, the very feel of the strong-growing hair upon him softening into down as his skin dried, all impressed themselves clearly on her

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memory for ever, and she felt him hers—hers by right of discovery as well as right of salvage.

Thomasin Keast and her father lived in a little four-square cottage set about half a mile from the headland—a half-mile of thorn and bracken, of tumbled boulders and wedges of furze almost as solid. Here in the spring the yellow-hammer and the linnet, the stonechat and the whinchat, shrilled their first notes, and at dawn the greybird thrust a thirsty beak into the dewy blackthorn blossoms; here the dun-coloured rabbits darted in and out of their burrows with a gleam of white scuts. Here, too, Keast and his daughter herded the moorland ponies, that, well-soaped, were loaded with the barrels of spirit and packets of lace which had been brought from France at dark of the moon. The cottage was of rough grey granite, with a roof crusted with yellow stonecrop that looked as though it had been spilled molten over the slates. On either side of the door a great wind-buttress, reaching to the eaves, swept out like a sheltering wing.

This was the place to which Thomasin Keast brought her man on that stormy evening. Dusk was already making the air deeply, softly blue, and through it the whitewashed lintel gleamed out almost as clearly as the phosphorescent fish nailed against the wall. Half-leading, half-supporting him, Thomasin steered the stranger between the buttresses and through the narrow doorway into the living-room. A peat fire glowed on the hearth, and against it the figure of a crouching man showed dark. At the noise in the doorway he thrust an armful of furze on to the fire, and the quick crackling flare that followed threw a reflection like the flashing of summer lightning over the whitewashed walls, sending the shadows scurrying into the corners and revealing the man whose big hand, ridged with raised veins that ran up to the wrist, was still upon the furzestem.

Bendigo Keast was not long past his prime of strength, and could still have out-wrestled many a younger man. Through his jersey the working of his enormous shoulders showed as plainly as those of a cat beneath her close fur, and under his chin the reddish beard could not hide the knots of his powerful throat. His eyes, blue and

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extraordinarily alert, were half-hidden by the purpled lids, and the massive folds of his cheeks that came down in a furrow on either side of his slightly incurved mouth looked hard as iron. Like most seamen when within doors, he was in his stockings, and as he rose and his bulk swayed forward his feet broadened a little and gripped at the uneven flagstones like those of a great ape.

Thomasin spoke first.

"Tes a man I found drownen', da," she said, and in her voice uneasiness mingled with a readiness for defiance. "He'm most dead wi salt water, and cold. Us must get en to the bed to wance. Da . . ."

"Where did ee find en?" asked Bendigo Keast, without moving.

"To cove."

"Did a see aught?"

"How should a, and him nigh drowned?" evaded Thomasin; then, as the stranger sank on to the settle and let his wet brown head fall limply back against it, she went over to a crock of milk that stood in the window-sill and poured some into a saucepan.

"Get en to the bed, da," she said more sharply. "I'll see to your supper. He must have nawthen but milk for the night."

Bendigo came forward, and, swinging his long arms round the man, carried him off up the stairs that led from the living-room into the first of the two tiny bedrooms. He soon came down again.

"Tell me how tes a smells of brandy?" he demanded.

"I rubbed en down wi' et to put life into en," Thomasin spoke quietly, but the sound of her stirring spoon grew less rhythmical.

"Then a did see?"

"Da, listen to me," said Thomasin, turning round. "S'pose a did see, what then? He'm naught but a foreigner from up-country, and wouldn't know to give we away. And—s'posen he'm minded to stay by us—well, you d'knew we'm needing another hand. We must find one somewhere, and there's none o' the chaps to the church-town would come in wi' us, because us have allus stood by oursel' and made our own profits. But now Dan's dead, you d'knew as well's I us must get another

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hand to help in the *Merrymaid*. If you wern't so strong and I as good as a man, it would ha' needed four of us to ha' run her."

"How can us know whether to trust en?" asked Bendigo, suspiciously. "Tes bad luck to save a man from the sea, they do say."

"Don't decide nawthen tell you've talked wi' en," advised Thomasin. "May be the poor chap was too mazed to take notice o' what he saw. Us'll know to-morrow."

And next day the rescued man was sitting by the hearth, somewhat stiff from bruises, but otherwise with his wiry frame none the worse. His looks had strikingly improved, for now that the soft beard, which had never known a razor, was dry, it peaked forward a little, whereas when wet it had clung to his too narrow jaw and revealed a lax line of chin.

His story was soon told—the brig on which he was mate had been returning from France when a squall overtook her, and she became a total wreck. He had clung to the floating spar for several hours before losing consciousness, when the tangled ratlines had borne him up and the tide had swept him into the shoreward current which set round the headland.

"And the first thing I knew," he ended, "was your face, mistress, bending over me in your cave. . . ."

Keast shot a glance at his daughter. They had exchanged looks before, at the man's mention of France, and now Bendigo flung a few veiled phrases, with here and there a cant term common to smugglers, at his guest, who understood him perfectly, and himself became entirely frank. His name, he said, was Robin Start, and that there was mixed blood in him he admitted. A more gracious race showed itself in his quick turns of wrist and eye, his ease of phrase, in his ready gallantry towards Thomasin. Yes, said Robin Start, his mother was a Frenchwoman, and had taught him her tongue—a fact he found useful in his dealings on the other side of the Channel.

A bargain is an intricate and subtle thing in Cornwall, a thing of innuendoes and reservations, and the one Bendigo Keast struck with the stranger was not without subtleties on both sides. Robin Start had quite understood all he had seen in the cave, and had made a mental note

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of the way out, which gave him a hold over Bendigo. On the other hand, Robin, who suffered paroxysms of craving for safety in the intervals of delighting in danger, knew it was safer to come in with Bendigo and make something for himself smuggling than it would be for him to think of escaping from that muscular father and daughter if he declined. As for Keast, it was true that since his nephew Dan had been knocked on the head by a swing of the boom, he needed someone to take the lad's place. A bottle of smuggled rum sealed the bargain, and then, for the first time in her life, Thomasin was talked to as a woman. To her father a partner; a mere fellow-man to the dark, silent Daniel who now lay in the lap of the tides; shunned by the envious villagers, and looked at askance by the Government men, Thomasin had never known of the sphere which began to be revealed to her that evening. For one thing, she was plain, though in certain lights or effects of wind she looked fine enough in a high-boned, rock-hewn way. She was what is called in that part of the world a "red-headed Dane," and her broad, strongly-modelled face was thickly powdered with freckles. Though she was only twenty-two, hundreds of nights of exposure to wind and wet had roughened her skin, but at the opening of her bodice, where a hint of collar-bones showed like a bar beneath the firm flesh, her skin was privet-white. The slim, brown-haired Robin with his quick eyes was a contrast in looks and manners to anyone she had ever met, and mingled with her awe and wonder of him was the fierce sense of possession that had entered into her when she passed her hands over and over him in the cave. Also she felt maternal towards him, because, though he must have been nigh upon thirty, he was one of those men who have a quality of appeal.

It was a stormy autumn that year, and little was possible in the way of business; but for Thomasin, who up till now had lived so whole-heartedly for her partnership with her father, it became that time of which at least the mirage appears to everyone once in life. For her happiness she and Robin repainted her other love, the *Merry-maid*, together; giving her a new black coat and a white ribbon, and changing the green of her upright stem to blue. The *Merry-maid* was constantly adopting little disguises of

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the sort, running sometimes under barked sails, sometimes under white, and alternating between a jib and a gaff-topsail with a square head. Then in the long winter evenings the Keasts and Robin would sit by the fire, Bendigo pulling at his clay pipe, and Thomasin knitting a perpetual grey stocking—surely as innocent and law-abiding an interior as could have been found!—while Robin told them tales of all he had seen and done. Bendigo now and then gave a grunt that might have been of dissent, interest, or merely of incipient sleep, but Thomasin sat enthralled by the soft tones that to her mind could have lured a bird from the egg. Robin told of the thick yellow sea towards the north of China, so distinct from the blue sea around that it looked more like a vast shoal of sand, stretching for mile upon mile. He told, too, of the reddish dust, fine as mist, which once fell for days over his ship when he was far out at sea; it fell until the decks seemed like a dry soft beach, and lungs and eyes and at last their very souls seemed filled with it. His captain said it was blown along the upper air all the way from the Mongolian plains, but he himself thought it came from Japan, that country of volcanoes. Thomasin's ideas of volcanoes were derived from a broadside she had once seen which represented Vesuvius apparently on fire from the base, but she felt sure the mysterious sand was of the devil, and must come from somewhere hot.

So Robin talked and Thomasin listened, and with the coming of spring new portents woke in her blood and stirred the air. Robin began to slip his hand up her arm when he stood beside her in the shadow of the wind-buttresses, and when they went down to the caves he would make opportunities to press against her in the passages. The sheer animal magnetism of the girl allured him, and he found her crude and hitherto fierce aloofness going to his head. Though frequently now he felt a sudden passion of distaste for the physical strength of this father and daughter sweep over him, yet would come another passion, waked by the wonder of it that still lay in Thomasin's eyes—and he would think of what a pleasure was at his hand in Thomasin's potentialities for passion and the freshness of her. . . .

She herself was reluctant yet, for all her hot blood and

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untrained nature, partly because of the ingrained suspicion of soft things her upbringing had engendered, partly because of the eternal instinct which prompts withdrawal for the purpose of luring on. But in her heart she knew—she knew when the spring was on the cliffs, and he and she lay on the thymy grass watching for the fish-shoals; when around Robin's turf-pillowed head the rose-specked, flesh-hued cups of the sea-milkwort stood up brimming with the jewelled air as with a divine nectar; when among the cushions of silvery lichen and grey-green moss the scented gorse flung a riot of yellow, and the mating birds answered each other on a note like secret laughter. Then Thomasin would sometimes close her eyes for the happiness she dared not yet acknowledge; yet those days of soft joy and beauty were as nothing to the night of hard work and danger that finally brought her surging blood to acknowledge him as lord—that night when all the dominant male in him was of necessity stung to the surface by danger.

They were running a cargo of thirty barrels over from France—he, she, and her father. The *Merrymaid*, which was sloop-rigged and of about twenty tons burden, was quite enough for the three to handle, laden as she was with the corded tubs slung together with the stones already attached; for it was proposed to sink the cargo and then run on to harbour openly, a thing frequently done when the Preventive men were known to be on the watch. Robin was suffering from one of his nerve-revulsions; he dared show no sign of it, but as he sat in the bows, keeping a look-out through the darkness, he told himself that if this trip were brought off in safety it would be the last as far as he was concerned. He could stand the portentous figure of Bendigo looming at him through the little cottage no more, and he knew what to do. . . . As for Thomasin, he would not lose her—a woman surely sticks by her man. And if not, she would never harm him; and there were other women in the world—for the appeal Thomasin had for him was of sex, and not of personality.

Thomasin sat with her arm along the tiller, keeping the *Merrymaid* on a nor'-nor'-west course so as to make the Lizard light. They were running under their foresail and close-reefed mainsail only, for the south-west wind for which they had waited was swelling to storm-fury. The

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Merrymaid lay right over, the water scolding past her dipping gunwale and the clots of spindrift that whirled over the side gleaming like snowflakes in the darkness, which was of that intense quality which becomes vibrant to long staring. Robin, straining his eyes, was only aware of the danger when they were almost on it, but his voice shrieked out on the instant to Thomasin: "Hard-a-port!" and again, in a desperate hurry of sound, "Hard-a-port!"

Thomasin jambed the helm up as Bendigo, with the agility of long use to sudden danger, eased off the sheets; and then Thomasin could see what menaced them. A Preventive boat, like themselves with no light save the wretched glimmer over the compass, had been lying to under her mizzen, and already her men were making sail. Thomasin sat gripping the tiller while the voices of her menfolk came to her ears.

"The topsail!" shouted Robin; but Bendigo's voice made answer: "Not till us has to—it might rip mast off in this gale. Try the jib. . . ."

They set the jib and shook out the reefs in the mainsail, and the *Merrymaid* answered to it like a racehorse to the whip. She quivered all her length, the tiller pushed like a sentient thing against Thomasin's palm, and they went reeling on.

For nearly an hour they ran before the wind, helped by the flood-tide, and all the time the Preventive boat was slowly gaining on them, for she was carrying a larger stretch of canvas. She was nearly upon them when the sound of breaking surf told that they were nearing the Manacles, and the tide was still fairly low. Suddenly Robin's voice came again, this time with a thrill in it: "Now's our chance!" he called. "We'll hoist the topsail and make a run for it inside of the Manacles."

He was at the mast as he spoke, and Thomasin heard the thin scream of the unholed sheave as the topsail halliards ran through it. The next moment the mast creaked and bent; the almost useless jib slackened as the other sails took all of the wind, and the *Merrymaid* shook her nose and plunged into the broken water that gleamed between the blackness of the mainland and the Manacles.

"They'll never dare follow!" cried Bendigo; and even as he did so, the Preventive boat, trusting to her superior

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speed to make good, began to come round to the wind so as to pass the Manacles on the outer side. The added strain proved too much, and her mast snapped with a report like a gunshot—the one clean, sharp sound through all that flurry of rushing, edgeless noise, and it told its own tale to the eager ears on the *Merrymaid*. She, under the influence of the topsail, was burying her bows at every plunge, and Thomasin knew, by the sudden cessation of the tiller's tug, that the rudder had lifted clear of the racing water, only to drive into it again with a blow that sent her reeling. Thomasin's fight with the boat she loved began in real earnest. Yawing stubbornly, the *Merrymaid* pulled against the tiller so that the rough wood seemed to burn into Thomasin's flesh, so hard she had to grip it to keep the boat's head from going up into the wind.

With the breath failing in her throat, she had none left to cry for help; she could only wrestle with the tiller, which, all the weight of the yawing *Merrymaid* against it, seemed about to crush her.

Then hands came over hers in the darkness, and even at that moment her flesh knew Robin's.

"Tell me if I make a mistake; you know this hell-pool better than me," he called to her through the noise of the surf; and, with an easing of the muscles so exquisite as to be almost a pain in itself, she felt him absorb the weight of the boat into his grip. With the lifting of that strain from her shoulders and arms came the realisation of how mercilessly his hands were grinding hers against the tiller, yet that pain sent the first tremor of unadulterated passion through her that she had ever felt, because it was the first time he had hurt her. There was no need for her to call directions to him—he and she were so welded in one at the tiller that the unconscious pull of her arm beneath his told him, in his state of receptive tension, what to do more surely than any words. That was their true mating—not what followed after—but there in the stern of the reeling *Merrymaid*; for all that was least calculated and finest in Robin had leapt to the need of it, and their consciousness was fused as completely in the fight for life as the pain in their hands was at the tiller.

They were through—through and safe, and five minutes more saw them round the point and in the calmer water,

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where they slipped the cargo, and soon after they had made the harbour under easy sail, innocent of contraband from stem to stern.

All danger over, Thomasin felt oddly faint, and let her father go on ahead across the moor while she hung heavily on Robin's arm, her numbed hands slowly tingling back to life as they went. Arrived at the cottage, a faint light, that went out even as they looked, told of Bendigo's entry, and Robin set the lantern he carried on the flagstones between the buttresses. Thomasin leant back against one of them, and the dim light, flickering upwards, softened her marked bones and brightened her eyes. Every defect of skin was hidden; it showed pale, and her mouth velvet dark upon it. Robin's lips fastened on her throat below her ear and stayed there till she stirred and gave a little cry, then his mouth moved on and up till it found hers. The kiss deepened between them; his head bent, hers upstretched. Time stayed still for one moment, during which she wanted nothing further—she was not conscious of the ground beneath her or the pain in her back-tilted neck, not even of his supporting arms or the throbbing of him against her—all her being was fused at the lips, and she felt as though hanging in space from his mouth alone.

Robin Start waited till the cargo had been safely run and sold, and then he went across the moor to the village and made a compact with the Preventive men. The excitement of that night had had its usual way with him, and he wished never to meet danger again as long as he lived. He was suffering from a somewhat similar revulsion as regarded Thomasin, though there he knew the old allure would raise its head again for him. Bendigo's suspicious guard of him had relaxed, partly because the elder man admitted that it was Robin's nerve which had planned the dash that saved them, partly because he guessed how it was with his daughter, and thought Robin safely theirs. . . . And Robin had at last done that which had been in his mind ever since the beginning, and had sold the secret of the caves to his Majesty's Government. Nervous of being overheard in the village inn, Robin took the two head men with him over the moor to the headland, safe in the knowledge that Bendigo was drinking heavily in the

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cottage—the way in which he always rewarded himself for a successful run. Robin showed the men the cunningly-hidden entrances to the passages, and then for a few minutes they all three stood making their final arrangements. Robin found it wonderfully simple, the step once taken. It was agreed that the officers of the law were to surround the cottage that night after its inmates were abed, all save Robin, who was to be sitting in the kitchen ready to open the door. No harm was to be done to the girl—and, indeed, the Preventive men knew enough of Cornish juries to know that Bendigo Keast himself would get an acquittal; but his claws would be drawn, which was all they wanted. Robin, unaware of this peculiarity of a Cornish jury, would have been considerably alarmed had he known of it. Bendigo free to revenge himself had not entered into the scheme of the man from up-country, where the law was a less individual matter.

“At ten o’clock, then, my man,” were the last words of the Preventive officer; but he added to his companion as they walked away: “The dirty double-mouth!” and the distaste of the official for the necessary informer was in his voice. “At ten o’clock,” echoed Robin, and then was aware of a quick rustling behind him—much the noise that a big adder makes as it heaves its way through a dry tuft of grass. The sun was already setting, and the glamorous light made vision uncertain, yet Robin thought he saw a movement of the gorse more than the breeze warranted. The bush in question was one of those which concealed an opening to the caves, and Robin pulled it aside and peered into the darkness. Silence and stillness rewarded him, and he swung his legs over and descended a little way. All was quiet and empty in that passage; he turned into another—that, too, was innocent of any presence save his. He went up through that exit, and, still uneasy, stared across the moor. If anyone—if by any chance Thomasin had been in the passage, she could have slipped out that way while he was entering by the other, and be out of sight by now. . . . The sweat sprang onto Robin’s brow. Then he took counsel with himself. There was no reason why Thomasin should be at the caves; nothing was doing there. It would be the most unlikely thing on earth, because neither she nor her father ever ran the unnecessary risk of

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going there between the cargoes. Robin knew this, and felt reassured—how, after all, could he imagine that Thomasin, sick at the reaction she felt in him, might have gone to re-gather force at the place where she had first felt him hers? . . . He thought over what he had said, and took still more heart when he remembered he had not said a word that showed a light holding of Thomasin; and that, he told himself, was the only thing a woman could not forgive. He felt it safe to count on passion as against the habit of a mere business partnership, which was all her relationship with her father had ever been. Dimly Robin was aware that all her spiritual life had gone into that partnership, into the feeling of her family against the world that had become an obsession with her until he had brought another interest into her life; but Robin Start would not have believed an angel from heaven who had told him that the habit of years could be stronger with a woman than a new passion. And, as regarded most women, Robin would probably have been right. Besides, it was impossible that anyone could have been there, and Thomasin was his. . . . He gave himself a little shake and set off to the cottage, and such was the force of his revulsion against a life of dangers and the sinister suggestiveness of the Keasts' muscular superiority, that he felt his heart lighter than it had been for months past. He was even pleasurably, though subconsciously, aware of the poignant beauty of the evening, and noted the rich shrilling of a thrush from the alders by the stream. It was one of those evenings when, for a few minutes, the light holds a peculiarly rosy quality that refracts from each sharply-angled surface of leaf or curved grass-blade; steeps even the shadows with wine-colour, and imparts a reddish purple to every woody shoot, from the trunks of trees to the stray twigs of thorn piercing the turf. Wine-coloured showed the stems of the alders, the lines of blackthorn hedges, the distant drifts of elms whose branches were still only faintly misted with buds. Beneath Robin's feet the purple self-heal and the yellow red-tipped blossoms of the bird's-foot trefoil borrowed of the flushed radiance till they seemed as though burning up through the ardent grass, and on the alders the catkins gleamed like still thin flakes of fire. The whole world for a few magic moments was lapped in an unharmed flame

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that had glow without heat, and through the gentle glory of it Robin went home.

At ten o'clock that night, with no lanterns to betray them, half-a-dozen Preventive men, followed by several of the leading men in the village, who had got wind of the affair and were eager to see the self-sufficient Keasts brought to book, all came up over the moor through the darkness. No light showed in the cottage as they neared it, but that was merely because the buttress, sweeping at right angles to the window, obscured it from the approach. The buttress once rounded, the men saw the light shining as Robin Start had promised. The officer motioned the others to stay quiet, and then—he was a mere lad, and eager to be in the first of everything—he tiptoed to the window and peered through.

Robin Start was sitting quietly in the armchair, a candle burning on the stool beside him. There was nothing alarming in that, yet the next moment the boy at the window stepped back with a great cry.

“He’s got two mouths!” he shrieked. “He’s got two mouths!”

Far out on the dark Channel father and daughter were drawing away in the *Merrymaid*, the rising wind and some other urgent thing at their backs, but the sense of justice done as their solace.

And in the cottage, his wrists tightly roped to the arms of the chair and his silky beard shaved away, sat Robin Start. The footlight effect of the candle eliminated all shadow under his sloping chin, making it seem one with his throat, and that was cut from ear to ear. For the only thing on which he had not calculated was that before such treachery as his, passion dropped like a shot bird.

The candle flame flared up as the last of the tallow ran in a pool round the yielding wick, and for one distorted moment the edges of the slit throat flickered to the semblance of a smile. Then the flame reeled and sank, and, spark by spark, the red of the glowing wick died into the darkness.

Spontaneous Generation: Its Reality and what it Implies

By H. Charlton Bastian

SOME of us can remember the storm of opposition which for several years followed the publication in 1859 of Darwin's epoch-making work, *The Origin of Species*. An absolutely new view was proclaimed therein altogether opposed to that which the orthodox world of Science had almost uniformly accepted; and this orthodox world is apt to cling to its old beliefs with just as much tenacity as do those who are, on the whole, less habituated to shape their beliefs in accordance with the weight of evidence.

Yet ultimately that work had an enormous influence in leading to the gradual acceptance of the doctrine of Evolution by men of science. The efficacy of "Natural Selection," great as it undoubtedly is and has been, as one of the means of bringing about through the ages the continued appearance of new species of animals and plants, is based upon many various considerations, and, by reason of this fact, is quite incapable of being submitted to any direct experimental proof. In this respect it is, therefore, altogether different from the problem which we are about to consider. The reality of the present occurrence of spontaneous generation is, however, just as generally repudiated now as was the notion, previous to the work of Darwin and Wallace, that species were mutable and not the result, in each case, of some special Creation.

The Doctrine of Evolution necessarily starts with a belief, as a mere postulate, that some of the simplest forms of living matter must have originally come into being upon the cooling surface of our Earth by purely natural causes; that there was no special Creation; that physico-chemical processes achieved the result—in other words, that so-

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called spontaneous generation, at all events, must have occurred then.

Our solar system is admitted to be but as a grain of sand in relation to the universe as a whole, in which, Simon Newcomb and other astronomers tell us, there may be hundreds or even thousands of planets circling round other of the multitudinous suns at stages in their history similar to that of our Earth either when it first or subsequently became fit for the development of life thereon. Percival Lowell's fascinating work, *The Evolution of Worlds*, tells us much concerning the stages that have to be gone through in order that such processes should be at all possible.

Throughout the Universe the spectroscope reveals identity of matter, and, as we know, different modes of energy are similarly present. F. Soddy says: "In the most distant stars the same elements exist as here, and the periods of the vibrations which cause them to emit light are identical with those of their terrestrial representatives." While, as Lockyer tells us, the elements are found in gradually increasing numbers and atomic complexity "as we come down from the hottest stars to the cooler ones"—facts assuredly of the utmost significance in reference to "inorganic" evolution, which must everywhere have been the forerunner of "organic" evolution. The birth of elements comes first, the birth of organisms much later.

It thus seems clear that the problem of the origin of life upon our Earth can only be regarded as pertaining to one small phase of the life-evolving processes that have probably been going on for ages throughout the Universe in multitudes of other planets. Evolution implies continuity and uniformity. It teaches us to look upon events of all kinds as the products of continually operating causes: it recognises no sudden breaks or causeless stoppages in the sequence of natural phenomena. In the absence of a belief in uniformity we could neither fathom the past nor illumine the future.

The time will doubtless come when it will seem incredible that leading scientific men should during two-thirds of the last century have been content to think that natural processes gave rise to the birth of living matter only in the very remote past, and that this process had not

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been continually repeated. Of course, Buffon, Lamarck, and other of the earlier philosophic naturalists, professed no such narrow views. Darwin did not even proclaim his belief in the *de novo* origin of the few living forms which he postulated as the commencement of life upon the earth. And though in 1868 G. H. Lewes ventured to say, in an article in the *Fortnightly Review*, that it was "consistent with the hypothesis of Evolution to admit a variety of origins or starting-points," I know of no prominent naturalist who in this country expressed any such belief. I was the unorthodox person here who, in 1872, expressed views in this respect similar to those of Haeckel and Nägeli: to the effect that spontaneous generation was still occurring, and had been a continually recurring process through the ages.

No such belief was ever expressed by Herbert Spencer, by Huxley, or by Tyndall, and certainly not by Pasteur, to whom even a belief in the original process would almost certainly have been repudiated—though this was postulated by each of the other three.

It was indeed the influence of the writings of these four scientists which, in the main, led in this country to the rejection of the supposition of any present occurrence of spontaneous generation. Yet of these neither Spencer nor Huxley ever published any experiments bearing on the question. The experiments of Pasteur on this particular subject were of a comparatively limited order, and to a large extent made with unfavourable media; while those of Tyndall led to the most contradictory results (see my *Evolution of Life*, 1907, pp. 211-228). Moreover, the experiments of Pasteur and Tyndall, as well as those of previous experimenters and my own during this period, were made with various solutions of organic matter.

The reader may well ask: Why should a belief in spontaneous generation have been so persistently rejected in modern times? One principal reason is to be found in the fact that from ancient times even up to the first third of the last century the doctrine had been erroneously supposed to apply even to higher forms of life, till it was conclusively shown that, if it applied at all, it could only apply, as might have been expected, to some of the very lowest forms of life. But, as we shall see later on, spon-

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taneous generation may be taking place all around us, and yet the initial steps of the process are such that they could never come within the observation of anyone.*

Processes that were invisible were believed, therefore, not to exist, and this negative view was further supposed to be rendered more reasonable by the assumption that there might have been, and probably were, some conditions existing at the time of the first appearance of life more favourable than those prevailing at the present day. Added to this, there was the invincible belief on the part of many that Life could not possibly have appeared otherwise than by an act of Special Creation; or else the desire to shunt the question, so far as this Earth was concerned, by supposing, with Lord Kelvin and others, that life came to us "on a moss-grown fragment from another world"—a futile supposition which has since been shown, for more reasons than one, to be absolutely untenable.

As I have said, all early experiments had been made with organic infusions of one or other kind. It was objected to these by Herbert Spencer, and also by Weismann, that such experiments could never be conclusive. Thus, the latter said, in order to prove the occurrence of spontaneous generation, "it would be necessary to try to find out from what mingling of inorganic combinations organisms could arise." There was some force in this objection, for, as Weismann added, "After the fiery earth had so far cooled that its outermost layer had hardened to a firm crust, and after water had condensed to a liquid form, there could at first only have been inorganic substances in existence."

Such considerations led me, as I have described in my work, *The Origin of Life*,† to make three long series of experiments with certain simple saline solutions (whose composition is fully described) enclosed in hermetically sealed tubes, which were subsequently sterilised, and then for several months either exposed to light, or to heat in an incubator warmed by electricity. The results of these experiments, made with all possible precautions, were so

* A full and learned history of the question from the earliest days to the present is to be found in the recent small work by Dr. Hector Grasset, entitled *Etude historique et critique sur les Générations Spontanée et l'Hétérogénie*, second edition, 1913, 4 frs. (Rousset.)

† Watts and Co., 1913, with 12 plates, containing 72 photomicrographs, 3s. 6d.

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convincing to me that, in spite of previous warning experiences, I ventured to submit an illustrated memoir on the subject to the Royal Society, only to learn soon after that it was "not considered suitable for acceptance by the Society." *Apropos* of this, I have lately seen an interesting statement in Prof. Judd's work, *The Coming of Evolution*, in which, writing of the publication of *The Origin of Species* spoken of as the "Abstract," he says (p. 129):

"For a time there was hesitation, as Darwin's correspondence with Lyell and Hooker shows, between the two plans of sending the 'Abstract' to the Linnean Society in a series of papers, or of making it an independent book. But Darwin entertained an invincible dislike to submitting his various conclusions to the judgment of the Council of a Society, and, in the end, the preparation of the 'Abstract' in the form of a book of moderate size, was decided on. This was the origin of Darwin's great work."

The kind of "Star Chamber" proceeding which goes on even when a Fellow submits a paper to the Royal Society (as I have indicated *loc. cit.*, p. 12) seems to call for some reform. It practically amounts to a distinct injustice when a worker's communication is submitted to referees who have never themselves done any similar work, and who, without reference to the author, may condemn it mainly because of their own strongly held preconceptions.

Since the publication in 1911 of the Memoir in question as the first edition of my book, which was based in the main on 196 experiments, a second edition has lately been issued containing a paper that was read to the Royal Society of Medicine last November, after I had performed a further series of 280 experiments. The twelve plates of the book contain photomicrographs of organisms—Bacteria, Torulæ, and very minute Moulds—that had been taken, after the lapse of many months, from the previously sterilised tubes.

Full details are given concerning the saline solutions used, the charging, sealing, and sterilisation of the tubes, together with the treatment to which they were subsequently submitted. In the latter paper there will also be found a full reply to various criticisms which had been advanced in reviews of the first edition of the book.

In the experiments of Pasteur and Tyndall they, like me with my saline solutions, trusted to what was known and well-established concerning the lethal influence of heat on living matter when immersed in fluids, and consequently

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to their ability to sterilise the solutions and vessels used. Then, if evidences of fermentation showed themselves within the experimental fluids, they were seemingly content to account for it as a result of some error; while their negative results impressed them so strongly that they were induced to favour a conclusion far wider than was warranted by their premisses, and to proclaim their belief that the present occurrence of spontaneous generation was a myth.

But if from the basis of their negative results they felt themselves warranted in proclaiming such a belief, how much stronger is my warrant for the opposite belief, looking to my long series of experiments, and the very numerous occasions on which, when opening tubes previously sterilised by far higher temperatures than they ever employed, I have taken therefrom, after months of exposure, undoubtedly living organisms—*though tubes of the same series opened as "controls" a few days after sterilisation have been free from them.*

My tubes and their contents have been submitted to temperatures ranging from 125° – 145° C. (257° – 293° F.) for five to ten minutes; or else, of late, after the manner of bacteriologists, and as advised by Tyndall himself, they have been heated to 100° C. for twenty minutes on three successive days.

The organisms found have been Bacteria, or more commonly *Torulæ* or other fungus-germs and rudimentary Moulds, but neither they nor the spores of Fungi are able to survive the three heatings to 100° C.* The great majority of Bacteria and *Torulæ* are, in fact, killed in a minute or two when immersed in fluids heated only to 60° C., or even for less than a minute to 100° C.

Yet, as detailed (*loc. cit.*, pp. 97, 98), I have been able to predict that *Torulæ* would be found in certain of my tubes when opened by Prof. R. T. Hewlett in the presence of different witnesses. Subsequently he has opened two others in which *Torulæ* were found in great abundance, as

* In a repetition of my experiments recently made in New York by Dr. Jonathan Wright he purposely inoculated the fluids in some of the tubes with the hay-bacillus, whose spores are regarded as capable of resisting heat better than any other bacterial form. The opening of such control tubes showed that the hay-bacillus had been killed by the three heatings.

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I predicted; and also one in which there were to be no *Torulæ*, but a minute Mould with very characteristic spores, which authorities at Kew were inclined to regard as a species of *Oospora*—though they admitted, in a letter in my possession, that they knew of no evidence entitling them to believe that the spores of that or of any other Mould could have survived the three heatings to which the tubes had been submitted eight or nine months previously. Since then I have opened two tubes at the Royal College of Science with Prof. Farmer, J.B., F.R.S., and Prof. V. H. Blackman, F.R.S., in one of which, as predicted, there were swarms of *Torulæ*, and in the other only the *Oospora*. While later still two of these tubes were opened at the Lister Institute with similar results, the two kinds of organisms being seen by the chief bacteriologist, Dr. J. C. G. Ledingham, and his two assistants, Drs. W. J. Penfold and J. A. Arkwright, as well as by the head of the Biochemistry Department, Prof. A. Harden, F.R.S., and his colleague, Dr. Hartley. The tubes were then left by me with Dr. Ledingham, in order that they might endeavour to obtain sub-cultures. These particular *Torulæ* have hitherto proved stubborn, though the *Oospora* germs had been seen to increase by Prof. Farmer, as they have also been seen to do by myself on several occasions.

The warrant enabling me thus successfully to predict in these and in other cases what would be found in the unopened tubes was the fact that I had previously opened sample tubes of the several series, and had found in some only *Torulæ*, and in others only very minute Moulds. And it must be regarded as a very significant fact that when organisms are found in one member of a series of tubes, each other member of that same series will be found to contain similar organisms.

I consider myself, therefore, warranted in saying that the present occurrence of spontaneous generation, or of Archebiosis, as I term it, has been proved; and I entertain no doubt that those who are repeating my experiments in this country, in France, and in the United States, will ultimately, *if sufficient care is exercised*, be enabled to confirm my results.

Let us look now at a few of the reasons which will

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still, in all probability, in the face of this evidence, lead many to remain sceptical.

There are first the very numerous people who are confirmed "Vitalists"—who regard "Life" as a separate principle, a kind of mysterious entity which enters in some way, nobody knows when or how, and dominates all the phenomena occurring in each living thing. With them I am not prepared to argue; many of them will probably be very long before they can realise the force of any evidence which tends to supplant their mythical entity by all-pervading physico-chemical processes.

If we turn, however, to those who are believers in the doctrine of Evolution, and who are prepared to admit in the far-distant past a natural origin of living matter, we may still find many who will be very unwilling to think that any such process is taking place at the present day. They will be influenced by various considerations. They may say it is contrary to the every-day experience of mankind—that nobody ever sees such a process taking place. Granted; and it is never likely to be seen. Even with the aid of the most powerful microscopes, the actual beginnings of the ultra-microscopic particles which subsequently grow into the particular organisms above referred to, or indeed into any other simple types of life, could never be witnessed.

Then, again, the very important work of chemists in synthetically building up even certain bodies pertaining to the protein group have led many to believe that the origin of life, if it is ever brought about experimentally, must be achieved in one of their laboratories. But, as I have elsewhere said (*The Origin of Life*, second edition, p. 94):

"Whatever the future researches of chemists may achieve in the way of synthetically building up the bases of protoplasm, when it comes to the demonstration of the production of actual living matter, they could never convince themselves or the world in general that they had succeeded in their quest till they were able to produce it under such restricted conditions as I have had to cope with in my experiments—that is, within hermetically sealed vessels which, with their contents, had previously been sterilised. They, like the biologist, would have to eliminate all pre-existing life and securely guard against contaminations, and what the chemist may then produce no one can say, though he is certainly never likely to produce living matter in tangible lumps, as recent vaticinations in regard to 'what the chemist is going to do in his laboratory' would seem to intimate. It may be safely affirmed that living matter, like crystalline matter, must

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always begin from a collocation of its elements, and then can only, after a time, reveal itself as minutest particles."

Further, against such a *de novo* origin of living matter as I believe to have occurred within my tubes, others will urge their own hypotheses and preconceptions. Some of them will, following H. Spencer, postulate not only long processes, but long lapses of time as needful for the original building up of chemical combinations which are ultimately to eventuate in the appearance of living matter, and will, moreover, assume that this originally took place only because of the existence of special conditions of a favouring nature that no longer exist.

But when we find that Bacteria and *Torulæ* can grow freely in a simple solution of ammoniac tartrate with sodic phosphate, the view seems forced upon us that the synthesis of living matter may be a much simpler and more rapidly achieved process than has been usually imagined, and that the originally evolved organisms need never have been in danger of starvation from lack of pre-existing proteid-like material. True, in the case above referred to, living matter is built up under the influence of "pre-existing protoplasm"; but the mystery attaching to this agency tends to disappear if, as evolutionists, we are compelled to believe that in the pre-existing protoplasm nothing but physico-chemical processes are at work. As Huxley said in his celebrated article on "The Physical Basis of Life": "What justification is there, then, for the assumption of the existence in the living matter of a something which has no representative or correlative in the not-living matter which gave rise to it?" Let suitable enzymes once be formed in the experimental fluids, and *they* may then do for the origin of living matter just what the enzymes contained within the Bacteria or *Torulæ* do for their growth and multiplication in the above mentioned saline fluid.

Others, again, object that these organisms are too definite and well known ever to have been products of spontaneous generation. They lose sight of the fact that the immediate products are ultra-microscopic particles; that the initial molecular combinations entering into their composition may vary much, but that the organisms which result are bound to have a definite form and nature, just as the initial combination of different crystals are bound

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to issue in definite forms, sometimes simple such as mere prisms, and at others highly complex, as when rhombic dodecahedrons appear. Herbert Spencer expressed such a view when in a well-known passage he said (*Principles of Biology*, Vol. I., Append., D.):

“As certainly as molecules of alum have a form of equilibrium, the octahedron, into which they fall when the temperature of their solvent allows them to aggregate, so certainly must organic molecules of each kind, no matter how complex, have a form of equilibrium in which when they aggregate their complex forces are balanced.”

And as evidence of the truth of this view we find that just as a damaged crystal will repair itself, so will sections of many of the lower organisms grow into the perfect form of their kind; while more complex organisms are still capable of restoring a lost limb or a lost tail. Even Weismann admits that if this power of repair and regeneration is dependent upon a primary property rather than upon one that has been acquired by natural selection, “there would be nothing for it but at least to regard the faculty of regeneration as a primary power of living creatures, and to think of the organism as like a crystal, which invariably completes itself if injured in any part.”

There seems no weight, therefore, to be attached to the objection against Bacteria and *Torulæ* as products of spontaneous generation because of their definiteness of form; and as for the objection formerly raised by Huxley that such products are not something altogether strange, but are similar to common and well-known organisms, this is an altogether one-sided objection which must disappear directly spontaneous generation has been proved. Because if such organisms can arise *de novo* under the very restrictive conditions that exist within our experimental tubes, all the more easily would they appear in the world outside, as they seem to have done through long geologic ages.

It will doubtless surprise many to learn that the researches of B. Renault and others have shown that different kinds of Bacilli and Micrococci have been found in animal and vegetal remains in the Triassic and Permian strata, in Carboniferous Limestone, and even as low as the upper Devonian strata.* Is it conceivable that such

* Ann. des Sc. Nat. (Bot.), 1896, II., pp. 275-349.

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variable living beings could retain the same primitive forms through all these changing ages? Is it not far simpler and more probable to suppose—especially in the light of the new experimental evidence—that instead of having to do with a case of unbroken descent from ancestors through all these æons of time, we have to do in the case of Bacteria and their allies with successive new births of such organisms as primordial forms of life—compelled by their different, but recurring, molecular constitutions to take such and such recurring forms, just as would be the case with successive new births of some different kinds of crystals?

And if we believe that Bacteria, *Torulæ*, and other related germs having the potentiality of developing into simple Moulds are constantly *originating* as well as multiplying all around us, there would no longer be any need to postulate the existence everywhere in the atmosphere of inconceivably numerous and varied germs, always ready suitably to tenant every new possibility in the way of site; even one which was non-existent a few years before—remarkable instances of which in the case of Moulds have been cited by Fée and also by Pouchet. To meet such requirements, the atmosphere ought to present itself as very far more crowded with germs of the most varied kinds than it has ever been found to be by the many persons who have most carefully examined it from this point of view.

Writing to Wallace in 1872, Darwin said (*Life and Letters*, Vol. III., p. 169): “I should like to live to see Archebiosis proved true, for it would be a discovery of transcendent interest.”

In order to bring out its full significance and interest, apart from what has been already said, we must look for a moment at the prevailing view concerning the origin of life on the earth which the doctrine of the continued occurrence of Archebiosis would displace, and then see which view would be most in accordance with well-known facts hitherto more or less difficult of explanation.

According to Darwin, “all the living forms of life are the lineal descendants of those that lived long before the Cambrian epoch”; a view which Huxley also expressed in almost similar terms when he said: “In view of the facts of geology, it follows that all living animals and

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plants are the lineal descendants of those which lived long before the Silurian epoch."

I pointed out in 1903 (*Studies in Heterogenesis*, pp. 325-332) that in regard to the forms of the simplest living things—whether of vegetal or of animal type—whose mode of increase is by simple fission, or, as Huxley aptly termed it, "discontinuous growth," no appeal need be made to heredity, since they "must be regarded as natural products resulting from their molecular constitution and the influence of environing forces, just in the same way that the forms of crystals are the results of their molecular constitution under the influence of their particular media."

Then, after calling attention to the importance of molecular composition even in reference to substances that are looked upon as elements, in which differences in the arrangement of their atoms suffice to produce what are known as "allotropic" states often widely differing from one another—the most familiar instances of which are to be found in carbon, sulphur, and phosphorus—I went on to refer to the fact that in compound substances a greater and greater possibility of change in molecular arrangement arises in proportion to their molecular complexity; in consequence of which we have, for instance, great multitudes of compounds spoken of as "isomeric" having wholly different properties, which are, nevertheless, made up of carbon, hydrogen, and oxygen in the same relative proportions.

More important still, in reference to our analogy, is the well-known fact that crystallisable substances often assume totally different forms under the influence of changes in external conditions, numerous instances of which are recorded in Watts's *Dictionary of Chemistry* under the article on "Dimorphism." Such differences in crystalline form are, moreover, often associated with remarkable differences in hardness, colour, and other properties.

Are we to suppose that transformations of this kind are limited to inorganic matter, and would not be exhibited where we have to do with great colloidal molecules such as enter into the constitution of living matter? Assuredly not. As Spencer pointed out in reference to these great compound molecules: "That very massiveness which renders them less mobile enables the physical forces acting on them

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more readily to change the relative positions of their component atoms [molecules]; and so to produce what we know as rearrangements and decompositions."

Some of these changes when taking place in lower organisms are held by those who believe in what Burdach termed Heterogenesis to give rise to transformations, either in whole or in part, leading to the appearance of organisms belonging to a totally different species. My definition of Heterogenesis is, in fact, "the production from the substance of organisms or their germs of alien forms of life," as when the substance of an encysted *Euglena* or of an encysted Ciliate becomes transformed into a brood of Monads, *Amoebæ*, or *Peranemata*; when similar organisms are produced from a Rotifer's egg; or when even Ciliated Infusoria are produced from large encysted *Amoebæ* or from the great eggs of a *Hydatina*.

It is impossible to say more than a few words here concerning the reality of Heterogenesis. I would, however, call the attention of sceptics to what is said on the subject in *The Origin of Life*, pp. 9-11, as to such an origin for *Amoebæ*; and, more especially to all that is said concerning the most remarkable instance known to me, namely, the entire transformation of the great egg of a Rotifer into the embryo of a monster Ciliate (*Otostoma*), as detailed in my *Studies in Heterogenesis*.* As to the reality of this transformation, photographs of which are shown, I entertain not the smallest doubt, as I have seen it occurring more than a hundred times under experimental conditions.

In Archebiosis we are concerned with the actual origin of living matter; while in Heterogenesis we have to do with transformations of already existing living matter. My belief, then, is that both these processes are now, and probably have been, continually recurring. Let us, therefore, see whether the old or the new view will best explain certain well-known and generally admitted classes of facts, it being understood that the view above expressed by Darwin and Huxley is that which is generally accepted at the present day.

The first important fact in favour of the new view is the *present-day existence of vast multitudes of lowest*

* For full references to this conversion consult the index under "*Otostoma*."

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organisms of all kinds. If all the forms of life that have ever existed upon the surface of the earth have been derived from the primordial forms which took origin by natural synthetic processes occurring only in an incalculably remote past, no adequate and consistent explanation would be forthcoming of the undoubted existence at the present day of swarms of lowest organisms of all kinds. Writing even in 1872 (*The Beginnings of Life*, Vol. I., p. xiii.), I said:—

“Would he [the Evolutionist] have us believe that the simplest and most structureless Amœba of the present day can boast of a line of ancestors stretching back to such far-remote periods that in comparison with them the primæval men were but as things of yesterday? The notion surely is preposterously absurd; or, if true, the fact would be sufficient to overthrow the very first principles of the Evolution philosophy.”

If it were really true that the lowest forms of life of the present day are lineal descendants of those produced in pre-Silurian times, then we could only expect that such forms would be the very types of conservatism and stability; whereas, as a matter of fact, all such organisms are rather the best types for showing easily-induced change and mutability.

Then, *the widespread distribution over the Earth of the lowest types of life* affords another test of the relative validity of the two views. I have always maintained that the intrinsic molecular composition and properties of the different varieties of living matter have much more to do with the forms and structures of lowest organisms than mere differences in their environment. Under the dominating influence of “organic polarity,” the several forms arising by Archebiosis and Heterogenesis seem to unfold into such and such simple organisms of common type.

The facts and arguments furnished by Heterogenesis coupled with Herbert Spencer’s views concerning “physiological units,” seem capable of affording a better explanation than has hitherto been forthcoming of the *sudden variations in higher plants and animals*, which are at times well known to occur—variations that have been spoken of as “discontinuous” by Bateson, and as “mutations” by De Vries. These phenomena are, perhaps, the nearest approaches possible among higher organisms to the still

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more marked heterogenetic transformations that are apt to occur among lower organisms.

We come next to various facts relating to higher organisms, and having reference not only to their distribution over the face of the earth at the present day, but also to the distribution of their fossil remains in the different strata constituting the crust of the earth.

The new views would seem to diminish to a considerable extent many of the difficulties at present existing in regard to the more limited *geographical distribution* of various higher plants and animals—difficulties which were said by Darwin to be extreme in many cases.

The new view also makes it comparatively easy to explain what seems inexplicable in accordance with the old view; I allude to what has been termed *the ancestral history of organisms from a study of their fossil remains*. It was formerly thought by geologists that rocks containing similar fossils were to be regarded as contemporaneous formations. But this view was traversed by Huxley in a celebrated presidential address to the Geological Society in 1862, wherein he advanced the strongest evidence showing that “similarity of organic contents cannot possibly afford any proof of the synchrony of the deposits which contain them”; and in illustration he said: “For anything that geology or palæontology are able to show to the contrary, a Devonian flora and fauna of the British Islands may have been contemporaneous with Silurian life in North America, and with a Carboniferous flora and fauna in Africa.” Nobody now contests these views, and if very similar faunas may be found imbedded in rocks whose formation has been separated by long-drawn ages, this must be antagonistic to the notion of only some one evolutionary progression. The facts are, however, much more possible of explanation if we are prepared to admit that there have been multitudes of independent evolutionary centres, with wide developments in and from them.

As G. H. Lewes well said, the link which unites all organisms “is not always the common bond of heritage, but the *uniformity of organic laws acting under uniform conditions*.” And if through all the life-evolving period of the history of our globe the progress of “organisation” seems to have been essentially similar (so that develop-

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ment may have many times gone along more or less similar lines), this seems readily explicable by the consideration that living things, both as regards their origin and their subsequent development, are the immediate products of ever-acting natural laws and material properties.

The truth of the new view is still more strongly shown by the explanation which it is capable of affording of the *fact of the existence of "persistent" types of life through long geologic ages up to the present day*. As Huxley and others have shown, this long persistence of similar organic forms has been met with both among animals and among plants of comparatively high organisations. Certain genera of Molluscs, for instance, are said to "have persisted from the Silurian epoch to the present day with so little change that competent malacologists are sometimes puzzled to distinguish the ancient from the modern species." This persistency is assumed by many to be due to the slow rate of change among such organisms, or to their having passed into a rigid (as opposed to a plastic) condition; and they would have us believe that such organisms have been perpetuating their kind, in the same likeness, through this long succession of geologic ages.

An excellent means of refuting this supposed explanation is fortunately open to us, seeing that a similar persistency, through many geologic ages, is known to obtain for two sets of very low organisms which are notorious for their high degree of variability. I refer to Foraminifera (chambered Amœbæ) and to Diatomaceæ.

Concerning the former animal organisms, Dr. Carpenter, one of the principal authorities concerning them, wrote: "There is no evidence of any fundamental modification or advance in the Foraminiferous type from the palæozoic period to the present day." Other authorities are in agreement with him, yet the variability of these organisms is extreme.

The reader will recall the very similar discovery in regard to Bacteria (p. 393). The same kind of history exists also in regard to the existence and the similarity of Diatomaceæ from the oldest known beds in the Ægina clay-marl (an upper chalk formation) to those that are to be found at the present day. Hooker, Pritchard, and other

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writers, moreover, bear witness to the cosmopolitan distribution of these organisms.

Are we to assume, then, that these and other low organisms to which reference has been made have had an unbroken lineal descent (without essential changes) through hundreds of millions of years since they first came into existence? This is the commonly received notion, but in view of the extreme variability of such organisms, and in face of the fundamental principles of Evolution, the supposition will probably to most persons prove absolutely incredible. Had lineal descent alone been the rule in past ages and up to the present day we might now fairly expect to find such evidence of this continuity as would be represented by *fixity of habitat*. This is, however, notoriously non-existent among the lower forms of life—striking instances of which have been cited in *The Nature and Origin of Living Matter* (1905, p. 305).

Persistence of low types of life, in fact, is much more explicable on the assumption of successive evolutions of more or less similar forms from similar starting-points, under the influence of ever-acting material properties or natural laws—the same in all times, however much or little the environing conditions may have varied from age to age.

Thus the continued existence of low types throughout the geologic strata from the Silurian system upwards; and among higher types the constant admixture of previously known forms with others altogether new will be found quite consistent with the notion of a continual surging up from below through all geologic time of freshly-evolved lower forms of life—representatives of which, as they become more and more highly organised, mix, in successive epochs, with those of their predecessors which still remain. Many of these trees of life, including all or most of their branches, may have died out during the many vicissitudes of the earth's surface, and the long lapse of ever fruitful ages—though the descendants of others, dating back perhaps to far distant epochs, may still survive.

It is only natural to expect, in accordance with these views, that while more or less similarity would be likely to exist between the lower forms of life which have appeared at different periods of the earth's history, more

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and more divergence would be encountered among such higher aquatic, aerial, or terrestrial types whose ancestors have lived through long geologic periods.

These latter views derive support from what is said by Cope in his work, *The Primary Factors of Organic Evolution* (1896), in which he dwells upon the fact "that the phylogenetic lines have not been continuous." He also says, "the point of departure of the progressive lines of one period of time has not been from the terminal types of the lines of preceding ages, but from points further back in the series." And again he says, "Many lines of variation have been at one geologic period and another discontinued."

The new views also have a very important bearing upon another problem of great speculative interest, namely, the question of *the time needful for the Evolution of all the Forms of Life that have ever appeared upon the Earth*. Most discordant views have been expressed upon this subject. Darwin was much distressed in 1869 by Lord Kelvin's view that only somewhere about thirty million years could have elapsed since the consolidation of the crust of the earth. This time limit has been considered altogether inadequate by geologists and biologists alike. The subject from the geologists' point of view was fully discussed by Geikie in a presidential address in 1899, when he considered that nothing short of one hundred million years "would suffice for that portion of the history which is registered in the stratified rocks of the crust," and, of course, very far longer periods would be needed for the total duration of life upon the planet. Poulton, three years previously, looking at the matter as a biologist and from a strictly Darwinian point of view, was compelled to make very much larger demands in regard to the time needed to account for the evolution of all the forms of life upon the globe from the Cambrian epoch upwards. No sort of unanimity has, therefore, hitherto existed upon this subject, which has been further complicated of late years by the discovery of radium and the uncertainty as to the degree of its possible connection with the problem.

It seems perfectly clear, however, that if Archebiosis has been continually in operation, the time necessary for the appearance of all the forms of life upon the earth would

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not be anything like so enormous as that which would be needed if the starting-points were limited to the Cambrian epoch and if "natural selection" were to be regarded as the main determining cause, seeing, as Darwin said, that "it can act only by very short and slow steps." Yet Weismann, Poulton, and others are implicit believers in this one cause, with its slow step-by-step progress, as the dominant evolutionary influence.

Only space for a few words remains concerning some important points, the belief in which, though not actually dependent upon the proof of the continued occurrence of Archebiosis, must be regarded as greatly strengthened thereby.

There is, for instance, the well-known mutability of Bacteria both in form and in function; the fact that their mere "discontinuous growth" puts heredity out of court; and therefore at once tends to show that the passage from one form to another under the gradual influence of changing media and other conditions is not only possible, but of actual occurrence. No abrupt line of demarcation separates the pathogenic from the non-pathogenic forms, for, as Lehmann and Neuman say in their *Principles of Bacteriology* (1901, p. 118), "We can understand and know the pathogenic varieties only if we study simultaneously the non-pathogenic, *from which the former have once originated and will always originate.*" The admission of this truth must soon become more general, and, as a consequence, there will be a demonstration of the untenability of ultra-contagionist doctrines in reference to the very many communicable diseases in which Bacteria play a prominent part.

It is far too much the tendency at the present day to speak as well as to act as if such diseases never appeared or started except as a result of infection or contagion from a pre-existing case—ignoring the possibility of *de novo* origins as a consequence of transformations of some non-pathogenic into actual pathogenic Bacteria, and thereby the establishment of cases of this or that form of disease, which may become centres of its spread to others. More diligent search should be made for the conditions of origin. It cannot be wise to be content with and to act only upon

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half-truths, rather than to strive to ascertain and act upon the whole truth. There are facts in abundance to show the need of this broader outlook.

Then let us turn to another very different subject. Living matter having had a natural origin resulting from physico-chemical processes (there being absolutely no evidence of any other operative influence); if, as we know, animal forms have arisen step by step of greater complexity, in which nervous systems more and more complex have also appeared; and if what we know as feeling or Consciousness exists only as a result and accompaniment of the activity of nerve tissues (all of which points must now be regarded as certain), then all conscious states, and mental phenomena generally, must be as dependent upon the properties and molecular activities of nerve tissues as magnetic phenomena are dependent upon the properties and molecular actions of certain kinds or states of iron. Magnetism does not exist as an entity, nor have we any knowledge of Mind or Life as independent entities. The word "Mind," in fact, is in the same rank with the word "Life"; neither represents anything existing of and by itself; both are merely general abstract names having very large connotations in regard to distinct classes of phenomena.

Feeling and Consciousness are no more capable of being dis severed from the physical conditions on which they depend, than is Magnetism or Heat to be dis severed from its physical conditions. To say that Heat is a mode of motion takes for granted the underlying fact that we cannot have motion except through a something which moves. Consciousness is also the result of a concert of molecular motions. But to show how these particular motions which underlie Conscious States arise, and how they again subside into more ordinary nerve actions, must from the very nature of the problem ever remain impossible.

For the Evolutionist the metaphysical conception of Mind as an entity should disappear, and with it all forms of "spiritualism." He who believes in Archebiosis, either once or repeated, if consistent, can believe only in mental phenomena as resulting from the action of nervous systems, and as having no existence apart therefrom. To speak of "mind acting directly upon mind," by way of so-called

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telepathy and other communications from the "Spirit" world, must be for him a barren form of words.

Proof of the continued recurrence of Archebiosis need not in the least influence any religious beliefs of Evolutionists who have already made up their minds as to the existence of such a process even only once in the past. If they are agnostics they may think with Herbert Spencer that "The consciousness of an Inscrutable Power manifested to us through all phenomena has been growing ever clearer," seeing that physical, chemical, and biological phenomena all compel us to believe that law and order universally prevail—that the modes of energy, in fact, which have led to the genesis of our Earth and all that has ever appeared thereon are operative, as we have every reason to believe, throughout the whole illimitable Universe.

The Lost Suburb

By J. D. Beresford

So brilliant a memory must surely be that of a thing seen, and seen in a moment of tense emotion. Other memories of childhood are almost equally clear; little, bright pictures that present themselves without mental effort and awaken curious happiness for which I cannot account. In all these memories there is a sense of unreal reality that has a quality of ecstasy; I do so very truly live in those scenes, yet my body is apart from them; I am there unhampered by any weight of flesh. I can experience, but I am free. This past is new to me as no common sight or feeling of hitherto unknown life is ever new; unless it comes strangely, as a thing remembered.

The great difference between this and other memories is that this one I cannot place. The others, I know, are certainly of scenes and acts in which I played long ago. In the almost unbroken monotony of the long reasoning hours, when the dull machinery of the mind works with its usual recognition of faint or laboured effort, I can recall the plain, stupid facts. I know what took place before and after those scenes; I could write their history. The kind of history that is written: what people said or did, what they wore or how they looked. There is no ecstasy in that, only the repulsiveness of facts, and again facts, and of a landscape or a human being reasonably analysed.

To such commonplaces I, too, must descend in order to set out the story of my unplaced memory—that story which I cherish as a record of my soul's experience, however banal. Not that this apparent, superficial banality is of the least account. The glorious truth for me is in the knowledge that I have trespassed among the mysteries of the outer world, that I have crept through the interstices of matter and walked in the spaceless, timeless present of the

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universe. My soul has returned to me and said, "I am thyself."

All this is proof to me and will be proof to none but me, but I put forward my three phases in order, ranging them in succession, at once chronological and logically sequential. So I come by way of memory and dream to the bald evidence of what we call reality.

I. MEMORY.

It is so slight a thing, and yet to me so full of an inexplicable joy. I must have been absurdly young, so young that only this one emotional picture impressed me, and all the business of movement, purpose, and sequence of life that should circumscribe the vision is forgotten.

I was looking out from a moving window, and reason tells me that it was probably the window of a four-wheeled cab. My mother was frightened to death of hansoms.

I think it must have been my first visit to London, though no record of such a visit remains, and doubtless my childish mind was thrilled with the joy of adventure into the untraversed mysteries of the suburbs about the great city. Yet one wonders why the things that must have appeared so bizarre to me have been forgotten; the first impression of streets and traffic, of great shop-windows, or the vastness of titanic buildings, while this one scene, less unfamiliar, should be so vividly remembered.

It may be that my exhilaration had reached some climax, and that for a moment I was one with life; or it may be that that spot held some definite relation to myself, a relation imperfectly traced, which cannot be explained.

I hesitated on the verge of attempted description, knowing the inner joy to be indescribable. To me the old magic returns, but the place to all others must appear as a hundred other places.

I saw the right side of the road more clearly, but I must have danced across the floor of the cab and seen a little of the left side, for I know something of that also, though less definitely. We were on the slope of a hill, and the houses on the right side stood above the level of the road. I could see little of the houses, however, for at the foot of their gardens was planted a thick row of balsam

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poplars—strong, healthy trees that were just come to full leaf and filled the air with their heavy-sweet perfume. The dusk was falling, and under the trees the shadows were so heavy that I could see nothing but the flicker of some white gate here and there. Then there was a break in the poplars. For ten yards, perhaps, came a low brick wall, coped with thin stone, and crowned with a poor iron rail carried on low cast-iron standards set far apart. The standards were cast in an ornamental shape, capped by a fleur-de-lys or some other misconception of the Early Victorian founders. A broken shrubbery of variegated laurel pushed discoloured leaves over and through the iron-work. The house I hardly saw; only one fact remains, it was chocolate-coloured. Perhaps I conceived that it was certainly built of chocolate. Then we were passing the poplars again, the heavily fragrant poplars that threw such deep shadows.

On the other side was a great wood, shut away from all discovery by a cliff of black fence incredibly high—higher than the roof of our monumental cab—and defended at the top by a row of vicious little crooked spikes, like capital T's with one arm broken away. In one place a pear-shaped branch of lilac overhung the fence. And all my memory of the picture goes to the sound of the crunch of new gravel and the rattling of a loose window.

That is all; little enough, and filled with no more of romance than can be found in any other new suburb, spreading out to encroach later on the old estate which fronted and repelled it on the left side of my road. But to me it has some special quality that mountain, cliff, or sea can never hold; and when, probably twenty years later, I came to live in London, I set myself to find that spot which had left so deep an impression on me.

I was tireless in those days, and I explored the suburbs from Catford to Barnet, from Leytonstone to Putney. Innumerable summer evenings I have spent in wandering happily through the wilderness of streets, bright and dull, that encircle the gloom of the essential London. And always as I went I was on the verge of the great discovery; the great hope was ever present with me that at the next turning I might find again my wonderland.

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II. DREAM.

In another twenty years I had failed to find it, and then for the first time my soul went there in a dream.

The dream began with confusion and foolishness. I was making my way, absurdly, through houses and enclosed places, passing through rooms full of people, down passages, across yards and over walls, seeking some plain, open street where I might walk unharassed by fears of intrusion and trespass. Quite suddenly I found myself flying; and then, the confusion vanished, the dream steadied, I came into reality.

I was walking in a familiar place, under the shadow of balsam poplars—the bright new flags of the pavement were sticky in places with the varnish of spilled gum from the trees, and daintily littered with shed catkins. The road was spotlessly neat, as a toy road, its red gravel freshly rolled and unmarked by a single wheel-track. Across the way a high tarred fence ran unbroken up the hill, and behind the fence were tall forest trees, elm, oak, and beech, their little newly-green leaves in brilliant contrast with the blackness of an occasional fir.

A familiar place indeed to me; but in my dream I had no recollection of my childish visit. My associations were older than that.

Thus I came by unrealised steps to the break in the poplars.

The house that lay back behind the waist-high wall, with its useless iron railing, was grotesquely out of place. On either side of it were detached suburban villas, big, high-shouldered houses of red brick with stone dressings and plain stone string courses—"blood and bandages" we used to call the style in my architectural days.

The house behind the dwarf wall was an anachronism, a square box, flat-roofed and stumpy; and some fool had painted its stuccoed straightness a dark chocolate. The plainness of its dingy front was relieved only by the projection of a porch, equally dour and squat, with two dumpy, bulging columns supporting a weak entablature; some horrible Georgian conception of the Doric order. All the face of that stucco box was leprous as the trunk of a plane-tree, the little bow-legged columns were nearly bare.

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The scrubby patch of grass and dandelions—hardly distinguishable from the weed-covered path—that lay between me and the house, contrasted no less sharply with the smooth lawns and bright flower-beds of its neighbours.

The road ran in a curve, the gardens tapered back from the pavement, the face of every house was set parallel with the tangent; and it seemed as if those ambitious villas on either hand turned a contemptuous shoulder to this square-browed little anachronism.

Square-browed and sulky it was, ashamed yet obstinately defiant, staring a resolute-eyed challenge at the prim ostentation of that smooth road of red gravel.

I was glad for the little house.

The road was deserted, the whole place silent as if one looked at the pictured thing rather than walked among the substance. But I was expecting someone, and presently he came, slinking furtive and apologetic from under the shadow of the scented poplars.

He wore a top-hat that showed in its weakest places a foundation of cardboard. His rusty frock-coat fitted him like a jersey, and the thick-soled boots below the fringe of his too-short grey trousers were the boots of a workman.

He nodded to me with a jerk of his head as he came out into the daylight, and fumbled with one dirty hand at his untidy beard.

"Still 'ere," he remarked. "We're clean forgot, that's what we are."

"No one comes along this road!" I said.

"Not with all the big 'ouses frontin' the other way," he added.

It was true. I had not noticed that, or I had forgotten it. One only saw the backs of those high-shouldered villas, ornamented though they were to turn some kind of a face to either road. Only my little house showed a front to this bright new gravel and the tall trees of the boarded estate.

And as the shabby man spoke to me, I heard for the first time a sound, very thin and far away, that came from the other side of the houses, the delicate, distant ring of voices and the tinkle of tiny laughter—but so remote, so infinitely removed from us.

"'E's still alive," continued the shabby man, pointing

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to the chocolate house. "I seen 'im a few days since—lookin' out o' window 'e was. . . ."

Again my mind took up the idea submitted. I could recover nothing for myself, but every least suggestion enabled me to gather up again some lost thread.

He was still alive, the figure of mystery and terror, fit occupant for that strange house. Yet I had never been afraid of that apparition which appeared sometimes at the window, the man who wore some repulsive, disfiguring mask across his face. I had had confidence in him. But if I felt thus, why did I call him a figure of terror? I listened again to the shabby man. He had been rambling on while my thoughts were building.

He said something about the "children always peerin' and pryin' up the lane. . . ."

I smiled, and turned slightly away from him. I saw them coming now. The road was waking slowly to life. I saw a little huddled group, the familiar group of children coming slowly towards us, keeping close under the shadow of the poplars. A little girl of nine or ten was playing mother to them, keeping them back, spreading out her skirts, like a little hen to guard her inquisitive, peeping chickens. She wore sandals, and little frilled white trousers that came down to her ankles. As they drew timorously nearer, creeping along the palings inch by inch, I could hear their sibilant whisperings, little cluckings and chirps of laughter, and half-smothered cries of affected terror.

Ah! to them he had been a figure of terror, though they could not restrain their curiosity, and, after all, they were safe. No one had ever known him to come out of the house.

As I watched the children, now drawing so near to us, I was on the verge of apprehension. Surely I knew that tall, thin child. I stared, and as I stared she and the others faded, and slipped from my comprehension. I knew they were still there, but I could no longer see or hear them. The whole scene about me had grown suddenly stiff and artificial, frozen and soundless; I had a sense of unreality and doubt. For one moment I fancied that I was flying again, and then I heard the thin, whining voice of the little shabby man, and came back to intensest realisation of my surroundings. The children had gone,

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but I could hear once more the tinkle of voices and little laughter beyond the houses.

"Over fifteen year, now, since he first come . . ." the little man was saying.

I had heard someone say that before. The memory of it was associated quite distinctly with the smell of the balsam poplars. But I dared not attempt to recall the circumstances. The shock I had just received had left me with the knowledge of my double consciousness. I must remain placid in the sense of my happiness; any effort of mind or conscious stimulation of idea would drag me back to my other life. I looked down at the pavement and gently rolled a green catkin to and fro under my foot. I listened attentively once more to the garrulous little man. I understood that he was glad to have someone to talk to. This was a lonely, unused road.

" . . . 'Aven't seen the little chap for the past day or two," he rambled on; "laid up again very like. . . ."

My heart leapt, and I repeated to myself, "calm, tranquil happiness." I rolled the catkin backwards and forwards under my foot. I knew of whom he was speaking now, and for an instant I had the sense of looking up to the face of the little man before me—I, who was nearly a foot taller than he.

"Very delicate," I suggested.

The little man shook his head sadly. "Can't live," he said, paused, and then repeated with morbid enjoyment, "Can't live. 'E's got the look."

I could not compose myself. The struggle had begun again, the effort to recall the past. I looked down at the catkin I had released, and saw that my leg was bare and that I had on my foot a white sock and a black, round-toed slipper; across the instep was a strap that fastened with a little round black button. I looked up quickly, and the shabby man had vanished. I was not afraid, but I was desperately eager to stay where I was. I reached up and grasped the iron rail on the low wall. I had to stand on tiptoe to reach the rail, and even as I grasped it, it rose high in the air, carrying me with it. I swung at giddy heights, and once looking down, I saw that the whole sky was ablaze with sunset. I could not bear to look down into that hot flame, and swung over on my back, still

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holding tight to the rail. Something was remorselessly calling me out of the depths of time, and I began to fall through enormous spaces. Gradually I lost all sense of movement. I was lying on my back staring at some huge white expanse. My arms were still above my head, gripping the iron rail that crowned the wall of the chocolate house. I was, in fact, in bed staring at the ceiling, and the rail was the rail of my bed. I knew that I had been lying intensely still. Even now I could not move.

The door opened, and an untidy head was pushed in.

"I've called yer three times a'ready," said the lodging-house servant. "It's past nine o'clock."

III. REALITY.

I did not go to the office that morning. I was too excited and too contemptuous of the meanness of life. I had had transcendental experience. I was exalted, superbly stirred and proud.

The glamour of that wonderful vision was still upon me, and I went out to find my lost suburb. I knew that I should find it that morning.

And to me, as I have said, the evidence is convincing, despite certain aggravating discrepancies which must, inevitably, I am afraid, induce doubt in other minds.

It was in south-west London, but I shall not indicate the precise locality. What use is it for people to go and stare at the outside of commonplace houses, as if some murder had been committed or some ghost seen there?

Even I had no thrill when I found the place; it was all so changed. The estate behind the tall black fence has all been cut up into trim streets of villas, of meaner pretension than that one crescent of comparatively large houses, which, by the way, are not letting well, although they are not nearly so large and imposing as I had imagined. The chocolate house has disappeared, but I can mark the place where it stood, because there is one house in the crescent which is narrower and smaller than the others. It matches the others in style and faces the same way, turning its white-streaked back to the meaner villas on the estate, but it has no poplars in its garden. The other poplars, however, were disappointing. They

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were thinner, many of them have died, no doubt; and those that remain have been pollarded and formalised. Moreover, it was late summer when I went, and they had lost their fragrance.

I shall not go there again; my suburb is lost, now, for ever.

If this were all, I should have a poor case, I admit; but I have better evidence than this, although there is some confusion of time which I cannot explain.

I had little difficulty in finding the house-agents, their boards leaned disreputably over many of the palings, thrusting their statements of eligibility at the road.

The young man in the spruce, bare office, however, was no use to me directly. His memory carried him back no further than a paltry three years, and his firm had only been established for seven.

He offered me keys and orders to view, and plainly regarded me with suspicion when I told him that I wanted to find out when one of the houses in the crescent was built.

"All modern requirements," he said, "bath, hot water. . . ."

"But surely," I interrupted him, "the houses in the crescent are not quite modern. They must have been there," I hesitated and then plunged, "at least seventy years." I thought of the little girl in the Early Victorian trousers and sandals.

The clerk pursed his mouth and shook his head. "Well, I can't say for certain," he said, "but I shouldn't think they'd been up as long as that. Anyway, they're all fitted with bath-rooms now, hot water upstairs, and every . . ."

"I don't want to take a house," I protested. "I'm sorry if I'm wasting your time, but I have a particular interest in one house, 'The Limes,' I think you called it. I—I—knew someone who lived there once."

"Sorry I can't be of any assistance," returned the clerk, coldly. He had plainly lost any interest in me, and he had never had much.

But as I turned to go out of the office he became human for a moment. "You're sure you don't want to take a house in the crescent?" he asked. "The Limes," it seemed, was not to be let.

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"Quite sure," I said, convincingly.

He hesitated, and then said: "Because if it's only information you want, there's old Hankin in the High Street, No. 69, a rival firm, of course, and if you were thinking of taking a house, you'd better come to us, but . . ."

I thanked him, and hurried away to find old Hankin.

His office was a small and dingy place, and old Hankin was a man of fifty-five or so; he wore a grey beard and spectacles. He was evidently not busy, but he regarded me with the professional distrust of the house-agent. I had some difficulty in breaking through his suspicion of the potential leaseholder.

"'The Limes,'" he said at last, looking at me over his spectacles, "was built about thirty years ago, just before I came into the business."

"You don't remember the house that stood there before?" I asked.

He pinched up his under lip between his finger and thumb, and continued to regard me very earnestly above his spectacles. "Making inquiries?" he asked, and his tone gave the phrase a technical savour.

"Only on my own behalf," I said. "I have heard rather a curious story of the place." I wished I could tell him the truth, but it was impossible. He, most assuredly, would never have believed me; so unreal is the world of fact.

He dropped quite unexpectedly into the confidential. "You see," he said, "I left 'ome when I was fifteen—ran away to sea." The ghost of a smile came into his eyes at the amazing thought that once he, old Hankin, the house-agent, had run away to sea.

I curbed my impatience—it was the only way. I allowed him to ramble on, pricking him with assumed interest and an occasional question, till I brought him home, at the age of twenty-seven, to a forgiving father in the house and estate agency business.

"And I suppose your father would remember the old house that stood in the crescent before 'The Limes' was built?" I prompted him.

He nodded. "He had some story about that 'ouse, if I remember right," said old Hankin.

THE LOST SUBURB

I waited, breathless.

"It was an old 'ouse as was burnt down," he went on, "but the story was about some queer customer as used to live there, back in the 'forties—before I was born, that was." He took off his spectacles and made a business of wiping them and peering at the glasses.

I looked my interest.

"I dunno whether the old man dreamt it or not, but he used to tell as the occupier was a hermit or a miser or what not, and was wanted for some old debt. Shut hisself up in the 'ouse, so the old man used to say, and never put his 'ead out o' doors by daylight for fear of distraint. Free'old, the 'ouse was. There wasn't no road at the back then—what's now the front, of course—and only the lane, Granger's Lane, on the other side. The 'ouses in the crescent was built in 'seventy-nine."

"You're sure of that?" I asked.

He nodded. "We got the plans in the office somewhere," he said, and looked round at the muddle about him a little helplessly.

"Never mind the plans," I soothed him. "Was there any more about that miser in the old house?"

He wrinkled his forehead. "There *was* something amusin' about him," he answered, "but I forget the rights of it. To the best o' my recollection, the old debt as I was referring to had been given up long ago by the creditors, but there was some old bailiff or debt collector who'd been offered a commission on recovery, and he was the only one who remembered it. Used to hang about the place in the evenin's sometimes after his ordinary work. Something o' that kind. The old man used to make a story of it, I know, but 'e's been dead this twenty year."

That was all I could get out of old Hankin, and so far I have not been able to corroborate a single other detail.

Now that all the essential facts have been put on paper, I am moved by a sense of impatience. I lived for a time on such a high plane of emotion, I was so sure that inspiration had been given to me; but now, as I examine the evidence, coldly and reasonably, a doubt insinuates itself, some reflex of the doubt that I anticipated in other minds before I began to write.

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There was certainly some confusion of time in my dream. Those large villas were not built, nor the ground cleared when that odd little speculating bailiff used to take his evening patrol in the hope of one day being able to serve the writ he doubtless carried in the breast-pocket of that tightly-fitting frock-coat. They were not built when those children crept, giggling and half-scared, under the shadow of the poplars, nor when that one little boy, who was not afraid and who was so sure to die, walked—who knows?—into the very garden, perhaps even into the house itself. That thought sets me trembling with wonder and eagerness again. If I could but dream once more, and remember if I was ever inside the house. . . .

I grant the confusion, but on that plane of being, after all, time is not, and my own childish vision of the place in this life—the houses were newly-built then—may have created on that other plane a setting which, according to our measure, was an anachronism.

One further point I am very loth to cede: the question of my fragrant poplars. According to Aiton, *P. balsamifera* was introduced into England at the end of the seventeenth century, and it is now commonly grown in suburbs; but is it likely to have been found on waste ground in 1840? I can only say that it is not impossible. I do not know that there may not have been older houses fronting Granger's Lane, before the villas came.

I end where I began by saying that the memory, the dream, and my subsequent investigations are evidence to me, if they carry no weight with others. The vision has come to me and left me changed. I have touched a higher plane of being, and all my old materialistic doubts are gone, never to return. This one thing I have learned, and to that I shall always be able to hold: Reality lies within ourselves, not in the things about us.

The Correspondence of Friedrich Nietzsche with Georg Brandes

Authorised Translation by Beatrice Marshall

“Die Schlange welche sich nicht häuten kann geht zu Grunde. Ebenso die Geister welche man verhindert ihre Meinungen zu wechseln—sie hören auf Geist zu sein.”

The snake which cannot cast its skin perishes. In the same way the mind which is prevented from changing its opinions ceases to be a mind.

NIETZSCHE (*Morgenröthe*).

FROM early boyhood Nietzsche was a prolific and brilliant correspondent. His letters fill eight volumes in German, and have, with his other works, been most ably edited at Weimar. No selection of these letters has as yet been added to the now otherwise complete and excellent English translation of Nietzsche (published by Foulis and Co., and edited by Dr. Oscar Levy), though perhaps none of his books throws more illuminating side-lights on the evolutions of his extraordinary and complex mind than his deeply interesting correspondence.

The earlier letters written to his mother and sister, school comrades, and friends of his university days are delightfully fresh and spontaneous. They abound with a fervid enthusiasm for the classics, art, and music, and are often characterised by great warmth of affection and a playful humour. Here and there, in piquant contrast to the Teutophobia into which Nietzsche lashed himself during his last phase, are charming touches of that “blue-eyed, blond-haired” *Gemüthlichkeit* which is so inexpressibly and untranslatably German. We find, for instance, in Nietzsche’s letters of youth and adolescence the man whose very name to-day is associated by the superficial with nothing but a hard, cold, lofty egoism and pitiless ferocity attaching the most serious importance to the domestic festivals of Christmas and the celebration of birthdays.

Long after the age when one is supposed to put away childish things he was in the habit of sending home lists of little presents that would be useful to him, and asked his “Lama” (as he

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nicknamed his only sister) if she was not looking forward with terrific excitement to Christmas. "*Freust du dich nicht entsetzlich auf Weihnachten.*"

What, again, could be more German in its romantic sentiment than Nietzsche's glowing David and Jonathan friendship with the young Greek philologist, Irwin Rohde, to whom he poured out his "*tiefstes Innerste*," in wonderful letters for a period of more than twelve years? Rohde sat with Nietzsche at the feet of Wagner, and shared his enthusiastic admiration for the master of musical drama, yet, strange to say, it was not Nietzsche's apostasy from Wagner that caused a lasting breach between the friends, but a trivial difference of opinion about Taine.

The following letters which passed between Nietzsche and Georg Brandes, the eminent Danish litterateur and famous Continental critic of Shakespeare, belong to Nietzsche's last and most anti-German phase; the time when his magnificent intellect though on the eve of eclipse was at the height of its productivity and in the zenith of its splendour.

One after the other those later writings with their picturesque, suggestive titles were struck off hot from the forge of his fiery brain as if he had some premonition of the coming catastrophe, and wished to work while "it is called to-day" before the darkness of eternal night overtook him. . . . In loneliness and isolation, deprived of the society of his beloved sister, estranged from those with whom he had once been knit in bonds of close and romantic friendship, Nietzsche eagerly caught at the hand of goodwill held out to him from Denmark.

The friendly relations between these two distinguished men began in the autumn of 1887. But already in 1883 Nietzsche had heard of Brandes' interest in his work, and in the summer of 1886 a mutual acquaintance had told Nietzsche at Sils-Maria that Brandes had been making eager inquiries about him, and denouncing the German friends who ignored his books. This led to Nietzsche sending Brandes a copy of *Beyond Good and Evil*, afterwards followed by the *Genealogy of Morals*, which Brandes acknowledged with the first of the delightful letters given here.

"I can truly say," Frau Förster-Nietzsche writes in her notes to this correspondence, "that these letters were the one bright spot in my brother's life during the winter of 1887 and 1888. I never hear the name of Georg Brandes without tears of gratitude springing to my eyes. It was just when my brother was in absolute despair of finding anyone who would take him seriously or understand what he meant for the world that Brandes through his letters and even more through his lectures at the University of Copenhagen, showed that there was one man at least who was aware of the value and importance of this new philosophy and felt the strong necessity of bringing it to the notice of others."

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Many years were yet to elapse before the University professors of Germany were to prove wise in their generation and courageous enough to lecture on Friedrich Nietzsche. But now the time has come when nothing draws such large crowds to the class-rooms as lectures on the Transvaluation of Values. All honour is due, then, to Brandes, who recognised, before it was too late to give the philosopher pleasure by his recognition, the vast and far-reaching significance of Nietzscheanism.

TRANSLATOR.

LETTER I.

BRANDES TO NIETZSCHE.

COPENHAGEN, Nov. 26th, 1887.

DEAR SIR,

A year ago your publisher sent me your interesting work, *Beyond Good and Evil*, and in the same way I have recently received your newest book. Besides these I have in my possession another book of yours, *Human, all too Human*. I had just sent the two former volumes to the bookbinder when *The Genealogy of Morals* came to hand, so I have not been able to compare it with the others as I intend to do.

I hope by degrees to read everything of yours very carefully. This time I feel that I must express my sincere thanks to you for your gift. I consider it an honour to be known by you, and to be so known that you wish to win me for a reader. Your books bring me in touch with a new and original mind. I do not yet altogether understand what I have read, nor do I exactly grasp your drift. But there is a great deal at first sight with which my own views are in sympathy, such as the underrating of ascetic ideals, the deeply-rooted aversion to democratic mediocrity, and your aristocratic radicalism. Your scorn of a morality of pity is not yet quite clear to me; nor was my line of thought completely at one with yours in your generalisations on Woman as a whole in the other book. You and I are so differently constituted that I experience some difficulty in getting at the back of your thought. In spite of your universality, you are very German in your method of thinking and writing. You are one of the few people with whom I should enjoy a talk.

I know nothing of you personally. I am astonished to see that you are a Professor and Doctor, and I congratulate you on being intellectually so little of the professor. I am equally ignorant of how much you know about myself. My writings merely attempt the solution of certain modest problems. The majority of them only exist in Danish. I have not written in

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German for several years. My best public, I believe, is among the Slav nationalities. I lectured two years running in the French language at Warsaw, and this year in St. Petersburg and Moscow. Thus I endeavour to avoid the grooves of my native country. Though no longer young, I am still one of those men who are devoured by a passion for learning and an insatiable hunger to know everything there is to know. You will never find me, for this reason, unopen to argument, however little I may be able to think and feel with you. I am often stupid, but I am never in the least biassed.

Let me have the pleasure of hearing from you if you think it worth while to write.

Yours gratefully,

GEORG BRANDES.

LETTER II.

NIETZSCHE TO BRANDES.

NICE, *Dec. 2nd*, 1887.

MY DEAR SIR,

To number a few readers whose opinion I esteem and to have no other readers is exactly in accordance with my wishes. But as far as the last part is concerned, I see that it is never likely to be fulfilled. All the more fortunate am I in that "*Satis sunt pauci*," the *pauci* are not lacking, and never have been lacking.

Among those of them living (to name the ones you will know) are my distinguished friend Jakob Burckhardt; Hans von Bülow, H. Taine, and the Swiss author, Gottfried Keller; among the dead are the old Hegelian Bruno Bauer and Richard Wagner. It is a genuine pleasure to me to know that a good European and apostle of culture like yourself wishes to be of the company. I thank you from my heart for this expression of your goodwill.

Naturally it will involve you in perplexities. I do not doubt myself that my writings still in some degree are "very German." You will feel this all the more strongly, spoilt as you are by your own free and Gallically graceful art of expressing yourself (a genial art compared with mine). In my vocabulary many words have become encrusted with alien salts, and in consequence taste differently to my own palate from what they taste to my readers'. In the musical scale of my own experience and circumstances the balance has been on the side of a rare, thin, distant pitch as opposed to the normal average. And to speak as an old musician, which I actually am, I have a fine ear for

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crotchets. Finally, what makes my books obscure is my distrust of dialectics, even of arguments. It seems to me that what a man already believes or does not yet believe to be true, depends rather upon his courage and the degree of his courage. (I have seldom the courage to face what I really know.)

The phrase which you make use of, "aristocratic radicalism," is very good. It is the most illuminating, if I may be allowed to say so, that I have ever read with regard to myself.

I hardly dare contemplate how far this method of thinking has carried me or will yet carry me in the realm of thought. But there are roads which once started along permit of no turning back. So I continue to go forward because I must go forward.

My Leipzig publisher shall send you all my earlier books *en bloc*, that nothing be left undone on my side to simplify your entry into my subterranean vault, in other words, my philosophy. Especially would I recommend you to read all the fresh prefaces. (The books are nearly all new editions.) These prefaces read consecutively may perhaps throw light on me, provided that I am not darkness itself and dark to myself, *obscurissimus obscurorum virorum*, which is quite possible.

I wonder if you are musical. A choral work of mine with orchestra is just being published, called "A Hymn to Life." * It is designed to go down to posterity as my "musical remains," and to be sung in my memory, if enough of me is left to be remembered. You see on what posthumous prospects I am existing. A philosophy like mine resembles a tomb. One lives in it no longer. *Bene vixit qui bene latuit* is written on the grave of Descartes. That is an epitaph with a vengeance.

I, too, wish that we could meet.

Yours,

NIETZSCHE.

N.B.—I am staying this winter in Nice. My summer address is Sils-Maria, Upper Engadine, Switzerland. I have given up my Professorial Chair. I am three parts blind.

LETTER III.

BRANDES TO NIETZSCHE.

COPENHAGEN, Dec. 15th, 1887.

DEAR SIR,

The last words of your postscript are those which left the deepest impression on me in your letter. You suffer from eye trouble. Have you consulted the best oculists? It changes the

* This interesting musical composition of Nietzsche's is to be found in the appendix to the recently published translation of his "Ecce Homo."—
TRANSLATOR.

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whole psychic aspect of life if a man does not see well. You owe it to all who respect and value you to do the utmost for the preservation and improvement of your sight.

I have postponed answering your letter because you mentioned the sending of a present of books, and I should have liked to thank you for these at the same time. But as the parcel has not yet arrived I will write a few lines to-day. I have got your books back from the bookbinder, and though I am busy preparing lectures and have all kind of literary and political work on hand I have snatched as much time as I possibly could to plunge deeply into their contents.

Dec. 17th.

You may call me a good European if you like, but I am less willing to be dubbed an "apostle of culture." All apostolic mission-work has become to me an abomination; I am acquainted with only moralising missionaries, and I am afraid that I am not altogether orthodox in my belief as to what is understood by culture. Is there anything at all inspiring in our culture taken as a whole, and who can conceive of an apostle without inspiration? You see that I am more isolated than you think. As for being German, I simply meant that you write for yourself, and in writing think more of pleasing yourself than of pleasing the great public, while the majority of non-German writers have to force themselves into a sort of stereotyped style which may be clearer and more plastic, but tends to become shallow instead of deep. It necessitates the author's keeping his best and most intimate self for himself alone. I am often appalled at how little of my inner self is more than merely indicated in my writings.

I have no real understanding of music. Sculpture and painting are the arts of which I have some idea, and to which I owe my deepest artistic impressions. My ear is undeveloped. That it is so was a great grief to me in my youth. I once played a good deal, and for several years studied theory, but without any success. I am capable of enjoying good music very thoroughly, but am one of the uninitiated.

I fancy I trace in your works certain points of agreement in our tastes, a preference for Beyle,* for example, and for Taine; I have not seen the latter for seventeen years. I don't know whether I am quite so charmed with his work on the Revolution as you appear to be. To him it is a lamentable upheaval, an earthquake that gives him copy for harangues and jeremiads.

I made use of the phrase "aristocratic radicalism," because it expresses so precisely my own political convictions. But it rather hurts me to find in your writings that you dismiss such phenomena as Socialism and Anarchism with summary violence.

* Henri Beyle, the novelist who wrote under the pseudonym of Stendhal.—TRANSLATOR.

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There is nothing stupid, for instance, in the anarchy of a Prince Kropotkin. The name, of course, counts for nothing.

Your intellect, so dazzling as a rule in its brilliance, seems to me to fall short when truth is to be sought in the nuances of a subject.

Your reflections on the origin of the moral idea are of the deepest interest to me. To my delighted amazement you share a certain resentment that I harbour for Herbert Spencer. He stands, with us, for the God of Philosophy. One distinct advantage these Englishmen generally possess is that their unsoaring mind shirks hypotheses, while on the other hand hypothesis has lost German philosophy the command of the world. Is there not much that is hypothetical in your notion of caste distinctions as the source of various moral ideas?

I know Rée whom you attack; I met him in Berlin. He was a quiet man, and in his way a distinguished personality, but he had a somewhat dry and limited brain. He lived (according to his own account purely on platonic terms) with a quite young and very intelligent Russian woman, who a year or two ago published a book, *Der Kampf um Gott*, which, however, could give no idea of her really fine gifts. I am looking forward to the arrival of the works you promise me. I shall be glad if you do not lose sight of me in the future.

Yours,

GEORG BRANDES.

LETTER IV.

NIETZSCHE TO BRANDES.

NICE, *January 8th*, 1888.

DEAR SIR,

You should not repudiate the expression "apostle of culture." How can anyone be such a thing in these days more than by making a mission of his unbelief in culture? Does it not imply a degree of self-knowledge and self-conquest which to-day is culture itself to have realised that our modern culture is a monstrous problem, and not by any means a solution?

I am at a loss to understand why my books haven't yet reached you. I will not fail to give them a reminder at Leipzig. These publishing gentlemen at Christmas-time are apt to lose their heads. In the meantime may I be permitted to convey to you an audacious and unique document over which no publisher has yet the control, an *ineditum* that belongs to the most personal stuff which I am capable of producing. It is the fourth part of my *Zarathustra*. Properly speaking, its title in relation to what has preceded it and is to follow should be

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Zarathustra's Temptation; an Interlude. Perhaps this will be the best answer to your question concerning my problem of pity; besides, it will serve the purpose of a secret door which opens up a gangway to me, always providing that he who passes through the door has *your* eyes and ears.

Your treatise on Zola, like everything I know of yours (the last by you that I have read is an essay in the *Goethe Year-Book*) reminds me most pleasantly that you have a natural bent for every description of psychological optics. When you calculate the difficult sum of the *âme moderne* you are just as much in your element as a German *savant* when he attempts it is out of his. Or it may be, your opinion of present-day Germans is more favourable than mine. To me it seems that year after year, with regard to *res psychologicis*, they become ever clumsier and more angular (the exact opposite of the Parisians, who are all nuances and mosaic work), and so all profound events escape them. Take, for example, my *Beyond Good and Evil*. What bewilderment it has caused them. I have not heard of a single intelligent utterance about it, much less of an intelligent sentiment. I believe that it has not dawned on the most well-intentioned of my readers that here is the outcome of a sane philosophic sensibility, and not a medley of a hundred outworn paradoxes and heterodoxies. Not a soul has experienced the same sort of thing as I have. I never meet anyone who has been through a thousandth part of the same passionate struggle. An Immoralist, forsooth! It conveys nothing to anybody.

By the way, in one of their prefaces the phrase *Document humain* is claimed by the Goncourts. Yet for all that, Taine may still be the original coiner thereof. You are right about "harangues and jeremiads," but that kind of Don Quixotism belongs to all that is most honourable on the face of the earth.

With expressions of my highest regards,

Yours,

NIETZSCHE.

LETTER V.

BRANDES TO NIETZSCHE.

COPENHAGEN, Jan. 11th, 1888.

DEAR SIR,

Your publisher has apparently forgotten to send me your promised books. But I have received your letter to-day, and thank you for it. I venture to send you in proof (because, unfortunately, I have no other copy at hand) one of my books, a collection of essays intended for exportation abroad, so for that reason not my best wares. They date from different periods,

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and are all too full of chivalry, praise, and idealism. Never in any of them do I give voice wholly to my true opinions. The essay on Ibsen is the best, but the translation of the verses which was done for me is unfortunately wretched.

There is a Northern writer whose works would interest you if they were but translated, Sören Kierkegaard. He lived from 1813 to 1855, and is in my opinion one of the profoundest psychologists to be met with anywhere. A little book which I have written about him (the translation published at Leipzig in 1879) gives no exhaustive idea of his genius, for the book is a kind of polemical tract written with the purpose of checking his influence. It is, nevertheless, from a psychological point of view the finest work I have published. The essay in the *Goethe Year-Book* was, worse luck, made a third shorter because the space had been reserved for me. It is better in Danish for that reason. If by any chance you read Polish, I will send you a little book which I have published only in that language. I see that the new *Rivista Contemporanea* of Florence has an article of mine on Danish literature. Pray don't read it. It is full of the most exasperating blunders, being translated from the Russian. I consented to its being translated into Russian from my French text, but I was unable to supervise the translation. So now it appears from the Russian in Italian with fresh absurdities, among other errors, always G for H in names because of the Russian pronunciation. It rejoices me to think that you can find anything useful in me. For the last four years I have been the best hated man in the North. The newspapers rage furiously at me every day, especially since my last long feud with Björnson, in which the moral German press has without exception taken sides against me. You may know his ridiculous drama, *The Gauntlet*; his propaganda for the chastity of men, and his compact with the female advocates of equality of the sexes. Anything of the kind was, of course, unheard of here before. In Sweden these shrieking viragoes have formed leagues, and take vows that they will only marry "virginal men." It strikes me that they will get their husbands guaranteed like watches, but with the future guarantee left out. The three of your books which I know, I have read over and over again. There are a few bridges that connect my inner world with yours, such as Cæsarism, hatred of pedantry, the appreciation of Beyle, &c., but for the most part it is all foreign to me. Our experiences seem to have been as wide as the poles asunder.

You are of all modern German authors, without a doubt, the most suggestive and worth reading. As for German literature, I cannot think what is the matter with it! It seems as if all the finest brains must be absorbed by the Army Staff or have gone into politics. The whole manner of life and all your institutions

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promote among you the most ghastly uniformity and even authorship seems to be asphyxiated by publishing.

With sentiments of honour and regard,

GEORG BRANDES.

LETTER VI.

NIETZSCHE TO BRANDES.

NICE, *Feb. 19th, 1888.*

DEAR SIR,

You have put me in your debt in the most agreeable way possible with your treatise on the idea of "modernity." For during this very winter I am circling round the question which stands in the first rank as one worthy of consideration. I am trying to the best of my ability, in as unmodern a way as can be, to take a very cursory bird's-eye, retrospective survey of things modern. I admire—let me confess it—your toleration in criticism and your reticence in judgment. How you "suffer the little ones to come unto you," even Heyse.*

I intend on my next journey into Germany to tackle Kierkegaard's psychological problems, and to renew my acquaintance with your older literature. That will be of use to me in the best sense of the word, and will serve to cajole my own critical harshness and arrogance into a good temper. Yesterday my publisher telegraphed to me that he had sent off the books. I will spare you and myself the explanation of why this has come to pass so late in the day. Make the best of a bad business, my dear Sir. I mean of this Nietzschean literature.

For my part I rather fancy that I have given these "New Germans" the richest, most vital, and independent books that they possess, and at the same time I claim that my personality stands for a supreme event at the present crisis in our estimating of values. But this may be an error, and, what is more, a piece of crass stupidity. I don't want to be forced to believe in myself.

A few remarks now relating to my first-born work (*Juvenilia and Juvenalia*). The pamphlet against Strauss, a malicious "making merry" on the part of an extreme free-thinker at the expense of one who imagined himself to be a free-thinker, stirred up a tremendous scandal. At that time I was already *Professor ordinarius*, despite my tender age of twenty-seven years, and in consequence a kind of authority, something recognised, as it were.

The most ingenuous account of this controversy in which

* Paul Heyse, a veteran German dramatist, writer of *Novellen*, popular in the last century.—TRANSLATOR.

CORRESPONDENCE OF NIETZSCHE

every notability took part for or against me, and over which an enormous quantity of ink was spilled, is in the second volume of Karl Hillebrand's *Zeiten, Völker und Menschen*. The head and front of my offending was not so much that I held up to ridicule the exploded machinery of an amazing method of criticism, but that I should catch out German taste in a flagrant and compromising lack of taste. Teutonic taste had, in spite of all religious and party differences, been unanimous in admiration of Strauss's *Old and New Faith*, pronouncing it a masterpiece of acuteness and freedom of thought, and even of style. My pamphlet was the first attack on German culture, that culture which it was boasted had conquered France. A phrase of mine, "Culture-philistine," survived the thrusts of violent polemical controversy, and has taken root in the language. The two essays on Schopenhauer and Richard Wagner represent, it appears to me to-day, more self-confessions, above all, more avowals of self, than any real psychology of those masters who were both related to me as intimately as they were antagonistically. I was the first to distil, as it were, out of them both, a kind of unity. At present this superstition is very much in the foreground of German culture. All Wagnerites are disciples of Schopenhauer. It was quite the other way when I was young. In those days it was the last of the Hegelians who rallied round Wagner. And "Wagner and Hegel" was the battle-cry of the 'fifties.

Between *Thoughts out of Season* and *Human, all too Human* there lies a crisis and a skin-casting. Moreover, I lay physically for years at the gates of death. This was, positively, a great piece of good fortune. I forgot myself, lived myself down. And I have accomplished the same feat a second time. Thus it comes about that you and I have exchanged courtesies. I think we are a pair of wanderers in the wilderness who are glad to have met each other.

With true regards, I remain,

Yours,

NIETZSCHE.

(*To be continued.*)

The Truth About White Slavery

By Teresa Billington-Greig

THE Criminal Law Amendment Act of 1912 was carried by stories of the trapping of girls. The sudden clamour for legislation to which that Act was yielded was created almost entirely by the statement that unwilling, innocent girls were forcibly trapped; that by drugs, by false messages, by feigned sickness, by offers of or requests for help and assistance, girls were spirited away and never heard of again; that these missing girls, often quite young children, were carried off to flats and houses of ill-fame, there outraged and beaten, and finally transported abroad to foreign brothels under the control of large vice syndicates.

There have been so many of these stories, and in nature they have been so disturbing that thousands of simple souls have been filled with alarm and dismay, a fierce wave of anger has been evoked leading to a re-introduction of flogging, and Parliament, the pulpit, and the press, the three chief public agents of irrational emotion, have all responded to the sense of horror called forth. Without this campaign of terrible tales the public would not have been moved, without it the House of Commons would not have re-introduced the barbarity of flogging. For it served to drive out of the national mind the proved commonplace that the law is of very little value in the underworld of sexual trading. The law and the policeman have been shown by long experience to have no educative and little preventive power. It has been established that the more severe you make your deterrent punishment the more cunning and subtlety you develop in those who have to evade it.

Hence the ordinary citizen who detests exploited prostitution has no unbalanced desire for legislation at any price. He, or she, is prepared to face the inescapable

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truth that the causes of this evil cannot be touched by law, however perfectly conceived, however perfectly administered. Those who are obsessed by a frenzy for legislative measures achieve contentment—and futility. The slow way is the only way of advance here: education, a changed social outlook, a gradual reorganisation of economic conditions, these may remove such causes as are within our control. And not the wisest of us can prophesy but that we shall find the primary cause will baffle us at the end.

But for those of strong feeling these stories of trapping temporarily altered the appearance of the problem. By means of them it was made to appear as though neither education in sex matters, nor a rational teaching of morality, nor the exercise of circumspection, would avail the ordinary girl for the ordinary circumstances of life. She might be carried off against her will at any time. Before this revelation the forces of reason and experience were routed, and the cry went up for legislation, for a law of some kind, of any kind, at once. It is in the light of this fact that the statements as to such trapping must be examined.

To one who, like myself, has learned the value of evidence and the need for the verification of statements made in emotional movements, there were several remarkable features of this epidemic of terrible rumours. First came the element of number. The stories were so numerous and reported incidents which were said to have happened within so short a period that a strain was put upon the credulity of the most willing believer. In the second place the stories were of an extraordinary nature. Many of them were clearly incredible—unless the whole general public were in the conspiracy. Many suggested that the girls reported as trapped must be either limbless cripples or mental deficients, and others took it for granted that any man could control, govern, and dominate any woman wherever they might be. Then what was apparently the same story reappeared again and again in various forms. The detestable final tag, "The door opened. It was the girl's father!" was varied by "Her own brother came into the room!" or "A young man friend stood before her flushed with shame. He got her

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out." The hospital nurse of one tale became the Sister of Mercy or the Rescue Worker of its fellow. The fainting lady fainted in front of three separate West End establishments. The tales of drugged handkerchiefs, sweets, and flowers had so many variants as to create the impression that the homes of the country must be decimated of their daughters by drugging.

Perhaps the most remarkable feature of the stories was that they were all offered second or third hand, except in the cases in which an individual described what he or she regarded as a suspicious circumstance, which, being once reported, began to circulate as a certainty. There was never a first-hand statement signed, or sworn before a magistrate, or deposited with some responsible body. When a story was questioned it was repeated with emphasis; this was supposed to be proof enough. At most, the person challenged quoted the name of a more prominent person as a believer in the story, and clearly regarded this as fully satisfactory.

Generally, one would not think it necessary to point out how useless such personal guarantees are without evidence to support them. They prove nothing. When some lady or gentleman of position writes or states that such a tale of horror is true we must admit their honest conviction of its truth. But we cannot be expected to know the value of that conviction until we know by what methods the tale has been tested, and what are the characters and qualifications of those supplying the story or verifying it. All such requisite assurances as these have been utterly wanting, and instead of them we have had proof of flagrant carelessness in the use of figures and a persistent use of the most unjustified assumptions. The campaign has been conducted wholly upon such lines, in marked contrast with the course of action taken by the late W. T. Stead, whose revelations were supported by signed or sworn statements obtained from victims and their attendants and from fellow investigators.

A full twelve months ago I suggested to members of the Pass the Bill Committee the necessity for careful investigation as a preliminary to the campaign of urgency upon which they were just embarking. This suggestion was repeated and ignored, and later I learnt by an inadver-

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tence that an inquirer applying to the Committee for one proved case of trapping could not be satisfied. In these circumstances I undertook an inquiry myself.

The objects I have kept in view have been to investigate alleged cases of trapping or attempted trapping of girls, to discover whether any large proportion of those publicly identified with the agitation had any personal experience of trapping, and to provide a collection of facts from which some approximate idea of the frequency of trapping could be deduced. The scope of the inquiry is defined by the employment of the word "trapping." If unwilling girls can be carried off in broad daylight by force, drugs, or false messages, I should call that trapping. I know that there is a broad, debatable ground between this type of case and seduction, occupied by false advertisement cases, beguilement and decoying cases, in which the victim is more or less a consenting party. But the new Act was not won upon these, and they form a subject too wide to be dealt with now.

All the letters, forms, and documents relative to this inquiry have been carefully preserved. They are now placed for three months in the hands of the Editor of *THE ENGLISH REVIEW*, where they may be examined by any social worker or public or society representative.

Speakers and writers prominent in the counsels of the various agitating societies may be first considered. They were approached and asked whether they were personally acquainted with any fully proved cases of trapping or attempted trapping. If they had made definite allegations they were asked for their authorities and full details, and a guarantee was given that no particulars likely to lead to the identification of victims or their relatives would be published.

Eighteen speakers received such letters. Of these, seven have not yet replied, although stamped addressed envelopes were enclosed with all inquiries; two women have supplied information; one member of Parliament has referred me to another, and that other to the police; two persons have referred me to the National Vigilance Association; and names and addresses for verification of statements given have been refused by four. A total of five assert that they know that trapping exists. The cases

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given by the two who supplied information include one case of suspicion of trapping and two of alleged attempted trapping by motor car. According to the first story, two girls were observed in charge of a woman dressed like a Rescue Worker on Sheffield station in October last, one of the girls appearing dazed, while the other was asleep. The lady responsible for the story spoke to the woman of the party and was answered curtly. This roused her suspicion, and she sought the stationmaster. Failing to find him, she pointed out the group to a ticket inspector from another platform. When she returned with this official the three were gone. Their luggage was marked both Pontefract and Liverpool. The story suggests to me some weary Irish travellers who had crossed the channel in disagreeable weather and were on their way to Pontefract. But all is too vague to prove or disprove anything. The girls were not spoken to, and the lady does not say whether any trains left that or an adjacent platform during her absence. Yet when I question her deductions, she asks me if it has never occurred to me "to investigate the truth of murder." But surely in the latter case there is a corpse!

The other cases are supplied by a lady who is a member of the Pass the Bill Committee, and a speaker, and are given in support of her statement that the motor-car was being increasingly used for the trapping of girls. She claims to have investigated two cases in Richmond district and to have heard of others, but she gives no names or addresses for verification, although she supplies information and references upon another point. One of the gentlemen written to, a knight, told a story of the trapping of an innocent girl by a man and a woman, who seized her in the public street, and walked her off between them. The girl appealed to a shopkeeper and a policeman, but by representing the girl to be insane the couple got off with their victim. In his speech the knight said the story was vouched for by an eminent barrister; in his letter he refuses to disclose this name. Another gentleman says that it is within his own personal knowledge that attempts have been made to abduct girls and women by motor-car and other vehicles, but refuses to supply either instances or proof, saying that he "is engaged in the verification of

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certain facts for certain definite ends," and "cannot give away information." Proof tardily sought is evidently to be reserved for the elect! This correspondent admits the existence of many myths, but claims that "there is a substratum of truth, and the truth is bad."

An application to a K.C., asking whether I could purchase or consult the report of a conjoint committee which he referred to in a speech as having "revealed and brought to light a condition of things that was very appalling and barely credible," was thought to be sufficiently answered by a reference to the reply of the secretary of the association to which he adhered, although it contained no single word bearing on this report.

Among writers, those obviously dealing in fiction or sensationalism were ignored unless the obvious fiction was presented as a fact. A number of those approached because of written statements were correspondents of *The Awakener* (a journal dealing wholly with the social evil, which was started in November of last year from the office of The Men's Society for Women's Rights); others had written independently. A series of important questions upon unsigned statements contained in this paper were put to the editor, a Mr. Jamrach, and he was asked to forward letters to certain correspondents who could not otherwise be traced. Up to the present time he has not only refrained from acknowledgment or reply, but he has returned the letters sent for forwarding with the statement that he does "not know the addresses"! As each of these correspondents reports a case or cases of trapping or attempted trapping, or retails stories of well-known procurers, this editorial statement is illuminating.

The cases covered in these letters or unsigned paragraphs include the story of the Hampstead hairdresser's daughter, also given in a letter to *The Standard*, two cases of the fainting lady device, a motor-car attempt at Shepherd's Bush, several cases of drugging, and the story of the sham hospital nurse.

The Hampstead hairdresser's daughter was alleged to have been carried off in a motor-car from her father's shop by a man who brought a false message purporting to be

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from a regular customer. *The Awakener* refers to the case in a paragraph opening, "We are investigating a case sent to our office from the Hampstead district," and concluding "We hope next week to give the fullest details of this dastardly crime." The week following, January 25th, 1913, there appears the statement, "As our investigations are not yet completed we cannot give details of the Hampstead case this week." It has not been referred to since. On April 30th, in reply to my application, the Commissioner of Police for the Metropolis states that :

"nothing is known by the police of the reported case of kidnapping referred to, and I may add that other similar stories—published in the Press—which have been investigated, have been found to be altogether without foundation."

The case of the fashionably dressed woman who feigned illness "at a West End establishment recently," and the case of a woman dressed as a nurse who, in the temporary absence of the mother, rushed up to two young girls in another West End establishment and spirited them away by means of a tale of an accident, may be presumed to be included under the above official repudiation, with all their variants, since they have been extensively circulated all over the Metropolis by means of publications and word of mouth. Variants are retailed in the precious paper above mentioned, but a request for the name of the establishments, the dates of the occurrences and the names and addresses of the bereaved parents, has elicited no reply.

Then come the cases of missing girls. In this paper, as well as in a letter addressed to his parishioners by the Rector of Heywood, it is implied that all untraced missing girls are the victims, and the unwilling victims, of White Slave Traders. Now, I was myself a runaway from home when I was seventeen, and left my parents to discover my whereabouts by indirect channels. Hence I can assure those who cannot conceive how such circumstances arise, although gifted with particularly vivid imaginations in the matter of White Slavery, that there are hundreds of feasible reasons why girls and women should desire to leave their homes, and dozens that will explain why, having left home, they may desire to remain undiscovered. It is positively

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nauseating that we should have cases and statistics of girls missing from home quoted with solemn tone and finger pointing to the brothel, as though there and only there could they be.

The Rector of Heywood was approached with the request that he would supply one proved case of a trapped girl carried away against her will by White Slave Traders. He replies that :

“The statement of the Home Secretary seems to me quite sufficient proof of the assertions made.”

Are we to assume that in spite of plain, categorical questions the Rector does not know that it is not the figures supplied by the Home Secretary that are in question, but the deductions unjustifiably drawn from them?

As spicy morsels of horror the disappearances of girls are chronicled in *The Awakener*, and among them appear cases from St. Leonards, Chesterfield, and Cardiff, which I attempted to investigate. The editor has not replied to my questions; the Cardiff Chief Constable replied that he could not supply the information sought; and the St. Leonards case is still in hand. The Chief Constable of Chesterfield replies :

“In this case there is nothing more serious than a wilful girl leaving home without previous notice and going to visit her brother in a distant town.”

The notice that the girl was missing appeared on February 15th; the Chief Constable's reply is dated April 26th, since which I have missed two numbers of the paper. But in no case to my knowledge after the case of a missing girl has been exploited has there appeared any later statement to say that she has been found.

Then there comes the extraordinary Bath tale of attempted drugging. It is reported that a girl, while walking with a friend, was approached by a well-dressed man, who, after asking the way to the Midland Station, inquired whether she would take a note to an address in Weston. The girl consented, but called at home first, and went on to the place accompanied by her father. “They found the house apparently unoccupied, for they could get no response. Opening the letter, they found that it contained

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the words, 'Chloroform bearer if necessary.'" This sinister paragraph concludes, "A similar incident, it is stated, occurred recently in the same neighbourhood."

The reply of the Chief Constable of Bath is a detailed report by his Detective Sergeant, which runs :

"In February last a statement appeared in a local newspaper that an attempt had been made to kidnap a girl in this city. No complaint was ever received by the police, but on seeing the above-named account every inquiry was made . . . but without success, and as far as could be ascertained there was no foundation for the report which appeared in the papers.

"Shortly before this appeared in the newspaper a lady reported that she had been chloroformed by someone from behind her whilst walking in the streets here, and on inquiries being made it was found that this lady's mind was unbalanced, and she is now in an institution."

There seems to be no need for further comment upon the terrifying Bath case.

A correspondent who tells a fainting lady tale does not reply to my inquiry for facts. Attempts have been made to supply me with proof of two cases of drugging, one in Paris, and one in an Edinburgh to Manchester train, but the gentleman who had reported the tales and supplied the names of persons who might know more about them than he did would not allow his name to be used in prosecuting the inquiry. The Paris case, it was admitted, might have been one of robbery only. It is corroborated by a lady, who says: "A cousin of mine was told it by the friend who met the girl" at the station. The other case after application to the police and the reference given has ended in a blind alley.

All representatives or officials of vigilance or kindred societies replied to my letter. Miss Martindale, of the Church Army, stated that she was "not able to give the information asked for, as all inquiries made by the Army are confidential." Mrs. Percy Bigland, of the Pass the Bill Committee, which issued literature specifically stating that girls were trapped for this trade, was content to reply that:

"Our Committee was formed as an urgency Committee to press forward the Criminal Law Amendment Bill of last year, and not to investigate,"

and to refer me to other bodies for facts. With the record of this Committee in mind, any other reply would have

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come as a surprise. Mr. Bairstow, replying for the Rev. F. B. Meyer and the Central South London Free Church Council, says that :

"We have not recently come across any cases of the forcible trapping of unwilling girls, but we have at present detectives working in co-operation with us who are taking measures at railway stations to discover cases of this kind."

The need for evidence would appear to have been discovered after the allegations have been made and the Act safely passed!

Only two officials supply instances of trapping in support of their literature or statements—Miss Mackenzie for the Ladies' National Association, and Mrs. Bramwell Booth for the Salvation Army; seven cases from the former and four from the latter. The seven comprise a variant of the fainting lady tale, two apparent enticements of ignorant travellers, the story of an inexperienced servant girl who was prevented from letting a "flashy man" take her out to lunch, a Port Said attempt vouched for by "a gentleman of the party," a case of "a good many years ago" of a procurer who posed as a lady's maid at Victoria Station, and the case of a German girl approached in the waiting-room of a London terminus by a well-dressed woman who asked her to translate a soiled letter in French and then invited her home to rest until train time. All of these were frustrated attempts, and none of them could be accepted without access to signed or sworn testimony, which is not offered. Miss Mackenzie says that she has letters or gives names in corroboration of these stories, but this is not sufficient. We want to know what part these corroborators played in the incidents, or if they played any part at all. In one case, the last-named, the reference given was actually in charge of the German girl. She replies to my questions :

"We all felt sure this was an attempt to trap my friend. She is a very handsome, striking girl. She was at once suspicious of the woman, and drew her on."

From which there is only one conclusion : that until we know how far this suspicious young German "drew on" the strange lady who asked her to translate an old letter in French, we cannot be sure whether the invitation that followed was given in good faith or bad.

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Mrs. Bramwell Booth's cases are : one false advertisement case from France, one beautiful Italian beguiled to Australia by promises of employment and wealth, and one German girl "enticed" over to London and taken to a bad house from which she could not escape, although she was able to dispatch a post-card asking for help. It will be observed that all the victims are foreigners. Is this accidental, or because native victims are not available? But the only case supplied which appears to fall within the scope of the inquiry is the remaining one, which I quote almost in full :

"A young man went to *Holborn* station to meet his sister, who was coming from Germany to keep house for him. . . . On several occasions he had been late at business, and had been told by his manager that if it occurred again he would be dismissed. On the particular morning . . . he had not felt it necessary to say he would be late, as the train was due at the station at a much earlier hour than he needed to be at business. . . . However, the train was very late . . . the young man saw that . . . he must go off and leave his sister to go alone to the house. . . . A man on the station seemed to take in the position, and asked the young fellow if he had come to meet someone. He explained matters, whereupon the man offered to meet the sister upon arrival and take her to her destination. The young man thanked him, and thought that all would be well. But his sister has never been heard of since!"

I sought further enlightenment by asking at which *Holborn* station the girl from Germany was expected to arrive, whether she was coming willingly to keep house for her brother, what was his name and address, what evidence the Salvation Army had that his story was true, what was the date of the disappearance, and when the Army was last in touch with the young man?

I am now told that

"The young man . . . is not willing for his sister's case to be made public or details given further."*

As the latest reports of the National Vigilance Association supplied me by Mr. Coote, the secretary, did not contain any cases of forcible trapping, I wrote asking if any could be supplied to me direct. He replied :

"The reason why no reference is made to cases of that kind is that we have not had any such to deal with. . . . During the last twelve months many painful stories have been in circulation respecting the decoy-

* Mrs. Booth is responsible also for the story of the fifteen young English girls who were carried off to Buenos Ayres in November last. She informed me that this case had been "dealt with" from Scotland Yard, but the Commissioner of Police for the Metropolis states that it was investigated and found to be "without foundation."

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ing and drugging of young women. In each such case reported to this office endeavours have been made to get at the correct facts, but I was not successful in tracing any one of these rumours to its source."

Anxious, it may be, to save the credit of his colleagues and co-workers, he adds :

"It does not follow that the particular cases referred to did not happen. . . . I have little doubt that the stories told were based on actual facts. . . ."

Similar crushing testimony against the alarmists is supplied by Mrs. Hunter, secretary of the National Vigilance Association of Scotland, who states :

"We have not come across any cases of forcible trapping of unwilling girls for the White Slave Traffic. . . . We were not acquainted with White Slave Traffickers working from Glasgow before the passing of the Act of 1912, nor, so far as we and others who are keeping a careful watch know, are there any working from Glasgow. . . . I may add that we have heard of various cases of attempted trapping which have *invariably* been impossible of proof through those who profess to have knowledge of them saying the friend from whom they got the information does not want to be brought into it. Comment is unnecessary."

Thus it appears that the official vigilance societies do not countenance these terrible tales with which the country has been inundated. Their acting officers have no knowledge of this class of case. Yet outside of the police courts and the brothels themselves, no persons can claim to have more opportunity. If they have no proved cases to offer, what must be thought of the individuals who glibly quote stories which they cannot prove upon the authority of the associations that do not profess to have any to prove? The honour of the associations may come unscathed from this inquiry, but what about the honour of these individuals?

But this is not all. To the foregoing weighty pronouncements we must add the equally weighty opinion of Assistant Commissioner F. S. Bullock, the Central Authority in England for the Repression of the White Slave Traffic. I was referred to him by Mr. Arthur Lee, M.P., when I asked for authentication of statements made in the Commons. I am afraid that there is little support for Mr. Lee's views in Mr. Bullock's reply to my questions. He says :

"I cannot call to mind a single case of the forcible trapping of a girl or a woman by drugs, false messages, or physical force during the last ten years that has been authenticated or proved. I should say such cases were very rare indeed. . . . The average number of cases of procuration in London is about three per annum, and none of these are really cases of trapping."

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In reply to a definite question embodying a phrase used in the House of Commons by Mr. Lee, he replies :

“I do not agree that White Slave Traffickers swarmed in London before the passing of the Criminal Law Amendment Bill.”

And with scrupulous fairness he adds :

“A considerable number of men, chiefly foreigners, who live on the prostitution of women and are *suspected* of being procurers have certainly left their usual haunts in London since the passing of the Act.”

But this surely may be due to their desire to escape the rigour of the new Act against those who live upon the immoral earnings of women. This offence is entered against them; the other is only suspected. Most of us would prefer a change of residence to the risk of flogging. Having answered my questions categorically, Mr. Bullock continues :

“I should like to say that, of course, I have heard of stories, especially since the agitation about the Act of 1912 began, about girls being trapped or decoyed away. I have made searching inquiries into every case in which any really tangible fact, capable of being tested, has been given, and I have never yet been satisfied of the truth of a single one of these stories. Every story has melted away at the application of any serious test. Most of the stories are the result of hysteria or nerves.”

He concludes :

“There is no doubt great exaggeration upon the subject of the White Slave Traffic, though, of course, there are some such cases. . . .”

After these repudiations from the inside, those who desire the public to accept their stories will have to produce very conclusive evidence indeed.

To this evidence from specialists must be added the utter lack of personal acquaintance with the trade or any of its manifestations which is revealed by the returns from social and public workers. Sixty forms containing four questions were sent out, and thirty-nine returns received, of which three were blank for such reasons as the addressees being abroad. Of the rest there is only one, a magistrate, who does not give either a categorical negative or a reply of general negative significance to the two questions :

1. Have you in your public work or private life met with an instance of the trapping of a young girl for the White Slave traffic?

2. Have you met with any fully proved case of attempted trapping?

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The exception, a Glasgow Bailie, supplies full details of a case of seduction under promise of marriage, in which the girl was afterwards constrained by the man to earn money on the streets. This Bailie says:

"On the general question, from my experience I should say that for one that is decoyed into a life of this kind . . . one hundred are starved into it."

So that the solitary exception is really not an exception. He has no case of trapping to quote, and his evidence tends strongly against its frequency.

The remaining respondents include eight Wardens of Women's Settlements, London and provincial, of whom only one qualifies her reply by saying, "I have occasionally gone to the rescue of some girl who I felt sure was in danger of being trapped, but the danger has been too indefinite. . . ." She adds, "The danger to our girls is much more from a low standard of morality than from any attempts to entrap or kidnap them." The officials of girls' clubs are similarly unanimous. One states: "We have only recently come here." Two unqualified negatives come from the Chairman of the National Organisation of Girls' Clubs, and also from the Convener of the Preventive and Rescue Committee of the N.U.W.W., as well as from officials of the Women's Co-operative Guild, women's trade unions, employment bureaux, and emigration societies. Three magistrates, a man and woman city councillors, and two women Poor Law Guardians reply in the same terms, as do a miscellaneous group of others.

The two police court workers approached are entirely without knowledge of this phase of evil. Mr. Thomas Holmes, of the Howard Association, and twenty-three years a Police Court Missionary, replies with "Never" twice repeated. He writes:

"You will notice that I say that I have never known of a girl being trapped. I have never even heard of one, excepting through common report."

"I have had nearly thirty years' connection with the police courts, the prisons, and the sweated women of London, and my own conviction is that the matter is grossly exaggerated."

Mrs. Eleanor Carey, sixteen years Police Court Missionary and Probation Officer at Thames Police Court, is equally emphatic. She says:

CRIMINAL LAW AMENDMENT INQUIRY.

	Edin- burgh.	Glasgow.	Southampton.	Portsmouth.	Stoke-on-Trent.	Leeds.	Bath.
SECTION A.							
1. How many girls and women were reported missing during 1912?	50 & 88	90 & 143	13 & 22	50	4	{ Invariably traced }	—
2. How many were traced?	28 & 31	67 & 92	All	49	All	{ }	All
3. How many were proved to have fallen into the hands of procurers?	None	None	None	1 Abducted	None	None	—
4. Do responsible persons always inform police when relatives reported missing communicate with them or return home? ...	No	No	Generally	Yes	Generally	{ Asked to do so }	—
5. How many boys and men were reported missing during 1912?	129 & 69	256 & 239	52	72	{ All except absconding husbands }	—	{ All except absconding offenders }
6. How many were traced?	80 & 43	180 & 143	All	70	None	See 2	—
7. How many girls and women were reported missing during the first three months of (a) 1912? ... (b) 1913? ...	11 & 26 23 & 31	26 & 33 33 & 50	6 & 3 5 & 5	13 7	None	—	—
SECTION B.							
1. Before the passing of the Criminal Law Amendment Act, 1912, were the police authorities acquainted with any known or suspected procurers with whom they could not interfere because they did not then possess the power of arrest on suspicion? If so, how many? ...	No	No	{ No residents, but suspected persons passed through }	No	No	No	No
2. Were these procurers known to carry on an organised traffic in trapped and deceived girls?	—	No	No	—	—	No	—
3. Have any of these persons been arrested since the passing of the Act?	—	—	No	No	—	—	—
4. Have any left the country?	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
5. What methods of trapping girls have been employed by procurers within the experience of the police?	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
SECTION C.							
1. Please give the total number of prosecutions under the Act since it came into force ...	7	43	1	35	1	—	—
2. How many of these were for procuring? ...	None	None	None	None	None	None	None
3. How many for living upon the immoral earnings of women?	7	38	1	10	1	4	1
4. How many of the latter were instituted by the women themselves?	1	10	None	1	None	—	None

THE TRUTH ABOUT WHITE SLAVERY

"In every case known to me of a girl being dragged down to life in a brothel, she has been a willing though blind and misguided victim. . . . I have never found reason to believe that any girl is ever forcibly carried off."

The statistics kindly supplied by a number of Chief Constables complete the destruction of this campaign of sedulously cultivated sexual hysterics. Sixteen questions were submitted to the Chiefs of Police of twelve cities and towns. Five replied that the information was not yet available, or that it was contrary to custom to supply it. The authorities replying were Glasgow, Edinburgh, Portsmouth, Southampton, Leeds, Stoke-on-Trent, and Bath. The questions were arranged in three sections. Section A dealt with missing girls and women, and, for comparison, with missing boys and men; section B dealt with the police knowledge of procurers; and section C with the prosecutions under the new Act.

The replies show that, in 1912, 74 per cent. of missing girls and 64 per cent. of missing women were traced in Glasgow, as compared with 70 per cent. of missing boys and 59 per cent. of missing men. In Edinburgh 56 per cent. and 35 per cent. were the proportions of traced girls and women, against 62 per cent. of both men and boys. Portsmouth gives 98 per cent. for traced girls and women, and 97 per cent. for traced men and boys. The Southampton returns show 100 per cent. traced in all cases. For Leeds the actual figures are not given, but the Chief Constable states that "missing persons are invariably traced." Stoke and Bath reply in the same terms as to females and boys, but except absconding husbands and offenders among the men. All but one unite in saying that no missing girls have been found in the hands of procurers. Portsmouth reports one abducted.

These figures dispose of the suggestion that a disproportionate number of girls and women disappear and leave no trace. In every place except Edinburgh the actual number of men and boys missing and untraced exceeds the number of girls and women, and the percentage of traced females is equal to or greater than the percentage of traced males. One may fairly deduce that there is no abnormal cause of disappearance acting in the case of girls and women alone. I am seeking for an explanation of the Edinburgh figures of untraced women. The Chief Con-

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stable states that "the White Slave Traffic is unknown in Edinburgh."

Nor has the new Act made so marked a reduction in the number of missing girls and women as we were led to expect. In Glasgow and Edinburgh the numbers are greater for the first quarter of 1913 than for the same quarter of 1912, the actual rise being 12 and 5 for Edinburgh, and 7 and 17 for Glasgow. In Southampton there was one girl less reported missing, but two more women. In Stoke none were reported missing in the first quarter of either year. Portsmouth shows the only decrease, from 13 to 7. Bath and Leeds return no reply.

Under sections B and C all the Chiefs except one state that the police were not acquainted with any known or suspected procurers whom they could not arrest for lack of power before the passing of the 1912 Act. The exception is Southampton, from which the reply reads: "There were no known or suspected procurers living in the town, but suspected persons often passed through going abroad." This is qualified by "The police here knew of no organised traffic in trapping girls," and the statement that there have been no arrests of these suspects since the Act came into force. All the Chiefs unite in saying that the police know of no organised trapping; all state that there have been no procurers prosecuted under the Act; all but Bath and Leeds give the total number of prosecutions undertaken, which are shown to be chiefly for living on the immoral earnings of women. Thus in Edinburgh we get a total of 7 prosecutions, all in this class; in Glasgow 38 out of 43; in Portsmouth 10 out of 35; in Stoke and Southampton 1 out of 1; in Leeds 4, and Bath 1, out of totals not given.

To all the previous evidence we may add these statistics, the weight of which is entirely against the alarmist campaigners. Indeed, they are now left the choice of two unpleasant admissions: either the Act has failed to achieve the chief purpose for which it was passed, or there was no need to pass it! But they may prefer to argue that the police lacked knowledge of trapping before the Act because of the subtlety of the trappers, but now lack knowledge of it because it no longer exists. But such evasions are useless. The truth is that the structure erected by the

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neuropaths and prudes is reduced to ashes. They are convicted of getting legislation by false pretences.

These dabblers in debauchery by word of mouth have given us a shocking exhibition of unlicensed slander. They have slandered men only to slander women with the backward swing of the same blow. They have discredited themselves. That this exhibition has been possible is due in no small measure to the Pankhurst domination. It prepared the soil; it unbalanced the judgment; it set women on the rampage against evils they knew nothing of, for remedies they knew nothing about. It fed on flattery the silly notion of the perfection of woman and the dangerous fellow notion of the indescribable imperfection of man.

It is no exaggeration to say that these women range man as nearer the devil and the beast than woman. A solitary example will suffice. A letter signed with the initials M. I. appears in *The Awakener* of May 3rd, and contains the paragraph:

"Fortunately, there are still good decent men to keep us from utter despair, though I fear *the greater majority* are of the type of the man who boasted in his club—not many months ago—that he had ruined enough girls to extend in a line from Victoria Station to St. Paul's."

The italics are mine. Fed on such ridiculous scandal-mongering, these women have convinced themselves that a large number of men go regularly and deliberately to a safe and secret place of vice to engage in a pastime that is a life and death struggle to a trapped girl. They do not need evidence. The unspeakable depravity of man convicts him. They scorn questions as to why no such men are brained with fenders, or injured with chairs, pictures, or other articles of furniture; why doors are not barricaded, windows smashed, and the night rent with screams. For just as these neuropaths hold that man is vicious, so do they hold that women are impotent and imbecilic weaklings incapable of resisting him.

The cases of criminal assault upon children are quoted to give an air of credibility to this general condemnation. But there can be no fair comparison between the two classes of crime. In the one case an intemperate degenerate is passion-driven into the sudden commission of an atrocity; in the other, there is a cold-blooded, calculating delibera-

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tion which reduces the matter from bestiality to the worst possible devilishness.

We have achieved nothing for the victims of exploited prostitution by this panic and punitive Act. Those responsible for it may have obtained ease of mind, the selfish satisfaction of having accomplished something. But that is merely the measure of their folly. For the rest they have given emphatic justification to those who question the responsibility of women in public affairs; they have provided arms and ammunition for the enemy of women's emancipation. The Fathers of the old Church made a mess of the world by teaching the Adam story and classing women as unclean; the Mothers of the new Church are threatening the future by the whitewashing of women and the doctrine of the uncleanness of men.

Looby Lights

By the Editor

IF the greatest thing about man is that he is not a woman, so the greatest thing about England is the island, thus separating and differentiating it from all other Powers in Europe, from all other State philosophies, systems, policies, and doctrines, as from that sense engrained upon every schoolboy on the Continent to think internationally. Without a frontier to protect, we use the Atlas only when we go a-holiday-making; when, for what is now known as the Imperial Idea, we have to look up some distant part of the world which has fallen, or is about to fall, within our territorial jurisdiction; or, again, when purely for the love of adventure, we set out on voyages of conquest and discovery, or carry the standard to the Pole. Till the date of the Boer War our position in this respect was unique; we had no friends, we wanted none. Rich beyond the means of any other two Powers put together, safeguarded by a Navy that could have annihilated any triple combination of naval forces, we were accepted as a kind of arbiter in the cause of stricken humanity, and probably the moral power of Gladstone was stronger internationally than that of any statesman who has ever spoken in history on behalf of one nation to another.

Isolation, as we know, vanished with the Transvaal struggle. At the declaration of war, the new Power in Europe revealed itself in all its panoply of strength and intention; European Anglophobia broke out, shattering the long tradition of British invulnerability: we sought Alliances; for the first time we recognised the reality and meaning of the rising German Navy; the King went to Paris, with the result that Bismarck's famous "impossibility" became a reality, and the rancour from Cr  cy to Fashoda was obliterated from the two people's tablets.

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King Edward's policy is a landmark in European history. From that day our whole conception of foreign policy was changed. We assumed at once the international sense, and we have thought in groups of Powers ever since, as France learnt so to think after her defeat by Prussia, and Bismarck learnt so to think first of all after his victory with the *chasse-pots*. In a word, Bismarck's policy became the reason of European statesmanship, and is so to-day more determinedly than ever, based on the Troglodite doctrine of force as the prop and pillar of peace.

Such being the condition of modern Europe—a condition which may be described roughly as that of two combinations of great racial and economic rival interests and ambitions—the question arises how far we in England are fitted for the novel *rôle* of Continental ally that has been forced upon us—whether, that is, the internal conditions of Government, which have not changed coterminously with our new motive and direction of foreign affairs, are adapted for the part we are now playing on the Continent, which, if it has any justification at all, is a military one. Though the national basis—isolation—of our Foreign Policy has changed, even militarily so, to such an extent that the very margin of superiority in naval fighting power is estimated by the potential values of Alliances, though admittedly economic interest has entirely superseded the old religious, personal, sentimental, princely, or dynastic game of diplomatic intrigue, though at any time and for no obvious cause (as we have just seen) all Europe may be plunged in an utterly senseless and bloodthirsty war, necessarily involving English money and active participation, though we are now no longer an Island Power with an entirely detached and synthetic national policy of our own, but the Great Ally of the greatest military combination the world has ever known—though all this is undeniable, yet there has been no change in the national machinery either of government or its constitution, and little even in casual appreciation of the circumstances which have brought it about.

The two-Party system is still the sole principle ruling politics and authority. Our War Office and Admiralty are still under the direction of civilians, themselves purely

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transitory heads of departments, by profession necessarily Party men, at the mercy always of the majority, which, philosophically viewed, is generally wrong. True continuity of scientific national design is thus rendered impossible, even if it is the fact that the various departments mostly run themselves, regardless of the political views of the gentlemen who control them. That, however, is only partially exact. We owe our Naval superiority largely to the personal zeal of the late Lord Goschen, as we owe the Territorials to the meta-stratotical ingeniousness of Lord Haldane. Omission is the chief sin of Ministers, rarely commission. A really strong man either achieves or is found out. Ministerial mediocrity only marks time. But achievement is a dangerous thing in the Party sense, for the simple reason that all Governmental initiative automatically provokes the condemnation of the other side, so that the strongest Minister in the Government is invariably singled out for the brunt of abuse and vilification which is the duty of the Opposition; and so much is this the case that the failure of one dominant figure can bring about the fall of the whole. Our Party system has indeed become so accentuated since the curtailment of the privilege of the Lords that it may be likened to marriage—"the birds without despair of getting in, the birds within despair of getting out." As a game, a career, it is huge fun, no doubt. In the synthetic England of Island Feudalism *versus* Parochialism, it answered admirably. But Mr. Lloyd George has destroyed Feudalism in this country, and parochialism is no longer sufficient. It is not because Bismarckian policy has made it impossible for any first-class European Power to be self-sufficient; because the focus of State wisdom being no longer crowns or crucifixes or boundaries, but world-financial interests and responsibilities, all national purviews have widened from the symbol of the flag to the internationalism of money; because the sustained existence of compulsory national armies tends to render nugatory what should be the quintessential reason of all sane government, prosperity and order in the home.

Economically first, idealistically secondly—which are the two principles of orthodox Liberalism. In France, oddly enough, the same difficulty exists, only more so, because

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there, in the great process of laicisation, conditions of antagonistic and sporadic anarchy have arisen, which demoralise and strangle not only the purity, but the very authority, of government, and the main question of the hour in France is this very need of a solution. France, none the less, is always held *en vedette* by her frontier; she can never free herself from the international sense. Her case differs from ours in that important respect. We have no continual or actual "question." Our domestic politics are never hung up, as it were, to meet some international emergency or alarm. As foreign observers have noted with astonishment, during the series of crises which have recently shaken European Chanceries and Finance, England has been absorbed in a vote-catching controversy about Ministerial investments, while every veteran in the *Reichswehr* of Europe was standing to arms in barracks. It is our strength, no doubt, but it may well be questioned whether it is statesmanship. It may well be asked whether in an Europe of avowedly scientific militarism, presupposing in each case absolute and single calculated design, we can still afford to work the system as it was run in the days when we were buccaneer mariners of the seas, and the Continent showed a map of discordant and centrifugal egotisms.

Actually—no matter what pretence is made to the contrary on the side of both Parties—the whole question of military strength is treated from the Party standpoint. Idealist Liberalism, steeped in theory in times of ever-increasing scientific certainty, is against compulsion as a matter of principle; because England has so far done without it, because it is the theoretical duty of Englishmen to set the example, because individualism is the enemy of system, as control is opposed to a policy of *laissez-faire*. One has only to think of the talk about aircraft, invasion and evasion, to realise the Party attitude towards a matter which is occupying the scientific application of military Europe. Nobody pauses to consider that there is such a thing as the Geneva Convention; that, according to all accepted rules of warfare, no matter if five hundred Zeppelins hovered over London, not a Prussian conscript has the human right to shy even a Frankfort sausage upon a city which is not militarily fortified. Instead of expert

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control we have chronic frights, diarrhoetic spates of garrulity, efforts on the one side to prove that airships are of no more significance than butterflies, or ought not to be; on the other, that they are more significant even than the Dodo was in the days when it was not extinct and apt to fly away with Princesses to magic castles of ecstasy. We find the same thing about ships. Parsimony in lieu of scientific direction—always a furious newspaper speeding-up of the national sense and duty, regardless of the law now directing statesmanship, the constitution of Europe into two gigantic organisations of antagonism, in which we ourselves are enrolled by Treaty and very interest of self-preservation.

The heroics of war have gone. Passion with its old-time religious or national nobility will no longer lead men to fight, but calculation for material interests which are base. So long as civilisation accepts dictation from any one Power strong enough to impose its will at the point of arms—and such is the position of Europe under the tutelary hegemony of Germany—so long must the other nations prepare to resist, and not only to resist but to assume the offensive. So long as there is a central scientific scheme in Europe able to compel authority, so long must all the other people accept or give way. Before absolute issues, theory dissolves, as the night before dawn. But the whole principle of modern statecraft is applied calculation backed by the power necessary to enforce it. It is Napoleon's dream come true, this modern Europe of militarism, the doctrine of the will to live, knowing at the same time how to die for it, and it is the oldest doctrine upon earth.

A looby light, the humanitarian cries, forgetting that a mere will-o'-the-wisp may be as fatal as a steam-roller. And quite possibly it is a monstrous hallucination, brutal, primitive, obstructive to progress and humanity, viewed from every canon of reasonable existence and comfort. That, however, is not the point. There are degrees of looby lights, as there are degrees of wisdom and righteousness—Loyola standing as one example of the truth, and, say, Luther or Jeanne d'Arc for another. All these were soldiers, fighting, calculating personalities as different in their whole philosophy and work from those of the man

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who was crucified, as He himself was from all the principles of the many churches that have drained Europe with blood for and under the aura of His name. What have they proved? Has Christianity been a non-fighting religion? The very contrary. The only really peaceful people in history have been the Jews, and they have been chiefly persecuted for so being.

There is no philosophy in what is called politics, only a sense which is the instinct of self-preservation. A nation's interests are touched, and what does it care for wisdom or goodness? Germany, for instance, took away the *Reichsland* provinces from France, and there is no more likelihood of forgiveness on the part of the expropriated than there is of penitence on the part of the expropriator. For five centuries the infidel Turk defied the Christian opposition of Europe, but the nemesis has overtaken him at last, and by war the little peoples have won to their own. Yet for decades the central European question has been the looby light of spring sensationalism, until nobody, not even the Turk himself, believed it to exist. At this moment what has been styled the illusion of war is, in fact, a greater reality than ever, with fresh possibilities increasing every month, even as science opens up the tradeways of commerce to the world. There is the Russo-Chinese-Japanese question looming menacingly in the Far East. Next year, with the opening of the Panama Canal, the Pacific will become the great theatre of trade and prospective war, in which the final and inevitable (as it would seem) issue must be the supremacy of America and the complete Federal absorption and consolidation of the Anglo-American peoples. In Europe there is the new Balkan Power or constellation of Powers, throwing back Austria into the arms of Germany, who thus, contrary to all her hopes and machinations, finds herself unexpectedly caulked up in the centre, with an aggrandised Slav hegemony barring her way and outlet to the East. And these are realities admitting of no sentimental or theoretic solution. The only nations nowadays who live synthetically, neither preparing for nor waging war upon their neighbours, are the Eastern civilisations who are not commercially developed, and whom we therefore deem to be inferior. It is the Japanese who are arming

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China. It was the Italians who invaded Tripoli, the French who invaded Morocco, and it will be the Russians, if there is war in Manchuria, who will deliberately bring it about.

The question of our military requirements is really the question of our fighting value on the Continent. Invasion is not its primary significance; and for the surely obvious reason that the hour our Naval supremacy is defeated, the whole credit, economic, military, and moral, of England would collapse, no matter if we did successfully repel an invading army, because in the first place we are a non-self-supporting people, and by the stoppage of supplies we could be starved out, and, secondly, because the vast financial credit of the country and the Empire would automatically vanish into air and we should sink to the level of, say, de-colonised Portugal. The invasion of England hardly seems, strategically, a military question. Of all countries England, with its hedges, lanes, hills, winding roads, streams, mountainous and indented country, is admittedly the worst fighting ground in all Europe, the most easily defended, the most baffling for all extensive movements of troops, the most adapted for guerilla warfare. Even were we conquered and our Navy left supreme, no final advantage would be gained. But deprived of the fleet, cut off from trade supplies, reduced to a mere island even defended by five million trained men in arms, we should no longer be of any world consequence. To us the command of the seas is the all in all of our being. Once we have lost that, the England of Empire must disappear, and we should become even as Spain, shriven and shorn of her history. Life might be very happy on the island subsequently, but, alas! only as the mandrake people of adversity, destitute of power and glory.

For Continental purposes, however, the Army is a very serious question, because on it may depend not only the value of our friendship, but the very possibility of obtaining Alliances of actual worth as apart from the paper they are written on. Here, as in the supreme question of the Navy, it would seem imperative for politicians of all parties to unite, to acquire on this one point the international sense. As authority in England is growing now more than ever

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constitutionally problematical, as the Majority is now not only the ruling, but *de facto* the sole ruling, force in the country, itself dependent, as we all know, on the magnetism of personality, on a sentimental, a fictitious, and often a purely transitory electioneering cry, or even on a phrase or poster that may by chance fetch the fancy, the danger of what might befall us in the event of some fanatical *idéologue* climbing into power and persuading us by blarney promises for the time being that it was the duty of Englishmen not to annoy their rivals any more by building ships—in a word, by letting down the Navy to the margin of the next best Navy's sporting chance—this is a danger which is rapidly becoming a nightmare by very reason of its inherent possibility. There is nothing illogical or even unreasonable in a Majority going economic or sentimental mad for a space, given the man to lead them, the machinery and the conditions necessary, both of which are actually and now permanently available. Of course, there is the risk of the other extreme, but beyond the waste of money involved, over-building, even military mania, would never constitute a peril. There is an old German students' saw which says, "sometimes too much, but never enough." To build too big a Navy might be foolish; it could never be dangerous. But not to build enough ships would not only be to endanger the whole future of England, but directly to precipitate that issue.

Mr. Lloyd George has appealed to the other side to co-operate in the solution of the Land problem, and vainly, as might have been expected. On this matter of our military and naval needs, he has an opportunity which, an he would take it, would be welcomed by the whole serious English-thinking race, and no Conservative Party could decline it. What is required is a constituted Advisory Board composed not only of professional experts, but of eminent practical business men and constructive minds, who would report, in unison with the Foreign Office and the Service administrations, on the military requirements of the country, and whose decisions would be accepted as the policy of both Governments. Such a proposal would class the Chancellor as a true statesman. It would at once lift the most vital question to England out of the mire of Party controversy.

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Incidentally it would simplify and purify our political life not a little, and there would probably be many more Liberals in the country than there are to-day.

Let Englishmen but once feel that the Services were in the expert direction of the best clear-thinking minds of the country, and politics would assume a dignity which unfortunately in the fetid scramble of counter-interests they are tending more and more to lose. How many elections have not virtually been lost or won on this issue alone! The spectacle of our oldest and greatest soldier stumping the country, like a biblical revivalist, for a hearing is as pathetic as the grief of Lear, either wrong professionally, when he ought to be restrained by some disciplinary regulation, or right, when it is nothing less than a tragedy. Recently, too, there has been a series of public Naval scandals and re-criminations of a novel and disquieting kind, which cannot be good either for the Service or the country. These strange and unprecedented happenings have been followed with the liveliest interest abroad, and unquestionably they do reflect an unrest in our major Service which is a weakness and a warning. We know what politics has done for the French Navy—we don't want our powder to explode. But the more the vote-giving Majority rules, the greater must grow the danger of these things. If a Government is returned to cut down ships, cut down they will be, or the Majority may insist upon another Government that will cut them down. This is an eventuality no sane man can contemplate with equanimity. To leave the supreme issue of Imperial defence in the hands of the necessarily fickle temper of the Majority, controlled by the professional mendacity of the hustings, is palpably unscientific and disastrous. It is the doctrine of *laissez-aller* carried to its extreme point, the fallacy of a doomed and degenerate race.

These are not the days for experiments in nebulous idealism, when apathy is the synonym for disaster, and the challenger of chance is science. Mr. Lloyd George has the opportunity of his career. In the cause of country and national continuity, in the cause of sounder and saner home politics, the need presses upon him, and if he will but take it, assuredly the grace of Empire will be his.

Irish Nationality

By Darrell Figgis

"The difference of manners and customes doeth followe the difference of nations and people."—*Edmund Spenser*.

WHEN the history of the Irish nation * comes to be written, one of its chief interests will be to see how the nation from its beginnings throve and burgeoned to greatness, fell back before bands of marauders from the neighbour island, rose again to distinction, endured five centuries of such pillage and tribulation as are a pain to the spirit to read of, emerging at the end broken and shattered indeed, but remembering vividly, in the main, the greatness that once it owned, and the elements that contributed to that greatness. It is not enough to stand in the city of Galway, remembering that in the fifteenth century it was one of the chief ports in the British Islands, having its commerce with the Levant, Canary, Italy, France, England and Spain, and to see its "houses all of hewed stone up to the top," in disrepair, and the city in disorder. Such decay of a one-time material greatness is only a cause of depression. There are, on the other hand, certain elements in the spirit of the nation, showing clearly that the old laws and institutions on which that greatness was erected, which are, in fact, the very form and being of its nationality, are still actively alive, if not in the ordered existence of intelligent memory, at least in the way of an energetic instinct.

In the old worship of Brigit the vestals that attended her shrine were nineteen in number. They guarded her sacred fire in a cycle of twenty nights; and when it came to

* I do not overlook Dr. Joyce's "Short History of Ireland from the Earliest Times to 1608," nor the Rev. E. A. D'Alton's "History of Ireland," in three volumes, nor Mrs. Alice Stopford Green's studies, "The Making of Ireland, and its Undoing," and "The Old Irish World." But these are admittedly introductory to the history that awaits writing, that will deal with the continuity of the national consciousness in the way that other nations have received their due.

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the evening of the twentieth night, the nineteenth virgin would pile wood on the fire and declare bravely to the goddess: "Brigit, take you care of your own fire; for surely this night's charge is with you." How it will fare with the fire of nationality in Brigit's own island in the twentieth century remains to be seen; yet there will be none to dispute that it has been kept alive, in the face of overwhelming tribulations, with some effect in the centuries that have passed. The repeated onslaughts that have been made on those laws and institutions have always been repelled with an energy at which their assailants have expressed their ingenuous horror; where repulsion has failed of its effect, as in the case of immigrants who had at close hail the armies of their own country, the old customs have asserted their sway in the gentler manner of subduing the incomers, and making adherents of them not less loyal than the original stock (again to the ingenuous horror of the would-be governing powers); and even the attacks on the people that seem to have had no reference to those customs, have nearly always been withstood in the spirit of the old institutions.

Which, indeed, is the strongest proof of a vital nationality. In fact, it is the only proof of nationality. One may lose oneself for ever in discussions whether or not the Gaels are Celts, and what portion of the people of Ireland are Celts; but the fact remains that the people who until recent times struggled fiercely for a set of institutions that they found truly expressed their sense of fitness—which institutions stretch back, in fundamental and even detailed likeness, before the recognition of history—are a nation in a far deeper sense than by the arbitrament of race or the definitions of geography. The whole struggle of Ireland down the centuries is a meaningless riddle unless this fierce desire for the preservation of its institutions be understood and fairly recognised. Indeed, it has been a meaningless riddle to the whole course of English government for just this very reason. It is stamped on every page of Spenser's "View of the Present State of Ireland." It is heard in the letter of one Alen to the Commissioners in 1537, where he says that "the majesty and estimation of the [English] law shall perish, the justices being enforced to minister the laws upon hills, as it were Brehons or wild Irishmen": a phrase that must cause some amusement to those who

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have any knowledge of the majesty and dignity of the administrations of the Brehon laws, "upon hills," in the younger days of amity. It is heard again from the pen of an English Prime Minister, and sometime Chief Secretary, no less a person than Mr. A. J. Balfour, the philosophical and historical student, when he declares that

"There are Englishmen and Scotchmen who really suppose that England has deprived Ireland of its own national institutions, has absorbed it in the wider sphere of British; and who think that a great wrong has thereby been done to a separate nationality. . . . It is a profound illusion. It has no basis in historical fact at all."

For blandness and ease (let alone tergiversation) this last would be hard to eclipse. For the thing that he denies is not only the sole solution to the riddle as it occurs in history, but, to come to the present centre of the matter, it is the only answer to the riddle as it presents itself to-day. There is an authentic story that may be told of a certain living poet who, passing through a village in Galway with some friends, took them in to tea at a cottage. He was hospitably entertained; and when at the conclusion of the meal he asked what payment would be required of him, the response was a courteous refusal to charge him anything. "Surely I know well who you are, Mr. X," said the hostess. "It's a poet you are, and an honour to the country of Ireland, and it's not for me to charge you anything at all." It would be difficult to conceive of any other country where such a thing would be possible. The woman of the house herself was little aware of the honour of old acceded to the poet in the land (though, in fact, the rule is still observed in a sort for the wandering poet), yet the mind inevitably reverts to it, and to the fact that in the days of the *Feis* at Tara the first house to be built was the great house of the poets, they who sat with the King at meals. The old memory may not have been clearly recognised, but it was at work nevertheless. The old "national institution," the old "polity and civilisation," asserted itself in the teeth of a day of tourists and commercial gain.

Not so far from the place where this incident occurred, it will be remembered, arose the famous instance of the judgment on Captain Boycott. The contrast is a comment

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in itself. A people among whom it is possible to find so choice an example of spontaneous honour are not a people, one would assume, the bent of whose mind is criminal. Indeed, just as the one instance may be traced to an ancient institution working its way through the slumbering memory, so it is at least fair to assume that the other, too, would be found on examination to be another example of the same thing. To support which assumption comes the fact (as any figures will sufficiently attest) that the percentage of crime in Ireland is far less than in either England or Scotland. It was so of old. "The Irish," declared an English judge, "are more fearful to offend the law than the English or any other nation whatsoever." "They observe and keep such laws and statutes which they make upon hills in their country firm and stable, without breaking them for any favour or reward." It is so now. An English Coastguard officer, stationed in Mayo, once told me that he had been up and down the west coast of Ireland for the better part of thirty years, and had met scarcely a single instance of what could definitely be called crime. He had always been a foreigner among them, he said, and gave the tribute the more gladly because of that. Manslaughter he had found, but not murder; scarcely an instance of sexual impurity (as indeed is notorious); and the more distinctly Irish the locality the truer this had been. The people themselves are aware of this; and deservedly proud of it. I remember in a certain western part of Ireland walking with an old man (one who did not know what fear meant), when we passed a stack of coal heaped against a deserted harbour wall at the end of a disused tramline. He saw me look at it, and said: "I'm wondering how long a stack of coal the size of that would stay untouched in England." I asked how long it had lain there. "Ever since the railway company was broke," he said as we passed on. And the people passed that way every time they went to cut their turf.

Turning, then, to the famous Boycott instance, for example, it is as obvious that this was no mere instinct for lawlessness, even as it is a fair assumption that so pronounced and unanimous a decision of the people would prove to be another outworking of some national custom, some old form of law-making. And so it proves to be. In

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the old Brehon law punishments, as such, were not recognised. A man offended against his fellow; and according to the degree of his offence, which was elaborated with such care and precision, he had to make compensation, he had to pay his "eric." In legal phrase an offence was not a crime but a tort; and upon the nature and degree of the tort certain highly disciplined judges, or brehons, decided, in a general assembly of the people, for them to approve or dissent, on hill-tops. Such a thing as an offence against the community, therefore, did not exist in the Brehon system. The very name of the system of laws that the brehons administered (Fénechas, meaning "the law of the free land-tillers") implies the sense of co-operation and privilege so truly that it is hard to conceive of a man willing to forfeit them. Yet were a man to do so, were he to offend against the community, or remain recalcitrant to its will, there would be only one thing to be done: it would have to withhold itself from such a person. Or rather, more exactly, the community, or *toath*, would see that such a man had withdrawn himself from it: and it would have to show him precisely what that meant. It would have to translate his own action into fact: and when Captain Boycott saw the proof of his action he withdrew himself to England.

It is scarcely to be supposed that with Boycott this application of the old polity was deliberate. Indeed, one knows that it was not so. The very value of it as an instance of the national memory asserting itself is increased by a recognition of its instinctive and spontaneous character. But the point is, that, far from being an exhibition of lawlessness, it is just the very reverse: it was essentially lawful: it was an older and purer law asserting itself against a newer and more makeshift law: it was a law that, demonstrably, expressed the national instinct in collision with an alien law introduced by the people of another land. In a word, it was the assertion of one nationality against another: and that a legal assertion.

The rigor with which it was maintained is the less easy to understand because the clan system has decayed that originally gave so deadly an effect to such a withdrawal. Yet even this is still effectual in the more Irish parts of Ireland. It is still possible to find districts of the country where more than half of the people have the same

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patronymic; although more frequently it is the case that the bond of relationship holds tracts of country together, chiefly country having some manner of geographical unity. In times of urgency such tracts of country act together; and the church after Sunday morning mass is used as parliament house for such occasions—partly from convenience, and partly, may be, to give a weight of solemnity to the matter. There is now a part of the country in my mind where, earlier in this year, I witnessed such a scene. Land purchase was being thwarted; and exasperation had spread till it could not be contained. The priest from the altar steps preached moderation; but he was followed by the local orator who, with gestures of easy dignity and with a wonderful eloquence, called for resolute action. He spoke in Irish, and I could understand little of what he said; but it was explained to me he had declared for a united refusal to pay rents till redress was granted.

Yet in the more equable course of things the old polity of the *toath* still maintains itself. In the old days there were tasks that a man was liable to be called upon to render freely for his tribe. The community protected its whole self; and if one of its members, through illness or accident, was unable adequately to tend his holding of the tribe-land, others could be deputed to see to this. Moreover, in the commons-land, where there was no apportionment of special rights till the next redistribution, there were tasks, such as the cutting of the turf, that could be done each man for himself, or, if occasion pressed, a number of men could be told off to do them for the tribe. Not alone the spirit of this, but the detailed outworking too, still prevails. It has prevailed continuously since before the records of history: which seems a pretty fair attestation of national institutions, of a wise polity and civilisation, maintained by the instinct of a people who initially framed them.

Such a polity (as the name of the legal system indicates, in which it was framed) centres round the occupancy of the land. The health, even the very existence, of any national instinct is rooted in the possession of its native land; and in Ireland the national instinct has been fiercer because its relation with the land has been direct. Feudalism never truly established itself in the country.

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Ireland has kept itself as separate from the feudal system as it has kept itself separate from the three imperial systems that have sought to embrace and incorporate it. Even such feudal lords as the Earls of Desmond and Ormond, with the clever instinct of intruders in a hostile country who wished also to be free of their overlord in England, interpreted their feudalism in terms of the land system that already existed. The famous "coyne and livery" that the former inaugurated (to the exasperation of the would-be rulers in London), though it may seem the logical extreme of feudalism, was but a ruthless development of the principle of "coinned" as it existed in the Brehon system.

Under that system the tribe owned its own land. Later, the nobles came themselves to hold land, and to take their rank chiefly from that fact; but this was a matter separate from the tribe land, which was divided among the people and redistributed at certain regular intervals. If a man died, his land did not pass to his son, but back to his tribe. He might be re-granted it; or there might be a redistribution; but, whichever it might be, he had his firm and unquestioned right to it, and held it without interference till the time of the next redistribution. The King himself held his land as from the tribe during such time as he remained King. This did not pass to his son, but to his successor who was appointed during his lifetime.

Such, briefly, was the system; and it continued, in essence, until the inauguration of the Plantations in the sixteenth century. Indeed, it was the reason why that policy (fiendish indeed, if ever fiendish idea entered into the mind of man or woman) was conceived by Queen Mary of glorious memory. Previously, when any trouble had occurred, an attempt had been made, successfully or unsuccessfully, to depose the recalcitrant chief, while leaving the people in the ancient tenure of their land; but now the land was to be swept clear of its possessors, while shires of immigrants were planted in their place. What happened to the dispossessed may be imagined: Spenser's pages tell something of what the hideous crime meant. For some centuries plantation succeeded to plantation, large tracts of country being treated in turn.

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It is for this reason that every unrest in the country flies immediately to agrarian disturbance. It is idle to say that the past need not be recalled: the past creates our instincts, and man must needs act on his instincts, however idly he may boast himself a creature of his reason. The soul of the nation is wedded to its alliance with the land. It is therefore chiefly an agricultural people. Every protest it has ever made has been couched in terms of the land; and the significance of this is as much missed now as it ever has been. When, in days prior to the adoption of Plantations, the crown deposed a chief, and granted what it considered as his lands to another, some of the fiercest rebellions arose, which it is plain to see that the officials were at an entire loss to understand. And what men cannot understand they are usually in the habit of calling original sin. Yet it is a very simple matter. The crown, interpreting another nation in terms of its own usage, conceived a chieftain's lands as belonging to him, which, for some misdemeanour, it took from him and handed to another. But they did not belong to him: they belonged to the tribe; they were the people's possession. His very mensal land was his only so long as he had the election of the people, which passed with the election of the people, and not by the edict of another. Clearly a man could not forfeit what never was his. Therefore, in declaring that they alone could decide who should be their chief, and in fighting hotly for that contention, they were doing far more than merely standing by a personal loyalty, even as they were actuated by far more than a mere itch for rebellion. They were standing for their proprietary. They were declaring what they deemed to be their inalienable union with their land. In other words, they were proclaiming law and order, an old law and an excellent order, against those who were acting lawlessly.

Many years have helped to shake this; centuries of oppression, of pitiless plantations and penal laws against the rights of Irishmen to the land of Ireland, have crushed always on this sense of proprietary. Yet in the main, it is, in the form of instinct, as clear as ever it was. Nothing can destroy it. At the first hint of disturbance, protests are made; and those protests, as is well known, invariably take the form of agrarian disturbance. In some parts of

Ireland, it is notoriously difficult to gather in rents. To be sure, that peculiar tendency is not precisely restricted to Ireland; and it might be fair to ascribe it in every case to a dim perception that there is an enormity in paying for the ground on which one steps and lives, and which one calls the Motherland. But there it is far more clearly formulated and intelligently perceived, because there the ancient usage lies not so far back in the years as to have passed from memory. The fact that each man may still claim his turberry rights is a survival before him to keep the memory tender.

And the memory remains tender. In the scene of which I have spoken, where a community (all linked, some way or another, by marriage) unitedly resolved to cease paying rents in order to force the right of purchase, the arguments used by the local orator were all couched in the fact of such a memory. "Whose truly was this land that Parliament had granted them the right to buy, and that the landlords withheld from them? Had they not held the land, they and their fathers before them, since the days of the Kings of Connacht? Was it not enough that they should need to be granted the right to purchase what had always been theirs, by people, and foreign people, in another country, without having that grant hindered by men who had jumped on the land in the time of the great famine, to molest them and give them trouble?" Such was the line of his appeal, delivered with a curiously simple freedom of speech and lack of declamation. The result will doubtless some time figure in the annals of what is called "agrarian crime"; but apart altogether from the argument dating from the national polity, nothing less criminal could be conceived than that audience, while nothing less demagogic could be imagined than the figure on the altar steps, in a kersey and simple suit of black, uncouth, weather-beaten face, uninspiring figure, with a flow of words that sought less to strike fire than to poise and weigh its periods, pick its words, and strike a beauty from the sudden balance of a phrase.*

For the fact is that, especially in the western and remoter

* Since this was written events have taken the course it was not difficult to foretell for them. The people have been summoned for lawlessness because they adopted the only methods left to them of having the law, enacted on their behalf, put into operation.

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parts, the people have the instinct of aristocracy. The stage volatile Irishman is as far from them as could well be. They are close and reserved—even to a contemptuous suspicion of intruders, withering in its effect. They despise the customs that they learn prevail in such places as London. Any attempt to tell a loose story in their company is to find a frozen silence succeeding to it, a cold, stiff dignity of disapproval before the conversation is resumed with a change of subject that is well marked. To be approached at all they must be approached in their own way : indirectly, easily, and with no curiosity or assumption of other than simple equality. A direct question meets a ready response that means nothing at all, one way or the other; and a more impervious shield could scarcely be imagined. Curiosity, or an assumption of superiority (whoever the speaker be), is keenly resented; but it is even difficult to detect the resentment, so secure is the mask. Success they hold in no awe. A cobbler who told me in one breath, with simple dignity, of his descent from the Kings of Connacht, in the next breath said of a man he knew, who drew daily thrice his own annual earning: "He is surely a grand man. And a very successful man, I have been told—in the mercantile way!" There was no pretentiousness in his quiet manner; there was no need for it. It was he who, sitting in his frail, ramshackle, wee cottage, answered my question as to how he could report so intimately, and accurately, on the doings and customs of strange peoples: "I have been made aware of these things by those that have travelled in the great and foreign parts of the world." A man who can coin such a beauty of phrase has no need to bow his knee to princes. But the deeper fact is that he never lost knowledge of the fact that he by degree was a prince. With him the instinct of aristocracy was calm and gentle; with others it is fierce and moody, even brutal (that curious thing that is brutal without being depraved); but with all it is sensitive, in a greater or lesser degree, and proud.

It is not difficult to see how this mood derives itself from the old order and polity. Where it is least obvious it is most potent. And when something comes to cause the nation to move forward, either to that attack which is the best defence, or to some necessary development, its instinct,

if unhindered, causes it to run upon the old lines. A remarkable instance of this is discovered in the Irish Agricultural Organisation Society. Together with the league of "The United Irishwomen," it is framing itself remarkably on the old social organisation—with allowances, naturally, for the spell of years that have intervened. No doubt, were detailed examination given to it, it would be found in many districts to have depended on older unities that have persisted through the centuries, and to have given them a new life and expression. The "United Irishwomen" are avowedly seeking to re-create the nation by making or renewing its social fibres, and weaving them into a fair network throughout the country, even as the I.A.O.S. is re-creating the agriculture of the country by organising a number of co-operative centres—each organisation assisting and supporting the other by deliberate intention. Such a work obviously demands the adoption and adaptation of such parts of the national stream as eddy and whirl upon themselves. Tough task though it be under any circumstances, its difficulties would be staggering, did not such natural systems exist upon which the organisation might be fastened. To create them would be a labour of centuries; to re-create them is a task quite sufficiently arduous, as the United Irishwomen find. But they exist: dating, with modifications, from the old formation, they have persisted in spite of centuries of brutality, and offer themselves as a basis for the re-creation of the country. Thus to re-create the nation it is necessary to re-create the old polity; the two things swing each upon the other in a singular attestation of their real unity.

Yet it is not less interesting to note that just such a system, such an organisation of agriculture, should first have occurred to Irishmen. England, Scotland, the Continent, America, and now, it appears, India, have all, intelligently and confessedly, followed on the lines devised by the I.A.O.S.; and, dating from that fact, it may well be that agriculture throughout the world will receive a new issue of life, and men re-learn their youth and manhood after the nightmare of industrialism. It may well be; and if it were, it would be a strange echo of the days when Ireland was a mentor to Europe in culture and learning, when Ireland evangelised England and led the way in a school of arts

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and crafts of rare beauty. It is no remarkable thing for individual Irishmen to give a lead to other nations; it is the healthier thing to see Ireland give that same lead while attending to her own national needs. But the immediate matter is that in seeking her own national needs, in desiring to rebuild a nation after the disastrous injury of centuries of oppression, without any seeming intention to do so she strikes the ruined foundations of the old polity and civilisation, and lays the structure there.

This is the surest proof, not only of national vitality, but of the existence of the vitality that in the first instance built the nation into a unity. It attests the maintenance of the ancient polity in the national instinct. Besides this continual and varied expression of the old Memory—Memory stirring herself in her vaults of sleep—the maintenance of old customs and practices, to which some attach what seems to be an excessive importance, takes altogether a slighter significance. It is still possible to see a passer-by fling a stone upon a pile marking the sudden death of some man; it is still possible to come upon parts of the ritual for guarding the “seed of fire”; it is possible to find hospitality extended to a passing ballad-singer in memory of the old honour paid to the poets. Gracious things all of them, and full of a just reverence; but an excessive regard may be had for them. If the significance of a rite be forgotten the rite itself is valueless. But if the soul of a people be alive, then it may create new rites for itself that shall be full of significance. The rites do but truly lead back to the powers and reverences they expressed. In themselves they are nothing; only being the proper subjects of professorial interest. But it may be that by means of them power may come upon the earth in some moment when the old consciousness flames up again into new life. When that happens it may chance that the old rite, by which the power came, may be discarded, and a new rite be made.

In short, vitality lives not in customs but in memory. Ireland has her customs, over which one may affectionately linger, yet which remain mainly a matter of wayward interest. But she has also her memory, and it is by virtue of that she achieves national unity and national power. As has been seen, whenever she seeks to express herself she

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does so in terms of that memory. Whenever she reaches forward to a swift and vindicating attack, to any fierce protest, it is usually because the contents of that memory have been attacked or affronted; and her protest is from the centre of her memory, and couched in terms of it, because she is chiefly concerned with throwing back the affront along the lines of its own approach. In so doing she achieves the strange irony of an aristocratic and conservative people appearing in a revolutionary guise. It is a remarkable position. The very irony of it is one of the chief things that has led to her being so profoundly misunderstood. But the situation is essentially a simple one. She has her polity, her civilisation, her institutions, in which things she has couched her nationality, and in which things she is attesting every day that her nationality is still a breathing and vital thing awaiting its renewed expression.

Some Fiscal Cross-currents of Anglo-Canadian Politics

By J. A. Stevenson

THERE are to-day a series of political cross-currents flowing between the Dominion and the Mother Country which are the cause of much confusion to unenlightened individuals in either community, and are seriously worthy of examination and discussion. Prior to 1896, Canada had occupied the serious attention of British politicians only in the matter of constitutional and administrative problems. The change began in 1896, when Sir Wilfrid Laurier and Mr. Fielding introduced their preference on British goods. Few political measures have been the subject of so much misunderstanding and misinterpretation as this preference, and its authors probably little dreamt what far-reaching political consequences the step would produce. It has figured on every Tariff Reform platform in Britain as the historic "offer"; it was the devoted sacrifice of a loyal daughter State to a hard-hearted, callous mother; it was a dear earnest of Imperial zeal to a Philistine, soulless community, and a hundred other things as well. In point of actual fact, it was the half-hearted redemption of pre-election pledges to destroy Sir John MacDonald's National Protective policy and restore Free Trade as in England.

In their opposition days Sir Wilfrid Laurier and his Liberal colleagues had made the Canadian Tariff the main object of their attack; Sir Wilfrid had denounced it as bondage comparable to the slavery of the Southern States, and the late Sir Richard Cartwright declared it to be the father and mother of political corruption as well as the economic ruination of the country. These were no prosperous times for Canada, and there was a feeling of popular dissatisfaction with the fiscal system. An effete and corrupt Tory Government was tottering to its fall, and the Liberals seemed almost certain to win the General

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Election in 1896. The manufacturers saw their chance, and induced the Liberals, who were desirous of making the victory doubly sure, to promise that on condition of the support of the manufacturing interests there would be no serious inroads made upon the Tariff. It was notorious, too, that certain prominent Liberal leaders like Mr. Tarte and Mr. Sifton were Protectionists, and their influence was thrown on the side of the manufacturers. Accordingly, when the Liberals came into office, they forgot their Free Trade pledges and contented themselves with introducing a preference in favour of British goods of 12½ per cent. in 1897, which was subsequently increased to 25 per cent. in 1899, and 33½ per cent. in 1900. There was undoubtedly widespread disappointment among the rank and file of the Liberals at these half measures, but the party machine was strong, and, apart from one or two individual protests, there was no serious revolt at the decision. Mr. Sifton's policy of national advertisement and development of the West was extraordinarily successful, and an era of prosperity began for the Dominion which has continued ever since. The Liberal leaders may have defended themselves on the ground that they had meditated further changes after 1900, but feared to disturb the dawning prosperity of the country. Be that as it may, the preference was primarily designed as an avenue of relief to the Canadian consumer and farmer, and in its conception there was not the slightest idea of cementing the Empire. It was also good party tactics for the time being. The Conservatives had attached to themselves a monopoly of the loyalty cry, and it was hard for a party who were devoted—on paper—to the British connection to resist a proposal which obviously favoured the Mother Country. But the Conservatives did resist it both secretly and openly, and from its introduction to this date their attacks on it have continued.

In 1897, when the changes in the Tariff were being introduced, Sir Charles Tupper, then leader of the Opposition, and other prominent Conservatives took the stand that the preference was an inroad on the protection which had been enjoyed by the Canadian manufacturers under the Tariff, and that its introduction destroyed the prospect of preferential trade with Britain. Mr. Borden, now Premier of the Dominion, said: "I would not like to see any of

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the great industries of this country cut down and shattered or the bread taken out of the mouths of our working men for that purpose. We might well make some amount of sacrifice for a purpose that might be in the interests of this country and the Empire, and it might repay the sacrifice in the end, but to take the step contemplated by the Government . . . does not seem to me to be calculated to obtain that result." Mr. Borden has shown no signs of changing that view. In 1902 he moved a resolution to the same effect; in the campaign of 1908 he described the Preferential Tariff as one of Sir Wilfrid Laurier's blunders, and he has often affirmed the doctrine that a factory in Halifax, Nova Scotia, is better for the Empire's strength than a factory in Halifax, Yorkshire. Other leading Conservative politicians have been equally frank in their denunciations of the Preference. Mr. Ross Robertson, proprietor of the *Toronto Telegram*, and at one time a Tory member for Toronto, said in 1897: "I would certainly not give, unless for a very material consideration, any advantage to either the workmen or manufacturers of Great Britain, or, for that matter, to the workmen of any country in the world. I am most unwilling that British manufacturers should have the money that Canadian manufacturers need." Mr. F. D. Monk, who lately resigned from the Borden Cabinet on the Navy question, and is intellectually the ablest Tory in Canada, asserted a few years ago that: "This unfortunate preference has done no good to the British people, and certainly it has done no good to us." As late as the Reciprocity election of 1911, Mr. W. F. Maclean, Conservative member for North York, admitted that he opposed the preference, and said he would do so again, declaring that Sir Wilfrid Laurier had given Canada away in that matter.

In addition to this criticism by Tory politicians, the attacks, secret and overt, of the Manufacturers' Association on both the principle and results of the preference have been continuous. They began with a resolution passed at the Halifax Convention of the Manufacturers' Association in 1902, declaring that the minimum tariff must afford adequate protection to all Canadian producers. In 1904 the whole force of the Association backed up the woollen manufacturers in their effort to have the preference

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on woollens reduced. The tariff on woollens then stood at $23\frac{1}{3}$ per cent., and the manufacturers demanded an increase to $37\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. The Government weakly yielded them an increase to 30 per cent., and as a result there is virtually no preference in favour of British woollens. In 1901 Mr. P. W. Ellis, the President of the Manufacturers' Association, had demanded that the Government should legislate for Canada first and then for Great Britain. In 1905 and 1906, therefore, when the Tariff Commission was touring the country, there was scarcely a line of British manufactures imported into Canada in connection with which there were not fierce demands from local manufacturers for reductions in the preference. The cotton manufacturers of Valleyfield, in Quebec, demanded further protection against Lancashire; manufacturers of cast-iron pipes at Three Rivers pleaded to be sheltered from the "foreign" competition of Scotland, and granite workers in New Brunswick from the "pauper labour" of Aberdeen. Everywhere demands were made for duties as high as the Dingley Tariff, and in some cases the pleas were successful. They would have been more successful had not the farmers of Ontario and the grain-growers of the West rallied to the defence of the preference, commended it as the best piece of fiscal legislation passed by the Government, and vigorously protested against any interference with it.

Besides these open attacks, the manufacturers have pursued other methods of creating barriers against British trade. They have excluded all British advertisements from their paper, *Industrial Canada*. They have complained that the *Bulletin of Trade and Commerce* published inquiries from British and foreign traders anxious to find openings for their wares in Canada, and they have insisted upon a duty of 15 cents a lb. being levied on all catalogues and price-lists circulated by outside firms in Canada. Within the last few months there have been signs that they threaten to use the possibility of cheap freight rates *via* the Panama Canal allowing British manufacturers a more favourable access to the Western market as an argument to demand increases in the tariff against Great Britain.

The Canadian manufacturers, to whom the Tory party of Canada is now bound hand and foot, may pose as devout

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Imperialists; but their practical Imperialism is a kind of devotional exercise which can be abandoned at a moment's notice. They dislike British competition more than any other because it is possible to make friendly arrangements with the American Trusts, and the quality of their own goods is not so unequally matched with the quality of American products as with that of British. They were not responsible for the inauguration of the preference, and as long as they dominate, through the Tory party, the fiscal system of Canada, its existence will never be secure. The preference has its best defenders in the grain-growers and the Liberal party. It owes its inception to their efforts, and it can only be maintained by their constant vigilance.

Long before Sir Wilfrid Laurier and Mr. Fielding came into power there had been zealous apostles of Empire like Colonel Denison, of Toronto, who had declared that in order to procure closer union, a common economic basis by means of mutual preference must be established between the different units of the Empire. There was put in force in 1901 a war tax on corn in Great Britain, and it is said that Sir Wilfrid Laurier and Mr. Fielding, when visiting England at the Colonial Conference of 1902, pressed the Unionist Government to abolish this as far as it was levied on Colonial wheat, and thereby institute a preference. They are also understood to have first approached the Liberal party with the suggestion that this proposal should be adopted by them as a means of attack on the Government. But the Liberals, being a Free Trade party, naturally declined to give it any serious consideration. Mr. Chamberlain, however, subsequently adopted the idea and pressed it upon the Home Government, and at one time there seemed a chance of its adoption; but Mr. Ritchie, the then Chancellor of the Exchequer, was a staunch Free Trader, and, the tax being unpopular and unsatisfactory, the Cabinet decided to remove it altogether during Mr. Chamberlain's absence in South Africa.

When Mr. Chamberlain first began his Tariff Reform campaign, it was looked upon with considerable suspicion in Toronto and other centres of Protection in Canada. His proposal for a schedule of forbidden industries was rejected with scorn and contempt, and there was criticism on every side. Zealous applause alone came from what might be

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called the social and professional Imperialists. At once the forbidden schedule idea was abandoned, and simultaneously Tariff Reform, of which the principal inspiring motive had originally been zeal for Imperial union, took the more selfish form of local protection. It became necessary to secure adherents and supporters from Canada who would testify to the faith that was in them. The Canadian Protectionists began to believe that the destruction of the Free Trade stronghold would be an excellent reinforcement to their own system, and that the game was worth taking a hand in. As long as there was no talk of Free Trade within the Empire, all would be well. There was doubtless, too, a secret hope that if the farmers could obtain some pecuniary benefit from the preference they might more peacefully endure the enormous burdens heaped upon agriculture, the basic industry of the Dominion, by the Tariff. In short, they hoped to extort a little vicarious plunder from the Motherland. Ardent Canadian emissaries offered themselves for Tariff Reform platforms, but it is a noticeable fact that they have always either been what might be called the "stock-in-trade" Imperialists or manufacturers like Mr. Cockshutt, of Brantford, who as an agricultural implement maker, had nothing to fear from British competition, and was willing to dedicate what time he had to spare from the sombre amusement of persecuting humble Western Free Trade papers to a great cause so fruitful in public banquets and private hospitalities. The Tariff Reformers were nice people; their clubs were good, and devotion to the creed brought an *entrée* for the wives of Canadian manufacturers to social circles, otherwise inaccessible. Accordingly there began an annual pilgrimage of Canadian Protectionists to Britain, which still continues. The shoddiest of Canadian Protectionist politicians had only to declare himself a Tariff Reformer, and the Tory world of London was at his feet. His photograph would appear in the *Standard of Empire* as a "Baron of the Outer Marches," and he was soon able to cable home accounts of luncheons with a quartette of the Peerage at the United Empire Club. And there were counter-pilgrimages. Tariff Reformers in and out of Parliament fared forth to Canada, seeking evidence of the blessings of Protection and opportunities for quick

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profits in land speculation. They traversed the whole Dominion in six weeks, and returned to pose as fully-equipped authorities on the economic and political conditions of a country as large as Europe. They had introductions invariably to the same people, the railway directors and the financial magnates, few of whom have ever given ten seconds' thought to political and economic conditions. They rarely strayed out of the C.P.R. hotels and the best clubs, and in few cases did they begin to know about Canada. "Car-window philosophers of Empire" they have been rightly called.

But the alliance could never be permanent. There cannot be, in the nature of things, other than a temporary coalition between two groups of Protectionists. If ever the Preferentialists of the two countries had been set face to face and asked to effect a working arrangement, a violent quarrel would have inevitably ensued. To justify his preferential food tax scheme, the Tariff Reformer would have required better access to Canadian markets—exactly what the Canadian Protectionist was not prepared to concede. The latter would have argued: "You have preached that a Tariff was necessary to keep British workmen from being unemployed. Are we not equally justified in maintaining our Canadian Tariff to keep Canadian workmen from being unemployed?" From the very beginning of the crusade, the woollen manufacturers and the steel magnates of Canada have foreseen dire possibilities in Tariff Reform, and there must have been many secret sighs of relief at the recent successful revolt of the Free Fooders. Had the Preference policy been carried out to a successful conclusion, there would have been much mutual disillusionment and counter-recriminations and some sad revelations of human and political selfishness. The one result of the Tariff Reform conspiracy has been that a certain section of the British people have acquired an utterly false conception of Canada.

The Tariff Reformers have laboured under many illusions, and none greater than that held by Mr. Chaplin and some of his allies that the Unionist party are under some obligation to maintain Preference as part of their programme. "Canadian Conservatives took their lives in their hands in September, 1911," says Mr. F. E. Smith, "and I, according to my humble measure, will fight their battle

here." If Mr. Smith had anything but the vaguest notions about Canadian politics, and if he had even a desire to understand the merits of the case, he would realise that the situation in Canada with regard to the Imperial preference has radically changed since the "Reciprocity" election, and that he could deal no more fatal blow to his Canadian Tory friends than to bring about Tariff Reform and Preference in Great Britain. The election of 1911 brought the Tory or High Protectionist party in Canada into power, and sent into opposition the Liberals, who were the original authors of the Preference. With the Liberal party in opposition, owing to the steady growth of the grain-growers' movement and the increasing political power of the West, the Low Tariff wing must henceforth be more or less dominant in their counsels. They have no reason to be grateful to the Manufacturers' Association. Reciprocity can await Tariff developments in the United States, though the argument in its favour exists more strongly than ever. The proposed reductions in the American Tariff do not, however, give the Canadian farmer half the benefits of the Reciprocity Treaty.

What better policy could be found for the Liberal party than the reduction of the Tariff against Great Britain to a revenue basis? There could be no more magnificent theme for an Imperialist electioneering appeal. It would straightway put the Liberals in possession of the loyalist cry so nauseating but so powerful a factor in Canadian elections. It would be their turn to wrap the flag around their persons and indignantly ask who were these traitors to the Empire barring out the goods of their beloved Motherland. The Tory party, held in bondage as it now is by the Manufacturers' Association, would slowly and surely be driven back to a creed of local nationalism based on the sordid gospel of local protection. Such a Liberal policy would attract the support of the farmers and the British-born, who are now no inconsiderable factor, and who opposed with one accord the Reciprocity Treaty through false but not unworthy sentimental ideals. A tariff wall round Great Britain would also at once remove the favourite argument in Canada against inter-Imperial Free Trade. Hitherto the defence has been that Free Trade with the Mother Country means Free Trade with the world; but this disappears with

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the erection of a British Tariff. The Canadian Protectionists have in front of them a sufficiently hard struggle to maintain their own advantages, and they are not anxious to have their troubles increased by the complications of Tariff Reform and an Imperial examination of tariff systems which would be an inevitable corollary.

Even as it is, the grain-growers of the West are pressing for an increase of the British Preference. At their recent conventions for Manitoba, Saskatchewan, and Alberta they passed resolutions demanding an immediate increase of the British Preference to 50 per cent., with preparation for further reductions which would allow Free Trade with Great Britain within ten years. Simultaneously they denounced any proposals for a food tax for Great Britain in no unmeasured terms, and their opposition to it, which seems heretofore to have been quite unknown to British Tories, must definitely end the dream of the Chamberlainite faction.

Some months ago the Grain-Growers' Associations passed resolutions denouncing the Laurier naval policy as well as the Borden plan, and there was some criticism of their action as disloyal to the Imperial connection. The true interpretation was that the grain-growers were sincerely anxious to avoid an election on the naval issue. They fear that the Protectionist element within the Liberal party was eager for such an election in order to have an excuse for abandoning economic issues which the Westerners regard as pre-eminently important. Their resolutions were, in fact, a notice to the Eastern wing of the Liberal party that they need not expect any enthusiastic help from the Western Radicals if they concentrated merely on the issue of a Canadian Navy and national autonomy. The Liberal party is now in opposition, and must needs discover a policy and a programme. The old opportunist Whigism of the last ten years will never bring it back to power, and it would not be an undisguised evil for the party and the Dominion if it were to remain in opposition for a few years until it realises that it must devise a programme as radical as that adopted by the Australian democracies ere it can hope to attract widespread allegiance and do any real service to the country.

Hitherto the real effects of the protective policy in the

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West have been concealed by the almost unprecedented increment in real estate values, in which practically the whole community shared. Real income and profits of labour could scarcely be discerned in the riot of successful speculation in which practically every Westerner has been involved. But these days are now past or passing. Real estate is still sold, but the cream has been skimmed, and for the individual investor there is no wide certainty of large profits in the future. The worker and farmer of the West is now finding himself at economic bedrock, and is beginning to realise what his real income is. The farmer, indeed, being more distant from the centres of speculation, has been the first to learn the truth, and to find that the economic profits of his farming operations have diminished almost to vanishing point by the effect of the Protective Tariff and other impositions. It is calculated by shrewd observers that last season the present low price of wheat little more than paid for the cost of production in Saskatchewan. There is a Lumber Combine, there is a Cement Combine, there is an Implement Combine, there is a Cannery Combine. Practically every item of supply which the farmer purchases is at the mercy of some capitalist combination which is in a position to fix the prices as it wills. And on the question of Combines in Canada, no man can speak with greater authority than Sir William Maxwell Aitken, now Tariff Reform member for Ashton-under-Lyne.

The effects of these conditions in Canada and the Empire are most harmful. There is no use denying that the West enjoys a severe and rigorous, if healthy, winter climate. People must be paid to endure a climate like the West, and if they are not allowed sufficient inducements to do so, a Canada of even twenty millions is a vain and idle dream. Even as it is, the population statistics of Canada are worth studying. Between 1901 and 1911 the increase in the population of Canada was a full million short of expectation. In my opinion this is due to an enormous leakage of emigrants who were dissatisfied with the prevailing conditions in the Dominion, to a great drain to the United States and elsewhere of people who originally intended to settle in Canada, but found that the roseate pictures and financial lures of the emigration agents were not realised on

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closer contact. It is also probable that many of those who remigrated were British born. There is periodical excitement amongst anxious Imperialists about the Americanisation of the prairie provinces. And here it should be stated that no factor can contribute so much to this process, if it is in operation, as the Canadian Tariff and other unfair economic conditions which prevail. The British-born emigrant is the worst equipped of all settlers for the agricultural life of the prairies and is often overwhelmed in the struggle towards comfort, nothing contributing so much to overwhelm him as the Protective Tariff.

The census of manufactures for the Dominion taken in the year 1911 and giving statistics for the year 1910 shows that in 1910 there were 19,218 manufacturing establishments in Canada compared with 14,650 in 1900; the capital employed \$1,247,583,609, compared with \$446,916,487; the number of employees 515,193, compared with 339,173; the salaries and wages \$241,008,416, compared with \$113,249,350; and the value of products \$1,165,975,639, compared with \$481,053,375. The number of establishments increased during the ten years by 31 per cent.; the capital employed by 179 per cent.; the number of employees by 51 per cent.; salaries and wages by 112 per cent.; and the value of products by 142 per cent. These figures are imposing at first sight, and the progress which has been actually made is very creditable to the manufacturers, but a detailed examination reveals the fact that the claim to attribute this considerable growth of industries to the Protective Tariff, and to that alone, is scarcely founded on fact. In this census every possible industry employing over five persons is squeezed in, and a great many of them derive absolutely no benefit in any shape or form from the Tariff, and cannot do so. It includes, for example, the printing and publishing business, and shows that there are 434 printing and publishing houses with a capital of over \$18,000,000, employing 8,825 persons, paying salaries and wages amounting to \$5,551,037, and with a product valued at \$13,323,294. In addition, there are 188 printing and bookbinding establishments, employing 7,260 persons, turning out \$10,811,393 worth of products in 1910. A large proportion of this industry consists of the production of daily and weekly newspapers, which must necessarily

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be printed in the cities and localities which they serve, and would therefore exist in Canada whether the Protective Tariff existed or not. A considerable part of the book-binding industry consists of Government work and local literature, which would only in rare cases be done outside Canada under Free Trade. In point of fact, there is very little printing of any kind which can be sent out of the country, and it is obvious that Protection is not responsible for the building of this item of the industrial increase. In the same category is to be placed the production of gas and electric light and power, which gives employment to 7,558 persons and produces \$17,000,000 worth of products per annum. Gas and electricity must of necessity be produced within a reasonable distance of their place of use. The manufacture of bread, biscuits, and confectionery, which employed 10,003 persons in 1910 in bakeries employing five persons and more, contributed upwards of \$25,000,000 to the product of Canadian industry, gains nothing by the Protective Tariff. Car repairs, with a production for 1910 for over \$31,000,000 and employing 22,000 men, is another big industry that must be carried on in this country irrespective of the Protective Tariff, for car repair shops must necessarily be established at intervals along the railway systems which they are connected with. There are many other industries which come under the same category, such as made-to-order tailoring and dressmaking, blacksmithing, repairing of many kinds, plumbing, photography, and the three biggest industries of this country—agriculture, building, and railway construction.

There are some shrewd observers, however, who maintain that the burden heaped upon the country by the Tariff is a mere trifle compared with the exactions of the railway companies. The Government has ordained a thorough investigation of the question of freight rates, which is now in process at Ottawa, but there is more than a suspicion that undue celerity has not been manifested in the proceedings, and also that secret pressure has recently been brought into play to secure a complete abandonment of the inquiry. There are many other grievances awaiting examination and redress, among them the entrenched monopoly of the banks and the evils of excessive land speculation. A strong demand for drastic reforms is beginning to be heard from

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the democracy of Canada, but it is invariably met with dark prophesyings of financial Jeremiahs who proclaim the woe to come if the freight rates are meddled with or the Tariff lowered. Many of the economic conditions prevailing in Canada are founded on gross injustice and flagrant privilege, and what the Dominion needs more than anything else is justice to the men whose exertions are developing the resources of the soil and upon whose labour rests the whole fabric of the country's progress. It is the fundamental need of Canada as much as of the United States. When this need is supplied, it will check the rapidity of the present production in Canada of a limited number of multi-millionaires at the expense of a lower standard of civilisation for the mass of the community; it will prevent the further development of Canada's destinies in wrong channels under the selfish, unimaginative control of a bourgeois plutocracy deficient alike in ideas and culture, but maintained in social splendours of a somewhat Philistine order by the labours of unjustly-used tillers of the soil. And this consummation will be a gain to the Empire as well as to Canada.

The *raison d'être* of the existence of the Liberal party in Canada, if it is to be worthy of the name of Liberal, henceforth must be to save the Dominion from the same sad experiences as the American Republic has undergone at the hands of what Grover Cleveland called "A Communism of Pelf," contemptuous alike of public rights and the national future. Tory journalists in England have written with ill-advised effrontery of the Liberals as an Americanising party, but in point of fact the most Americanising influences in Canada are some of the great Corporations and their officials, who regard the politicians as their pawns and the people as their prey. And apart from the lavish adulation which has been too often showered upon this type of Canadian citizen, it is surely the height of folly and stupidity to confer such political and social honours as the British Empire has to bestow upon Canadian representatives of the worst traditions of North American finance. It is certainly not the true method of keeping Canada British in spirit and in deed.

Sooner or later the organised capitalist combinations of Canada must be fought and curbed by the Canadian

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democracy, and the Liberal party is the obvious engine for the task. It can have no real vitality until it faces the issue squarely; but if it realises at once the need and the duty, it may look forward to a bright future and more than a full share of the power which office at Ottawa can give. Conditions are rapidly maturing in the Dominion which will find the people ready for a radical reforming programme, and if the Liberal party fails to offer them the necessary measures, it will inevitably perish and decay in favour of some more virile force, just as the Republican party has perished and decayed in the United States. Canadian Liberals scarcely realise their opportunity. The tactics and the result of the "Reciprocity" election left the Tories tied hand and foot to the capitalist interests and branded them in the eyes of all fair-minded citizens as their tools and allies. They may have prevented trade with America, but they are, as a party, steeped in the worst form of American influences and methods. The rallying cry of the Liberal party should be, "British standards in politics and economics." It should be their task to abolish the machine system of politics which Mr. Rogers, the Minister of Public Works, has perfected under the present Government; make drastic and wholesale reductions in the Tariff; tame the monopoly of the railways; make the banks do their duty to the public and cease to be the handmaids of the corporations; nationalise the telegraph and express services; reform the Civil Service by abolishing the spoils system; establish rural co-operation and cheap agricultural credit, thereby restoring agriculture to a sane predominance in the national system; reform the Senate (possibly out of existence), and establish a system of proportional representation in the cities. There is material available for a dozen programmes, and courage and imagination alone are required to develop them to fruition. But, first and foremost, the Liberal party must abandon all hope of favours from the "interests." It must become a party of the people and preach a clear-visioned democratic creed. It will inevitably attract to itself all the intellectual and public-spirited elements in the country to serve as political leaders for the farmers and other classes in the Dominion who are at present shelved in favour of the privileged class of

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financial mandarins. The opposition will be bitter, but though there is a large and corruptible foreign vote, there is no resident garrison of squires and parsons to man the fortresses of privilege. Once the breaches are made, the storm and capture will be easy—if the history of Australia and New Zealand is any guide.

But in this approaching struggle of the Canadian Democracy with the organised forces of Capitalism there is great need that British Liberalism should at least offer its helpful sympathy. There has been in existence for some years the closest of alliances between the Tory parties in the two countries, but the Liberals in Great Britain have hitherto held aloof from their Canadian brethren. They have too often defended them in a half-hearted fashion, and have devoted too little attention and thought to the policies and problem of Liberalism in the Dominion. Possibly they shun Canadian Liberalism as tainted with Protection. But the Canadian Liberals find the same difficulty as British Tariff Reformers meet in their efforts to eliminate Free Traders from the Unionist party, in purging their party of a heresy which is interwoven with the life of the nation. Liberal members of the Imperial House frequently visit Canada. Perhaps it is the result of a wise discretion, but they are rarely to be found addressing the Canadian clubs at which every Tariff Reformer airs his views. It would give a great impetus to Canadian Liberalism if some British Liberals would visit Canada in the course of the next few years and deliver speeches of a real democratic and Liberal fibre. They would meet with a ready welcome, and might also derive a certain enlightenment from the expedition. The problems of the two Liberal parties are and must be the same; their task is to evolve a most equable economic civilisation and lead humanity to a better and wider life, and it would be indeed regrettable if any mere superficialities of difference in practical policies should raise a barrier between them.

WINNIPEG, *April*, 1913.

“Perils of the Air”

By C. Grahame-White

LET me frame a definite question: “What are the actual perils that the airman, when in flight, is called upon to face?”

To this one may reply: “Certain of his risks are known; but many are still unknown; and it is the unknown perils which are, naturally, the greatest.”

Imagine a man launching himself in a frail boat on a sea of which the waves are invisible, so that he cannot perceive from what direction he may be engulfed. Such is the position of the airman when navigating the aerial sea.

He steers a craft which is highly sensitive in its equilibrium. Then unseen wind-waves bear down upon him. The aeroplane dips and heels. His own dexterity at the controlling levers, his good judgment, and his faculty for “keeping his head,” are all that he relies upon in battling against this unseen, treacherous foe.

The air, through which a pilot flies, is still an uncharted sea. A sailor, when making a voyage, knows of the existence of eddies and currents; but the airman has to launch himself into unknown dangers. The wind-gusts not only attack him from front or rear, or from side to side, as he passes through the air; they even assail him from above or below.

Scientific research concerning the air has been made, and investigations are still being conducted; but the airman, even to-day, knows little regarding the element which sustains him when in flight. He knows, of course, that the air is not a homogeneous body, that its disturbances are often extraordinarily complex, but, as to what these actual movements are, practically no data of definite value to the airman has, as yet, been placed on record. When flying an aeroplane, the pilot is liable to encounter strange up-currents, and even more perplexing and hazardous down

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draughts; and at various altitudes he finds the strength of the wind fluctuating greatly.

Near the ground, as a rule, when the wind is strong, there are dangerously powerful gusts; then, as the aeroplane ascends, the wind pressure settles down into a steady, almost uniform strength.

This explains why, in windy, troublesome weather, the airman prefers to fly high. The greater his altitude, generally speaking, the more comfortable he feels. Apart, too, from any greater gustiness in the wind near the surface of the earth, dangerous eddies may be formed as it blows over hills and woods and up valleys.

Scientific investigation, as I have said, is being undertaken to make clear these lurking perils of the air; and although so much still remains mysterious, striking and curious data have, nevertheless, already been collected. It has been demonstrated, for instance, that on a gusty day, at two points which are only forty feet apart in the air—less than the span of a big passenger-carrying biplane—the striking force of the wind at any given moment may vary by as much as 50 per cent.

What, exactly, does this signify? It means that, when in flight, one wing of an airman's craft may be struck violently and unexpectedly by a gust which will exercise a very sudden overturning influence. Unless at such a moment he can check this heeling-over tendency by an instinctive movement of his controlling planes, his machine may tilt sideways to such an angle that it begins to “side-slip” helplessly towards the earth.

There is, at the present time, vital need for greater knowledge of the air and its complex influences amongst those who navigate it in such rapidly increasing numbers.

In the early days of the aerial conquest pilots were extremely cautious; they resembled those first mariners, who would not put to sea unless the water lay absolutely smooth. The pioneer airmen, in fact, would not consent to ascend unless tell-tale flags hung quite limp from their masts—this indicating unmistakably that there were no awkward wind-gusts to be feared.

But then came a rapid growth of confidence—caused chiefly by the increase in the reliability of engines; and the result was that men began to ascend deliberately and

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fight the wind. As a rule, too, they were successful; but every now and again their enemy the wind exacted its toll. Fatigued, perhaps, by a long struggle at the control levers, a pilot momentarily relaxed his vigilance. Then it was that a vicious gust struck his planes and sent his craft reeling to destruction.

It was when men thus began to do battle with the wind, instead of waiting for spells of calm, that the list of aeroplane fatalities grew so sadly. Many pilots were impatient; they would not rest content with such slow progress as had been made, for instance, by the methodical Brothers Wright.

There is another aerial peril, apart from the actual onslaught of the wind, and yet intimately connected with it: this is the danger of the giving way of some vital part of a machine while the pilot is in flight. More than once, indeed, an airman's skill has failed to save him because, under the shock of some violent gust, one of his sustaining planes has collapsed suddenly in the air. Then, equilibrium gone, his machine plunges helplessly to earth. One might liken this peril to that of the man who, putting to sea in a frail boat, has his craft stove in by the fierce thrust of the waves.

The first aeroplanes were built without constructional data to go upon. There was, indeed, only one vital requirement, and this in itself was a peril: they must, above all things, be light. Builders could, of course, estimate what strains were likely to be imposed upon a machine when travelling through the air at a specified speed and under ordinary conditions. But there were quite abnormal stresses to be guarded against, and these at first were unrealised.

Let me cite instances of such perils. An aeroplane might, for example, encounter the phenomenon which is often referred to among pilots as an "air hole." This experience meant that, with utter unexpectedness, the air pressure under the planes of the machine would be so sensibly reduced that it dropped, or rather fell through the air—perhaps for a distance of many feet—before the "lift" of the wings again became normal. This imposed upon the aircraft an altogether excessive strain.

Then, while it was in flight, an aeroplane might also be liable—as I have already indicated—to be struck by a

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series of wind-gusts of abnormal strength. These, particularly if a machine was flying fast, threw a violent stress upon its planes.

Frequently an aircraft was subjected to heavy strains by the action of its pilot when effecting a steep gliding descent or *vol-plané*. Just before coming into contact with the ground, by a quick movement of the elevating planes he checked suddenly the aircraft's dive. This abrupt action, which might be likened to applying an aerial brake to the fast-descending machine, often threw an enormous and very little appreciated strain upon its sustaining planes.

But as more men flew, and the duration of flights increased, lessons were learned—albeit some of them were at the cost of human lives. But each accident taught both constructors and pilots something that they should know. What is termed the “factor of safety” of an aircraft has been steadily increased. This “factor of safety,” one may explain, is a phrase used in engineering to define the number of times any part of a machine is stronger—before it actually breaks—than the greatest strain it will need to withstand under ordinary conditions.

With the gain of practical experience, derived from the growth of flying, those parts of an aeroplane upon which very heavy stresses are known to fall are now given a “factor of safety” perhaps seven, ten, or twelve times what they would need in order to resist the strains of normal flight.

Thus to-day, in combating the perils of the air—known and unknown—the airman has as his protection a gradually growing store of knowledge. The craft he is given to fly is heavier, stronger, and generally more workmanlike; it is no longer a frail, purely experimental thing of wood and wire. Metal is already beginning to play its part in aeroplane construction, and it will certainly be more largely employed in the future.

A great and ever-present peril of the air is that some trifling accident, when a pilot is in flight, may bring about disastrous consequences. One tiny rod working free on the motor may ultimately wreck the whole machine. On the road, when motoring, something may break, of course, but this entails, as a rule, nothing worse than delay. But

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in an aeroplane, when one is several thousand feet above the earth, nothing must break.

An airman must know indeed beyond all doubt, before he leaves the ground, that his machine is in absolutely good flying trim. He must, above all, employ mechanics who are intelligent, competent, and conscientious men. There is lurking peril in an unlocked nut, in a slack engine-mounting, in a careless adjustment of stay-wires.

This, indeed, is the lesson that is being learned: an aeroplane is only as strong as its weakest part. But to-day a new era in construction is dawning. Exact knowledge is taking the place of rule-of-thumb methods. A pilot, when he takes the air in a gusty, trying wind, knows now that he can rely implicitly upon the "airworthiness" of the machine he is flying.

All the experience so far obtained has, as a matter of fact, proved that there are two perils which always threaten the man who navigates the air. These are:—

(1) The failure of some part of his machine when actually in flight.

(2) A sudden loss of control of his craft while in the air.

So far as the first danger is concerned, an obvious precaution, of course, is to build machines of ample strength; and this, as I have shown, is now being done. But the second problem is a far more elusive one. Above all, however, we need precise data concerning the air from the pilot's point of view, so that we may know what specially dangerous currents and eddies to beware of in this disturbed atmospheric sea.

What may be termed the "danger line" in flying is very quickly crossed. A pilot may, for example, acquire a habit of making steep turns while in the air, tilting up his planes as he wheels round to an acute angle. It is an evolution he may carry out with perfect safety a great many times. Then one day the "human element" enters into the question. The airman is guilty of an error of judgment; probably it is only a very slight one. But it proves more than enough. In an instant, he has crossed the "danger line." His machine, tilted up just a fraction too far, loses its equilibrium, and slips sideways in a helpless lurch.

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Perhaps, even, the pilot may make no error of judgment, and yet may come to grief. He may, for example, swing over his craft for a rapid turn in just the same way he has done so many times before; but on this one occasion some quite undetected aerial disturbance may arise in close proximity to his planes. There may come a sudden lessening of pressure just under one wing, which is sufficient to upset the delicate poise of his craft and cause it to pass beyond control.

In debating such perils of the air, one should certainly take into consideration the factor which is introduced by the temperament of the airman. There is grave danger for the pilot who betrays carelessness, irritability, or impatience. The man who flies steadily and well season after season, and who rarely meets with mishap, is almost invariably self-restrained and thorough in all he does, and is equipped as well with an ample stock of patience.

In future, one should note, big, fast-flying aircraft will thrust their way through the aerial sea without imposing such exacting strains upon their steersmen. The pilot who flies to-day resembles a man who, while he is being tossed about on a choppy sea in a little rowing-boat, sees a big vessel pass serenely by. The 150-mile-an-hour aeroplane of the future will be as little disturbed by air-waves it encounters as is the ocean liner of to-day by the sea-waves it spurns aside.

But even at the present stage of progress the airman may, by the use of care and common sense, guard himself against many of the perils of the air. That these dangers are not always so grave as they may seem is proved by statistics. During last year in France, for instance, only one airman was killed for each 92,000 miles actually flown by aeroplane. This indicates, in a way beyond question, the amount of safe flying that is now being done, and of which the general public hears little.

There are other perilous pursuits, one should remember, besides piloting an aeroplane. Last year, for example, more than one hundred people lost their lives while mountaineering.

The Tango Tea

THE crisis in stageland has grown beyond the prophylactic of tobacco, though cheaper seats might help the situation accompanied by the release of the public in all parts of the theatre from the dress regulation now rapidly becoming anachronistic in these days of the coming Tory democracy. A glimpse at the legitimate stage shows practically only one playwright master of his audience, Mr. Arnold Bennett : who, with *Milestones* and *The Great Adventure*, easily takes the place once held by Henry Arthur Jones. But there would seem to be a three-year time limit to an author's success, so that the genius of the Potteries will probably meet his pendulum, even as the big talkers in the constituencies do, and then, of course, there is Bernard Shaw, the grand enigma of the Public, the sole man strong enough to play fisticuffs with British fashion, and reset the pieces he destroys. Otherwise, there is the Chinese play—a thing of the quaintest charm and suggestiveness—*Typhoon*, a play of national characteristics, quite strong and interesting, but melodrama for all that, and, literally, little else of any enduring interest, while the girl-chorus entertainment theatre plays to nightly packed houses, from *Come Over Here*, with its astonishing railway-race illusion, to the sentimental French importation, *J'adore ca*, which draws our young men to the Middlesex, as Caruso draws society to Covent Garden, and Pávlova draws all lovers of art to the Palace.

The censorship question was laughed out of Westminster with sundry platitudinous japes and quips on the plea of the Majority, which is the moral principle actuating Party Government, and since then there have been renewed rumbles about the National Theatre scheme, with the delightfully English suggestion that all the beautiful actresses on the stage should process through London

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in a kind of Godiva act of penitence and reformation. It is a black outlook, symptomatic of the times and in the strangest contrast with the movement for the independence of women, who are going to do such great things for life and the body politic.

Such, however, is the situation, a general condition of frivolity and pathos, our greatest actor quitting the stage and Sir Herbert taking to light opera. Out of it one thing emerges conclusively, and it is that a good play does "draw," that the public will still pay half-a-guinea for a stall for a piece that has distinctive merit. It is true that Ibsen is not much use commercially, and that English reviewers write about Strindberg as a "drunken beast," whereas he was in reality a sober man, consuming far less spirits in the year than the average Englishman does, but then neither of these great men ever pandered to popularity, nor has our theatrical public as yet emancipated itself from the Victorian tradition which excluded the expression of truth and idea from the playwright's equipment. All the same, their work has been revolutionary, and probably were Shaw to take Drury Lane for a season he would fill it with much the same people who have lately flocked there to see Mr. Forbes Robertson—which is the outstanding feature in the present crisis and one of auspicious significance.

To talk of a National Theatre at this juncture, then, seems rather comical. The real fact is that the dearth is of plays, not of the public, and it is so largely because the new playwright, who should essentially be a literary man—literary in its purest sense—has not yet ventured into the ring hitherto held by a small body of men whose commercial business it was to construct machine-made plays on a pattern as rigidly circumscribed and constricted as is the form of French poetry. None the less unconsciously, the public has moved. The crisis has arisen precisely because audiences do demand something more than technique and artificiality, and because the ring cannot supply the article. They have been hoist with their own methods. Meanwhile the new men have not yet appeared, with the result that the general high-priced theatre is in a state of chronic confusion and insolvency, and will probably so continue until plays are produced which can compete with the better fare now provided on the Halls.

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That managers, even actor-managers, themselves recognise this is proved by the number of imported plays now running, by the number of foreign artists—dancers, singers, actors and negroes—now performing at enormous salaries, for there is the same crisis and dearth in the English performing world as there is in the art of the drama. We see these Russians dance and a man is staggered at the beauty and perfection of their art, this stupendous superiority of Slav æsthetics over anything that our industrial civilisation can pit against it, so that in sheer despair we turn to the joy dances of the Americans and to negro rag-time for exhilaration. We listen to Caruso, we watch some South American girl dancing a tango, we feel these are not English potentialities. But the important thing is that we are recognising these people, we are getting outside our insularity, we are seeing what Continental artists can do, and the result has been the purification of the Halls from the sodden mother-in-law business and the conversion of those old-time palaces of beer into houses of clean and inspiring art.

It is this foreign invasion that has made the English music hall what it is to-day. The trouble with the legitimate theatre is that good plays are so few. The difficulty of getting a play produced, that curse in the conditions of English art—individualism, which acts centrifugally and chaotically, leaving, in the absence of standard, professional organisation and co-operation, the control and initiative of selection and production in the power of men who are for the most part æsthetically ignorant and invariably commercial. In this respect the halls are far ahead of the theatres, as those responsible are beginning to discover. There is nothing better than the dancing of Pávlova in all London. Even the Marionettes are a thing of joy and charm. What in equivalent art value have the general theatres to present? I think it was Francis Grierson who, writing of the decadence of clerical influence, said that the reason was because the clergy were no longer on the art level of their congregations. Precisely the same thing is the matter with the English commercial theatre, which is not, either in manner or matter, on the art level of the audiences accustomed now to the very excellent turns and æsthetic exhibitions to be seen in the theatres where they

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smoke. If managers complain, they must try and educate themselves up to the art level of their public, which is really not a high level and in this country is very easily satisfied. If they don't believe it, let them remember how many of them refused *Kismet* and how many years it waited for production. The real crisis lies in the inferior art-intelligence of those who run our theatres. With men like Craig and William Poel stupendous things might be done for the English Drama. What we really need is a Ministry of the Fine Arts. Meanwhile, as a contributory means to rid our theatres of the Victorian wooden play, which is no longer even a commercial proposition, the Tango Tea, which sterling suffragettes in America attend, should not only become fashionable as a recreation, but a useful instrument of rhythm in the movement towards the theatre of idea and nobility.

S. O.

Books of the Month

ESSAYS AND GENERAL LITERATURE

THE INVINCIBLE ALLIANCE AND OTHER ESSAYS. By FRANCIS GRIERSON.
John Lane.

Mr. Grierson is one of our few conscientious writers who have a style; also he is one of our few writers who are fully abreast with Continental thought, both in the philosophies and in the arts. That is why he is always so refreshing. His little essays are masterpieces of lucid expression, condensed thought, stimulating phraseology; and behind them there is always the authority of the objective mind which has thought out things for itself. He puts his index finger on the weak places: on the clergy, now no longer on the art level of their congregations; on Bernard Shaw; on Disraeli, the cleverest dandy that ever lived; on snobbery; on music; even on politics, where, as he truly points out, the English attitude is twenty years behind that of the Continent, which thinks religiously in battalions. There will be no second edition of the Elizabethan or the Victorian era. Sects, parties, and individuals will be swept along with the tidal wave of Continental transformation, and men will cease to say: "I believe"; they will bow before the inexorable. The imperative will rule. The new era will bring with it a spiritual renaissance and the unity of the Anglo-American people.

Mr. Grierson is very strong on this point, as he is on German militarism. We believe him to be absolutely right. This is a most suggestive little volume, and entirely free from the fashionable trick of paradox, because the man is himself entirely sincere.

LOVE LETTERS OF A WORLDLY WOMAN. By MRS. W. K. CLIFFORD.
Constable.

If reprints are a test of what is good in literary art, then Mrs. Clifford must certainly be congratulated on this work, which, republished now after the lapse of twenty years, is astonishingly fresh and stimulating—perhaps the best thing Mrs. Clifford ever wrote. It set the fashion at the time, for in the years following dozens of love-letters appeared in all languages, yet none are more readable than these or more philosophical in their outlook, and there is an addition in what one might call an eminently modern manner. These letters are far more than merely entertaining passages on love and worldly vanities; they are essentially sincere psychological studies, revelatory of a woman's character as much as some of the chapters in *Vagabond*, that astounding book of Mme. Colette Willy. Moreover, they admit passion, woman's passion as distinct from sentiment, which is so studiously eliminated from English fiction; they are curiously genuine in their worldly appeal, admirably expressed, delicate and subtle. No better letters have been written than these. In their philosophy they face life; they are full of emotion, vitality, personality. Women should read them if only as a prophylactic to the migraine of the present day.

SWINBURNE. By JOHN DRINKWATER. Dent. 5s. net.

There is a common belief, partly due to Swinburne himself, that poets' criticism of poetry must be vague, superficial, washy laudation. It is singularly untrue; and Mr. Drinkwater exemplifies its untruth. This book is extreme, if at all, in the direction of keen abstract thought and

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careful, logical, and philosophical discussion. It is a good little book. Mr. Drinkwater writes a light, pleasant, ardent style, not rhetorical, but sometimes over-eloquent. On the whole, he is more interesting when he is explaining than when he is praising, but at times he can praise nobly. The book is alive, but not offensively kicking. The best part is the precise enunciation of what poetical merits Swinburne had, and what he had not. He had the power of persuasion in speech and metre, and he lacked subtlety of words. Among other fine vindications of Swinburne, Mr. Drinkwater champions his thinking powers. But he misunderstands the real meaning that lies under the rather confused charge that Swinburne did not think in his poetry. The truth is that Swinburne may have had a good intellect; but he was not an intellectual man. His passions did not come to him through the filter of his brain, as they did with Donne and Shakespeare. And the reason why *Dolores* seems dull to some (can they be true lovers of Swinburne?) is not, as Mr. Drinkwater brilliantly suggests, that anapaests in English obscure thought, but that Swinburne could not build either the melody or the thought of a long poem sufficiently well. Each stanza of *Dolores* is beyond praise. But any stanza might come after any other. There is no process and no progress. As for anapaests—has Mr. Drinkwater ever read *The Hunting of the Snark*? and dare he assert that he was lulled into forgetfulness of the thought?

This book betrays a reader, it will be obvious, into that enthusiastic disagreement which is one of the greatest of compliments. Occasionally he may smile at Mr. Drinkwater's impetuosity; as when he rather condescendingly praises *The Duke of Gandia* as being yet not without merit, though Swinburne's last play, and on another page splendidly renounces the pedantry of dates and periods—and all the while ignores the fact that though published in 1908, the play was written in 1882! But, on the whole, it is a rich, human, and lively book; nobly generous, and yet generally critical, illuminative of Swinburne, and exciting in its attitude to life.

FOLK TALES OF BREFFNY. By B. HUNT. Macmillan. 3s. 6d. net.

Those who have an interest in the stuff at the back of literature, and who like seeing that stuff first taking shape in the intuitive imagination of simple men, will value this book. In its simplicity it has a quality so rare (in both meanings of the word) that it should occupy a permanent place on the shelf, with the very few other books of its kind that exist. The tales differ greatly in value; some of them, in fact, taper away and just disappear with an inconsequence that defies the mind looking for a conclusion to things. But that is part of their nature. Miss Hunt had them told her by an "old man who said he had more and better learning nor the scholars"; a Breffny man, from that part of Connacht covered by County Leitrim and a part of County Sligo. Collateral tales to these will be familiar to those who have met similar men in other parts of Connacht. But Miss Hunt differs from others in that she has gone to the pains of putting them carefully down, and (as we judge) trimming away the amplifications; with the result that, reading her pages, in their wonderful *naïveté*, one comes closely into touch with a vivid imagination at work, in a people living near the source of wonder, purging itself through centuries of renewed wonder. The graphic drama of the telling is largely lost; but that must needs be, for the printed page will not compete in such matters with the kindling eye and the cadence of voice. But what has been retained will, if justly caught, make the appetite more than a little impatient of problem-novels.

GOETHE'S KEY TO FAUST. By WILLIAM PAGE ANDREWS. Houghton Mifflin Company.

This little book is a learned and suggestive introduction to the reading of Faust. It is a work of ripe American scholarship, quite sufficient to show, by itself, that its author has studied Goethe very profoundly. Mr. Andrews has built up a whole theory as to what Goethe really meant by

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Faust. He analyses both parts with earnest skill, and presents us with his conclusions. He sees *Faust* as one cosmic whole representing the vast drama of life. Not a line but which has some special significance in the completed structure. These various ideas of Mr. Andrews, developed as they obviously are with knowledge and maturity of consideration, are sure to be of much interest to students of Goethe.

THE PSYCHOLOGY OF REVOLUTION. By GUSTAVE LE BON. T. Fisher Unwin. 10s. 6d.

Monsieur Le Bon's psychology is clumsy, and since the whole art of psychology consists in conjuring with reasons so as to deceive the reason, the author is rather like a bad entertainer whose tricks of palming and illusion are done so slowly that we see through them. We are rapidly using up psychology as a form of literature. Everyone psychologises now—even Selfridge's, who do it quite well at times in those ingenious special advertisements of theirs in the newspapers. But without a very definite direction or intention, psychology becomes little more than iteration or elaboration. Even so well known an adept as the late Mr. William James spoke of "the fragility of a science which oozes metaphysical criticism at every joint." It is from this lack of intensity and direction that *The Psychology of Revolution* suffers.

Avowedly a treatise on revolution generally, it is little more than an elaborate essay on the French Revolution. Nearly all the illustrations are drawn from that event, and the Jacobin spirit of that time represents for the author the revolutionary spirit itself.

Monsieur Le Bon follows the trend of modern philosophy in looking to belief rather than to reason for the motives of the happenings of which he treats, but his interest in this belief is itself a rational rather than an instinctive one. The fact is, Monsieur Le Bon has missed the synthesis which could have excused and made fine a study on so absorbing a topic as revolution. The book is not very much more than a mass of drifting *aperçus*—some not without delicacy and vigour—and a collection of facts and incidents from the times of the Terror.

FELLOWSHIP BOOKS. 6 vols. B. T. Batsford. 2s. each.

FRIENDSHIP. By CLIFFORD BAX.

THE JOY OF THE THEATRE. By GILBERT CANNAN.

DIVINE DISCONTENT. By JAMES GUTHRIE.

THE QUEST OF THE IDEAL. By GRACE RHYS.

SPRINGTIME. By C. J. TAIT.

THE COUNTRY. By EDWARD THOMAS.

The first six volumes of the new series, revelatory of what is called the new humanism, are quite pleasant reading, and each strike in a distinctive way a note of a sane outlook upon life, which is quite refreshing after the old doxies and stereotyped doctrines we have suffered from for so many years. Perhaps the best of these is Gilbert Cannan's essay on *The Joy of the Theatre*, though, as he rather cynically remarks, it is difficult to see where the joy of the theatre in the present state of England exactly comes in. Edward Thomas, on the "Countryside," is always delightful, and the volume by Grace Rhys says many happy things in felicitous language. A further series is promised in due course.

AUGUST STRINDBERG. By LIND-ÅF-HAGEBY. Stanley Paul. 6s. net.

We are beginning to read a little Strindberg now that he is dead, so that this life comes appositely. It is a very readable, straightforward, and correct account of this strange man's life and work, and shows—if not forcibly enough—how he was prosecuted in London by feminists, purists, and the new sentimental Ibsonian movement, which at that time was rampant. From the critical point of view, not much need be said about it. For a closer examination of his work we refer our readers to two articles on Strindberg which appeared in *THE ENGLISH REVIEW* in November and December last. It is well to have some faithful story of

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Strindberg, who always was, and probably always will be, the subject for gross exaggeration and untruth, and in this volume the facts are stated with conscientious fidelity to what Strindberg himself would be the first to call the approximate truth.

LORE OF PROSERPINE. By MAURICE HEWLETT. Macmillan. 5s.

One has doubts about Mr. Hewlett's somewhat new phase—autobiography—because, as he himself says in the preface, that if one asked him whether these things were true he would not know himself. And as he is an incurable (our foremost) romanticist, one is inclined to question the verisimilitude of Mr. Hewlett's incursions into the souls that haunt woods, and the fairy wives, some half-million of whom he declares are *de facto* married to ordinary men, and those other phantom figures of the glens on the Downs of Wiltshire, which he calls Oreads. At the same time, there is no reason to stand on points about the matter. Whether true or not, Mr. Hewlett's visions as a boy of strange women vanishing from windows, of human hares and sprights seen by the wayside, are delightful metaphysical creations, and dovetail easily enough into chapters which contain a good deal of philosophic thought and literary descriptive matter, especially of flowers and the countryside, which Mr. Hewlett revels in. It is an eminently readable work, in many ways a very delightful one. Nearly all creative artists are visionaries, and we now know that Strindberg has left four volumes of a diary in which he has described his communings with spirits and unseen souls in his walks and even at his own table, a book which some day will be published, when no doubt the whole world will declare that this is the final proof of Strindberg's madness. Marie Corelli, too, writes—or so she says—as the result of visions. Therefore, we must accept Mr. Hewlett's, even if we feel it necessary to raise a demurrer to his prime contention that in England you can only write about sex in an artificial or romantic way. There we do differ very seriously. Above all things it is the truth that the new literary world are trying for even in England, and it is one of the things that the new woman will assuredly herself introduce into fiction if the men fall short.

FICTION

PUNCH AND JUDY. By EDWIN PUGH. Chapman and Hall. 6s.

The names of the characters in this novel give the key to its quality and intention. Here are some of them:—Crispin Pix, Mrs. Tullilove (a midwife), Holy Jo, Mog the Roman, Una Vani, Bartholomew Dale. With a collection of names like that, and the *locale* of the story given as Soho, the intelligent novel-reader can almost reconstruct the book. Mr. Pugh writes of genius starving sentimentally in that false, unreal Soho which a succession of novels on Bohemian life have developed into a regular swindling tradition. The word "Soho" seems to have much the same effect on the modern novelist as songs about mothers have on music-hall audiences. It is really time to protest. One dines in Soho sometimes, and one does not want to wade to one's restaurant through an atmosphere of sentiment and greasy pathos. *Punch and Judy* is the usual *pot-pourri* of fantastic Bohemian figures—composers, models, anarchists, foreign restaurant-keepers, &c., &c. If any character is bad, we know it is only a device to conceal his kind heart; if anyone is good, we suspect it to be a trap to lure us into thinking he is not a villain.

The book is wet with sentiment. One wants to wring it dry. If one did, there would probably be little more than the Dickens influence and some good, honest observation left.

A SMALL BOY AND OTHERS. By HENRY JAMES. Macmillan. 12s. net.

Although this is nominally an "attempt to place together some particulars of the early life of William James," it is, in truth, much more the autobiography of Henry James's own earliest years. It is written with

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all the glittering, the elusive, and the unsatisfactory brilliance of Mr. James's later manner. Never did the author of *What Maisie Knew* insist more upon the close and patient attention of his readers, and never did he clothe a very human story in a more inhuman garb of over-finished style. If anyone thinks that this book about a small boy must be easy to follow, they are quite mistaken. It is as hard to understand what Henry James knew at the age of ten as it is to understand what Maisie knew at a somewhat similar period of her life. In fact, it is harder. For this work simply bristles with that hardest of all literary difficulties—the difficulty of getting to grips with your subject. In flashes you seem to get close to Mr. James, and then, all of a sudden, he mysteriously melts from you into the elaborate twilight of long, subtle, and purely intellectual reminiscences. The artistic temperament is much too strong in Mr. James to make his autobiography "good reading" in the ordinary sense of the word. He cannot conquer his impersonality, or, rather, he probably would not attempt to conquer it. He tells you about his childhood as though it were some delicious problem he was striving to solve, some romantic problem of a faded and vanished age. For you do feel the romance running through all the pages of this singular book. Mr. James's memory for the past must be intense and passionate to an unusual degree, although one is apt not to realise all this in the difficult and artificial structure of the volume. It is a work which must be read almost as some Baconians read a play of Shakespeare. There is no cypher here; but that a very complicated remark should have a quite easy significance is about as great a difficulty. Indeed, a knowledge of Mr. James's temperament, as gained from his later work, is necessary to anyone who wants to derive much pleasure from these reminiscences. To such a one *A Small Boy and Others* will be typical of all his ripe outlook and manner, but to others it will be something uncommonly like a bewildering morass. These last will try to follow the James family in America and in Paris, but they will invariably have the utmost haziness as to what precisely is happening. It resembles an extremely recondite puzzle, does this book. It is rather like Victor Hugo's description of the octopus—a thing that appears to have none of the attributes you might expect. However to the initiated it will be quite explicable by two words—Henry James. For that is one of Mr. James's triumphs: that he has got his public, his fine, distinguished public, and that it is he who has educated them. They recognise him as a master, and they are not the public to speak lightly. To them *A Small Boy and Others* will add to the liberal education which the reading of his work affords.

MR. FLEIGHT. By FORD MADOX HUEFFER. Howard Latimer, Ltd.

In an admirable opening Mr. Hueffer introduces us to his latest (historical) hero, one Fleight, *alias* Rothweil, who, being unable to spend the interest on his interest, is bent on climbing the ladder of fame. He gets hold of one Blood, who is a sort of incarnate Kitchener, Rosebery, Curzon, Balfour, and the fun begins, providing the author with a wide opportunity to flash his wit upon Jews, climbers, wirepullers, politicians, placemen and placehunters, and any other sort of individual that he pleases to lash into, in a hodge-podge story which depends entirely for its interest on the amount of satire he can cram into it. Sometimes Mr. Hueffer is exquisitely droll. All the early part is amusing, and there is a good deal about a New Review and people connected with it, which will enable people to try and put names, though whether Mr. Hueffer is referring to his own conduct of the ENGLISH REVIEW, to Rhythm, or the British, must be left to pious imagination. Unfortunately, he evidently grew bored with the subject before the end, which falls rather flat, culminating in a happy marriage, after the manner of the conventional novelist. But the best thing in the book is the study of Mr. Fleight himself, seeking vainly to escape from his own surroundings, a figure of compassion, very human, almost pathetic. Here Mr. Hueffer's real art is apparent. His satire gets a bit heavy—it is a curious fact, but Germans never can be satirical—nor

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does he display much technical knowledge of the inwardness of political life, which is mere plaster and generality. However, it is a bracing, amusing book which people will find entertaining enough. As a piece of witty writing and satirical point it never reaches the brilliance of the best of our satirists, Violet Hunt.

GOSLINGS. By J. D. BERESFORD. Heinemann.

The author of *The Hampdenshire Wonder* has again given us a book on an idea which should alone ensure it a wide public. This time it is a plague, a disease which kills off men, until all Europe is practically a woman's world, man having died out of the community. Two things are noticeable. One is the process of man's elimination, the movement of the book, which, of course, is more or less melodramatic; and the other is the problem which arises when all the males are killed and woman finds herself mistress of life and its government. Mr. Beresford devotes the major portion to the sensational side. The problem, human, economic, political, sociological, he has but touched upon, and yet this is the side one would like to find an imaginative talent dwelling on, for a plague is a "plaguey" thing, and what really concerns us is the reconstruction of a society which is wholly feminine. All that we learn is that class distinctions and sex distinctions and "all things like that" are abolished in the reformation; women work like men, they are no longer dependent upon men; mothers will be the most precious things in the State; there will be no slaves, no useless women living in frivolity; people will no longer worship money and wealth, position and power, but lead healthy, useful lives. This book certainly needs another volume to show how the "great plan" shapes, but, pending its appearance, we can all enjoy Mr. Beresford's tale, which, incidentally, furnishes a delicate satire on the lives women lead nowadays and the appalling vanity of modern civilisation.

HISTORY AND BIOGRAPHY

THE FLOWERY REPUBLIC. By FREDERICK McCORMICK. John Murray. 15s. net.

Perhaps it is because he is American—and of all countries America has the cleanest record in her dealings with the Far East—that Mr. Frederick McCormick has written so sympathetically and well of recent events in China. He is in no way concerned with the financial intrigues of this or that group of Powers, he has no national axe to grind, and therefore his book can be read without suspicion.

The Flowery Republic is a fascinating summary of great events, the crisis of four hundred million people. It is a stirring tale finely told of the passing of the Manchus amid the crash of burning cities with the torch of revolution flaming from province to province. It is the drama of a nation without food, of armies without pay, and a Government stricken with creeping paralysis. It has some of the features of the French Revolution and most of the methods of the Russian Nihilists. Here and there are little pictures somewhat detached from the central chaos. Some are quaint and some wholly grim. We see the flight of fat officials growing leaner on the road to safety; we watch the guileless envoys taking their last cup of tea with their smiling host. Soldiers are standing armed without the doors, within there is but the chink of the cups and the hum of agreeable conversation.

In the foreground from which the figure of Old Buddha, greatest of the Dowagers, has faded there are still the great protagonists, Yuan Shih-K'ai and Sun Yat-sen. Man of action and organiser of China's modern army, Yuan Shih-K'ai stands for Northern China. Dreamer and idealist, Sun Yat-sen stands for the South. It is the old division of China from the days of Confucius and Lao-tzu. Of course, the sympathies of Europe are largely on the side of Sun, with his foreign education and hosts of friends in every land. He is Wang An-shih, the eleventh-century father of Socialism reincarnate. But Mr. McCormick is just, and pays more than

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a passing tribute to the solitary figure of China's President. "Foreigners may not think well of me for doing this, nor of this method, but it is my way." This is Yuan Shih-K'ai, against whom Dr. Sun is appealing to the judgment of Europe.

A word must be said for the very delightful illustrations from the Chinese Press which accompany this volume. They reveal a sense of humour and a vitality which certainly do not belong to a nation in decay.

ESSAYS IN BIOGRAPHY. By CHARLES WHIBLEY. Constable. 5s.

Mr. Whibley has *found himself*: how long will it be ere others find him? It is indeed a striking commentary on our amateurish and immature way of regarding literature that his charming books are, relatively speaking, so little known. But the reason is not far to seek. His very qualities are what our public mistrusts. To their emotional minds there is something wrong about a man fully equipped as he is and yet wearing his scholarship so lightly—something almost unethical in an author who has unquestionably received a decent education and yet neither approves nor disapproves of the actions of those whose lives he paints. How the middle-class reader must resent his utter lack of the moral taint—his incurably sane outlook!

Nowhere is he more in his element than in these seven character-sketches dealing with certain English worthies of the past, of which the first, that on Sir Thomas Overbury, is the most ambitious and perhaps the most effective. One and all, they are finely chiselled portraits, full of vivifying touches, as when he says of the Admirable Crichton that "his genius was like a block of ice, clear and frozen, which the changing season melts to water," or of Lamb's adorable Duchess of Newcastle that "her experiments in philosophy, which she herself prized most highly, are of an engaging triviality. She discovered the obvious with a passion of delight." The paper on Stow, again, contains a veritable revelation of the life of sixteenth-century London, and is, in our opinion, the most characteristic, the most *Whiblean*, in a volume whose every page makes one rejoice to think that the ranks of our drowsy, self-conscious historical students are enlivened by a man of such temperamental clarity.

THE STORY OF THE RENAISSANCE. By WILLIAM HENRY HUDSON. Cassell. 5s. net.

ONE gains a curious sense of the revolutions of time by recalling what the Renaissance was. In one it was the introduction of a new era, and the revival of an old. When Brunelleschi turned back before the introduction of Gothic for his architecture, he also turned forward to a new day. He could not deny the Gothic exuberance, for that was in his blood; and thus all the ages met in his work, and time stood still, as time should when art is in creation. To read in Mr. Hudson's well-packed and discriminating pages of the paradox whereby a day unlike anything that had been was created by submitting with enthusiasm to a day that, in modern phrase, would have been considered hopelessly outdated, should be a check to those who, without thought, brag of the mere progress of years. There is no phase of that paradox that he does not handle concisely. Avoiding the paths of disquisition, he has written a book that is popular in the best, not the vague and slipshod, sense. That is to say, it is not a specialised study (its scope prohibits that), although its erudition is stamped on every page. It advances no new point of view from which the whole panorama could be regarded, and yet we know of no book where, in convenient space, the whole of it could be more fully surveyed and absolutely trusted. Especially good is the chapter entitled "The Renaissance in Art." That, of course, is due to the fact that the Renaissance is most adequately reflected in pictorial and plastic art; yet to present the whole of that art justly and yet completely in fifty pages is not a small feat. The book is well illustrated.

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THE LOSS OF NORMANDY. By F. M. POWICKE, M.A. Manchester University Press. 15s.

It will be many years, assuredly, ere these exhaustive studies in the history of the Angevin Empire are superseded. Professor Powicke, in dealing with the momentous period of 1189-1204, has gone to the fountain-head, to contemporary chronicles and annals, and drawn from them a vivid picture of old Normandy, a picture which he has enlarged and, in places, corrected by a judicious examination of modern authorities. There are some admirable maps, coloured and otherwise, and the index alone, occupying some eighty pages, has plainly been compiled *con amore*; it will be found to bear all those rigid tests which are imposed by a work covering a field of research as vast as this one.

PHILOSOPHY AND RELIGION

THE MYSTIC WAY: A PSYCHOLOGICAL STUDY IN CHRISTIAN ORIGINS. By EVELYN UNDERHILL. Dent. 12s. 6d. net.

This book is a wilderness of quotation marks and inverted commas—the opinions of mystics of many lands, cemented together by Miss Underhill's convulsive intellectuality. She has saturated herself with their thoughts; she has adopted and, in our opinion, considerably improved upon, their rich technical jargon:—

"Transmutation and communion: the pushing out, as it were, of a bit of the time world into the eternal world, or—the same thing seen at another angle—the discovery of Reality's substance under simplest accidents within the framework of the Here-and-Now: the Paradoxical encounter of Divine Personality under profoundly impersonal forms: Divine Union actually achieved by the separated human creature: the feeding of crescent spirit upon Eternal Life: the slow growth and pilgrimage of the soul up from its new birth to an actual attainment of God, under the cyclic law that governs the Mystic Way. . . ."

The nun of Avila was fairly adept at such pious rhetoric, but how she would have envied this flow of pseudo-science, this jingle of specious analogy! And—by the way—how true it is, as Professor Maudsley points out, that one cannot speak ineffable things save in quite unintelligible language. . . . Which reminds us that Miss Underhill's sub-title is a misnomer. There is not the faintest breath of psychology in these pages.

The passage we have quoted occurs in the chapters entitled "The Witness of the Liturgy." They are interesting as showing the profundities which the true mystic, with his craving for the non-real, can read into ordinary things. Contrast with these forty pages of dark rhapsody the bald statement of a clerical Roman Catholic organ to the effect that "the eucharistic sacrifice, which the Church perpetually offers to heaven, assuages the anger of God, delays his punishments, and procures his mercy," and you will see the gulf between the mystic's and the non-mystic's idea of the purport of that sensuous pantomime, the Mass—the subject of these chapters.

The humanity of Christ has ever been a favourite topic with certain female mystics whose sub-carnal complexion of faith resents the idea of a Saviour purely divine, and therefore inconveniently remote for their clinging idolatry. Miss Underhill is not hostile to their rather gross point of view, which she has subtilised, however, or etherealised—as befits her more dignified and refined attitude towards these matters. Like them, she yearns for a human Christ, but as she sees the case, Christ is human because his inner life corresponds in its different stages of "saltatory ascent" with that of other mortal mystics; they all, according to her, follow the same lines of spiritual development—the cyclic law of the Mystic Way. It requires some boldness to formulate a proposition of this nature, for devout Christians may well ask themselves whether such a process of growth, if true, redounds to the credit of their Redeemer; while the young carpenter of Nazareth himself would assuredly have learnt with surprise that he had modelled the incidents of his psychic expansion upon

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lines similar to those of an ungracious, anti-social creature like Saint Teresa. Indeed, we fear he would have been not altogether pleased at a great many of the complexities which the courageous zeal of Miss Underhill has been enabled to read into his baptism, his temptation and other events of his simple life. Such is the mystic's touch: to make the plainest matters portentous and inscrutable.

Yet her courage fails her where least it should: in a little episode like that of Christ's walking upon the water (p. 115). Surely there is not the difficulty she tears in admitting the possibility of such "helps to faith." Levitation has always been a popular device—a well-authenticated phenomenon, we should say. The gods of the Hindus were uplifted above the ground, their feet being too pure to touch sinful earth; early heathen ascetics like Iamblichus and Apollonius were suspended in air for the consolation of their disciples; and had Miss Underhill been sufficiently unwise to pursue her investigations of the mystic temperament into more recent periods she would have discovered a hundred cases of levitation, acknowledged not by a handful of illiterate Galilean fishermen, but by civic dignitaries, judges, and cardinals of the church, who have borne witness to the truth of the miracle in notarially attested documents. The same with the *aura* or glory, the preternatural radiance associated with the story of the Transfiguration (p. 120). It is straining at a gnat to question the existence of this curious effulgence, which is a very ancient "help to faith," already recorded by Homer as having irradiated the head of Diomed.

But here we touch the defect of this work: Miss Underhill has given us not the "Mystic Way," but only a microscopic sample of it—merely an inch or so of that endless road of illusion and irrationalism that stretches from the days of dream-haunted savagery up to spiritualistic séances of modern Mayfair. No matter! An inch of this kind of stuff is as good as a mile. And let us frankly state that her main thesis appears to us altogether untenable; that there was nothing of the mystic in Jesus of Nazareth; and that her method of sustaining this contention does violence to the New Testamentary record. That said, we are quite prepared to agree that if Jesus had been infected with that particular taint, he would necessarily have conformed to the "cyclic law." So would Mr. Lloyd George; so would all of us—had we been born mystics. For there is a fatal family likeness between the mystics of every land and every age; they all obey the "cyclic law" because their brains are too warped to conceive anything beyond it; and this is why we said that an inch of the Mystic Way is as good as a mile. They are spiritually impoverished beings, self-centred enthusiasts whose minds, divorced from actuality, are harping for ever on one or two strings of defective sensation: how familiar are all their stages of "saltatory ascent"! How one knows it all beforehand—those inner trials and poor little devil-controversies, those roseate revelations that culminate, inevitably, in some "Union with God or Grand Renunciation" which, appraised at its correct value, simply means that the patient has finally abandoned all hope of solving the discord between himself and the life of reason!

And this induces us to wonder whether Miss Underhill's "Mystic Way" can be properly called a thoroughfare at all; whether it leads anywhere; or whether it is not rather a kind of track of circular shape, such as that which is perambulated, to his complete satisfaction, by the blindfolded donkey who turns the mill in never-ending gyration, cheered with the thought that he is traversing fresh landscapes and making wondrous headway? Be that as it may, we call to mind what Ribot says of Mysticism and *Progrès continu d'appauvrissement intellectuel*, and escape, with a sigh of relief, from this twilight of hallucinated neurotics into the sunshine of rational human society.

THE TRUTH ABOUT WOMAN. By C. GASQUOINE HARTLEY (MRS. WALTER GALLICHAN). Eveleigh Nash, 1913. 7s. 6d. net.

This book is divided into three sections: biological, tracing the development of courtship, marriage, and parentage among animals; his-

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torical, dealing with the rise and supersession of the Matriarchate, and its traces among primitive peoples and in the civilisations of Egypt, Babylon, Greece, and Rome; and modern, giving a balanced, penetrating, and courageous estimate of what Grete Meisel Hess has called "*die sexuelle Krise*." The last section is the best, and is all too short; for instance, it would be interesting to have Mrs. Gallichan's opinion of the amount of readjustment necessary to meet women's physiological handicaps even under just and decent conditions.

The book shows a fearless intellectual honesty and a deep sympathy and tolerance; it is the work of a serious student and of a woman who knows life as well as libraries. Thus, while demanding a world in which both sexes shall express themselves and contribute freely to the whole of life, Mrs. Gallichan is entirely free from the *androphobia* which an inevitable reaction has developed to such intensity of bitterness, and also from the "spiritual pride" which she diagnoses as the chief complaint of the modern woman. She refuses to credit "the existence of any special soulful character in woman's love," though, as she neatly adds, she "hesitates to write with that assurance of the passions of the other sex with which they have written of hers." *O si sic omnes!*

The chapter on "Sexual Differences in Mind" is absorbingly interesting, and based on the latest research. The author distinguishes between fundamental and artificially induced differences, and inclines to the view of the great biologist, Professor Arthur Tompson, that "it is probably true that some variations find expression more readily in man, and others more readily in woman," rather than "that the male constitution gives free play to the expression of variations which are kept latent in the female constitution." But Mrs. Gallichan sees and insists that it is in virtue of her special nature and powers that woman claims freedom and responsibility. While she herself is inclined to emphasise that side of the duality of love which affects the race rather than the individual, she admits that "for all women there is conceivably no one simple rule. Each woman must be free to make her own choice; she must give life gladly, to be able to give it well."

Mrs. Gallichan insists on the need of some form of marriage, *i.e.*, formal responsibility of both parents for the child, or children, and suggests as a basis for marriage reform the free contracts of ancient Egypt, which, though legally binding, were capable of being varied to suit individual cases, and not bound to one rigid formula.

She writes finely and truly on the absurd and indecent cruelty of penalising divorce; on the cherished superstition of feminine passivity in love, and the origin of the chastity taboo on women with its waste of life and love. "Wherever women are in subjection, there it is that the idols of purity and chastity are set up for worship."

She even has a sane and humane chapter on prostitution, recognising the complexity of its causes, and the kindness and generosity of these scapegoat women to one another, as well as their erotic insensibility.

The book should be read by all educated men and women. It will probably be greeted with screams of denunciation from those persons whose hostility forms a hall-mark of mental honesty and social value.

There is a fair index and a good bibliography.

THE EQUINOX. Vol. I., No. 8. 33 Avenue Studios, South Kensington, S.W. 10s. 6d. net.

We have derived much spiritual entertainment from this exotic. It contains, among a number of more mundane dissertations, the incomparable Sepher Sephirot—a hebaico-philogenetico-cabalistic lexicon whose authors, we are told, possess not the "smallest degree of scholarship." Is it, therefore, one of those rare works which are due to an inspired afflatus? We can well believe it; for great was our joy on discovering, for instance, that the figure 1350 corresponds to the numerical value of the 9 Paths of the Lesser Beard. For many long years we have been dimly

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aware of this fact, but it needed the illuminating ray of Sepher Sephirot to put the matter beyond all doubt.

None the less, it stands to reason that we cannot possibly aspire to become associates of the A . . . A . . . : the fourteen ponderous tomes of mystic learning which its neophytes must purchase and inwardly digest before they can attain the grade of Probationer would alone be an unbearable strain on our income, to say nothing of our cerebellum. Furthermore, that costly seed-pearl embroidered robe which, needless to say, we should be anxious to exchange at the earliest opportunity for the still more glowing habiliments of the *Magister Templi*, whose price is above rubies. . . . And then, those precious unguents and essences useful to the lower grades of the brotherhood (for, of course, we should want to do the thing thoroughly)—the "Venus Essence" and that other one, the *Unguentum Sabbati*, whose name alone conjures up scarlet visions of P. C. W. D. . . . Yet, were it merely a question of ointments, we might have cherished the ambition of figuring sooner or later in the conclave, for this *Unguentum Sabbati*, we are glad to learn, only costs 17s. 6d. per ounce, and for that matter we might have contrived to smuggle some of our own stuff (Cheeseborough Company: *not* the yellow kind) into the August Assembly. But who, despite such lubricants, can twist his limbs at our time of life into the sixty-nine approved attitudes of the Ecstatic Sage? And how on earth shall we discourse with fitting discrimination of Tao Teh King and Kwang Tzu?

No; it is hopeless. Confound Kwang Tzu, and likewise Abra-melin the Mage! We must be content to remain in darkness—humble exoterics lingering at the gate of the sanctuary and inhaling, perchance, through the keyhole, the subtle odours of certain *Pavots d'Amour Cro-Cro* which are being masticated within by the blameless teeth of the Sacred Band of Initiates. *Konx Om Pax Vobiscum.* . . .

POETRY

SONGS OF THE DEAD END. By PATRICK MACGILL. The Year Book Press. 3s. 6d. net.

GITANJALI (SONG OFFERINGS). By RABINDRANATH TAGORE. Macmillan. 4s. 6d. net.

A BOY'S WILL. By ROBERT FROST. David Nutt.

PERSE PLAYBOOKS. No. 3. Cambridge: W. Heffer and Sons. 2s. net.

Mr. Patrick MacGill falls into two quite distinct categories. There is the labourer in moleskin and corduroy and hobnailed bluchers, and of him it may be said that his poems are as good as may well be expected. These navvy-songs have a genuine smack of the soil; they are lusty and veracious—based on experience. A flavour of Kipling? Why, yes; even a very strong flavour; but no harm in that. Mr. MacGill has appropriated not the ideas of Kipling—he only uses the same kind of language, and where could he have found a better model? Wholly different from this rough eloquence is the conventional rhetoric of Mr. MacGill in his drawing-room mood. It would be easy enough to damn these particular efforts with faint praise. We shall do nothing of the kind; regarding them, on the contrary, as laudable experiments which prove that our poet is widening his outlook and hearkening to new voices. Some day, maybe, these diverse strains will coalesce to form an harmonious blend: such things have happened ere now.

If one sought the whole world over, it would be hard to find a greater contrast to Mr. MacGill's rugged, straightforward navvy-songs than the mellifluously mystical outpourings which the author of *Gitanjali* has translated into English prose from their Oriental original. These verses—they are meant to be sung—have been acclaimed by several continents as a revelation in art; their writer, still young in years, was famous at the age of twenty, and is now regarded with something approaching veneration

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by fifty millions of his countrymen. There is beauty in them—the beauty of a dream; there are visions of beloved faces and flowery gardens, and, interpenetrating all, a great calm—a hint of that peace which the world cannot give. Portions of the songs are so profound as to seem obscure; these darker passages, in the Bengali version, are doubtless irradiated by some gleaming nuance of language which has suffered eclipse in the translation.

Mr. Yeats tells us that this volume has stirred his blood as nothing else has done for years. It may well be; Mr. Yeats has an elective affinity with all dreamers and symbolists. For our own part, we confess to finding a difficulty in breathing for any length of time such a rarefied atmosphere. The poems do not touch our heart; their pantheism is bloodless and attenuated; they contain too much that is abstract, quintessential, and remote from actual human issues. But they certainly stir our intelligence and excite our curiosity. Is a new Light of Asia about to dawn? Has that drowsy East given birth to yet another of those sages who distil opiate anodynes to lull our strenuous occidental questionings?

After the subtle refinements of *Gitanjali*, it does one good to glance awhile into the simple woodland philosophy of Mr. Frost. Nowhere on earth, we fancy, is there more outrageous nonsense printed under the name of poetry than in America; and our author, we are told, is an American. All the more credit to him for breaking away from this tradition—if such it can be called—and giving us not derivative, hypersensuous drivel, but an image of things really heard and seen. There is a wild, racy flavour in his poems; they sound that *inevitable* response to nature which is the hall-mark of true lyric feeling.

While there is not much of the human boy's work, as we know it, in the *Boy's Will* of Mr. Frost (we would wager that he has passed his fourth climateric), this Perse Playbook contains nothing else. And the right kind of boy's work, too. This is the third instalment of these Playbooks that mark a departure—almost a revolution—in paedagogic methods, to the importance of which we have already ventured to draw attention. Space will not allow us to go into this particular achievement of the Perse lads as playwrights and actors beyond saying that they who had the pleasure of witnessing the recent performance at Cambridge can have carried away none but the most favourable impressions of the spontaneity of the acting and the care which Mr. Caldwell Cook, Master of the Players, has devoted to his task. But this ought to be noted: the Playbooks are only one small aspect of a revised system of education now in project—a design such as must appeal to all who care to look into the matter. The realisation of this plan is a question of sordid finance—three or four thousand pounds would suffice. Now, are there such people as intelligent millionaires? If so, will not one of them, after reading the headmaster's brief but convincing preface, honour himself and benefit posterity by giving aid to a scheme which contains, without a doubt, the elements of a real humanising force?

POLITICAL

PROBLEMS OF POWER: A STUDY OF INTERNATIONAL POLITICS FROM SADOWA TO KIRK-KILISSÉ. By H. M. MORTON FULLERTON. Constable and Co. 7s. 6d.

This is a work which in England will be criticised from the two points of view, Tory or Radical; it is therefore all the more urgent to implore readers to try and slough their parochial party skin and regard Mr. Fullerton as a sane and responsible man, who, having studied foreign politics most of his life, has enjoyed unrivalled opportunity, both for observation and appreciation. His book deals in wide sweeps with affairs, tracing, as a means to his end, the internal movements of the countries in question—England, France, and Germany—and so enforcing his conclusions which,

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right or wrong, are none the less those accepted by all serious students of modern history, most certainly by all Englishmen who have lived much on the Continent, as for sure they will be rejected by official Party Radicalism, with its traditional Puritanical dislike of France and idealist outlook of reform. As we regard this book as of real importance, a work which should be studied by serious men and women, we feel it a duty to express our regret that Mr. Fullerton should have fallen into the snare, so far as England is concerned, of accepting the Chamberlain shibboleth of Tariff Reform, with its Imperial rodomontade. This is a serious blunder, and if Mr. Fullerton is a wise man he would come over here, study that part of his question, and rewrite the latter part of his book on the lines accepted, even by the Tories, who have recently jettisoned food taxes to keep the party ship afloat. It is a pity that in a study so keen, so up to date as this, Mr. Fullerton should himself have taken a Party view; because it tends to awaken distrust, it weakens his case, which, as said, we hold to be in the main essentials right. And his case is this. First, the irreparable blunder committed by Bismarck in annexing Alsace and Lorraine; secondly, the importance to-day of economic and financial forces in foreign affairs, which are the real diplomatic weapons of modern statecraft, or, in plain words, international haute finance or commercialism. Quite the most interesting and illuminating portion of this book is Mr. Fullerton's account of French internal affairs, a subject he knows thoroughly and explains with admirable lucidity. For this information alone the book is worth buying. We question, however, whether Mr. Fullerton is quite right in asking for a solid military Triple Entente. The real future of England lies racially and linguistically with America. That, somehow, some day, fusion for all military purposes between England and America is inevitable, possibly even as the result of war between them, is, we hold, the ultimate solution of what is called British Imperialism, just as, in the same way, Austria must hold to Germany, and Russia to her mid-European Slav interest. But this does not enter into the scope of Mr. Fullerton's work, which we recommend cordially as a brilliant study, both authoritative and useful.

SPORT

INLAND GOLF. By EDWARD RAY. Werner Laurie, Ltd.

That the champion should write a book on golf was inevitable, and, on the whole, he has turned out a volume which stands out above the ordinary work of chatty reminiscences and club-house gossip. He has taken up a line. As a rule, writers on golf deal chiefly with seaside links, a game which Ray admits to be much easier than inland golf, where lies are bad and the necessary implements require more accurate and vigorous handling. And here, right away, he appeals to a large public—the great London golfing world who, for the most part, have to battle with park courses and balls that never “sit up” and often lie embedded in cups and holes where brassie play is impossible. This brings Ray to his cleek, the use of which he advises all inland golfers to master. He also explains, or tries to explain, the secret of his own great length from the tee, and is not afraid to tell the reader cheerfully to hit as hard as he can. About the niblick, too, he is informative. The question of the stance is discussed with overwhelming technical knowledge, how to putt, how to slice, how to obtain a long carry or a “runner”; and those who can profit by the advice and illustrations should find much real help in the book. It is a difficult game, and books about it seem generally to increase the difficulty. Ray, however, is explicit and conscientious. There is a pleasing absence of the usual golf silliness. A book for all golfers of the inland game.

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The Lightkeeper

By Henry Chappell

Above, below, How the wild winds go
And wrest at my ocean tower;
But safe stand I 'twixt sea and sky
And laugh at their puny power.
They lash with might the breakers white
That fret at my castle keep,
His long race done the fiery sun
Sinks in the west to sleep.

I mark the flight of the wings of night,
Close o'er the restless sea,
And hear the knell of the wave-swung bell,
In its ceaseless monody,
Sowing the brine with jewels divine
The Night Queen rises lone,
And my turret light so clear and bright
Grows pale before her own.

When the storm-god glides o'er the raging tides
And night lowers chill and black,
I send my beam with fiery gleam
Thro' the driving mist and wrack,
Now red, now white, athwart the night
My warning flashes fly
Where in the dark the labouring bark
Might strike and shuddering die.

The Huns, 1914

By Edmund John

Only the bent ghosts of pain, the grey phantoms of fear
Inhabit the desolate streets in the silence, and peer
Out from the charred, blackened windows. No more than
the breath
Of the fresh fields shall stir the drawn lips of the dead
whose blood dyes
Their own hearths, where from out the spent ashes dim
spirals yet rise
Like the smoke of dark incense that burns on the Altars
of Death.

All the prayers are stilled; there is blood in the holy place,
And over the lintels, and splashed on the pale, lined old
face
Of the dead peasant woman who lies where the hollyhock
blows,
And blood on the breasts of the maiden who yesterday
smiled,
And blood on the white, broken body of each flower-like
child,
Like red wine that is spilled on a petal of some fallen rose.

And blood there shall be on the throats of the devilish
throng,
And an eye for an eye, and for every unnameable wrong
Anguish and death and despair shall find out a reward.
Lo, the clamour of battle is calling to all who are men
To succour the helpless, and vanquish and drive to their
den
The murdering Huns who have drawn and shall die by
the sword.

To the Belgian Rachel

By J. D. Symon

For hero sons in Freedom's vanguard slain,
O Belgian Rachel, proud amid your pain
You had not wept wholly uncomforted
O'er the piled trenches of your glorious dead;
But on your stricken head
The Imperial Moloch heaped a fiercer woe
Passing all human comfort. Who shall know,
O Mater Dolorosa, even in part,
The pang that pierced your heart,
What anguish wild
Smote you, when the fell foe
Slew at your breast the babe and at your knee the child?

In the young summer, glad amid the flowers
Of Ardennes, all unwitting of the Day,
They played, your Belgian children, while the Powers
Of Hell in black array
Massing upon the frontier eyed their prey,
And vowed to hack their way
To mad ambition's goal,
Ruthless to take their toll
Of infant blood, and thus compass a world-wide sway!

Sudden, from out the cloud
Of dust that warped a shroud
Over your borders to the east,
Leapt forth a Beast
More foul and fleet
Than that which in the Labyrinth of Crete
Ravened for youths and maids to crown its yearly feast
Upon your babes he fell—
What tongue or pen can tell
Aright that tale of Hell?

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Oh, wounded Mother, none may dry your tears
For those poor martyred innocents that strew
The track of yonder Herod-crew,
Who trod the soldier's name
Deep in the mire of shame,
Who met the mother's agony with jeers
And with their nameless ravishment defiled
The Holy Spirit's holiest shrine, the Child.

No comfort can there be for such a grief
As thine, but all relief
In our poor power, of healing and of rest,
Belgium, we offer to thy heart opprest.
The while Britannia of the indignant brow
Upon thy streaming wounds renews her vow
That her pure sword, arrayed,
Belgium, with thy indomitable blade
And the white steel of Muscovy and France,
Tireless and fierce her point shall still advance,
Scorning the scabbard, till the monstrous birth
Of Teuton lust shall perish from the earth.

James Pethel

By Max Beerbohm

THOUGH seven whole years had passed since the day when last I saw him, and though that day was but the morrow of my first meeting with him, I was shocked when I saw in my morning paper a paragraph announcing his sudden death.

I had formed, in the dim past, the habit of spending August in Dieppe. The place was less over-run then than it is now by trippers. Some pleasant English people shared it with some pleasant French people. We used rather to resent the race-week—the third week of the month—as an intrusion on our privacy. We sneered as we read in the Paris edition of the *New York Herald* the names of the intruders, though by some of these we were secretly impressed. We disliked the nightly crush in the baccarat room of the Casino, and the croupiers' obvious excitement at the high play. I made a point of avoiding that room during that week, for the especial reason that the sight of serious, habitual gamblers has always filled me with a depression bordering on disgust. Most of the men, by some subtle stress of their ruling passion, have grown so monstrously fat, and most of the women so harrowingly thin. The rest of the women seem to be marked out for apoplexy, and the rest of the men to be wasting away. One feels that anything thrown at them would be either embedded or shattered, and looks vainly among them for one person furnished with a normal amount of flesh. Monsters they are, all of them, to the eye (though I believe that many of them have excellent moral qualities in private life); but, just as in an American town one goes sooner or later—goes against one's finer judgment, but somehow goes—into the dime-museum, so, year by year, in Dieppe's race-week, there would be always one evening when I drifted into the baccarat room. It

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was on such an evening that I first saw the man whose memory I here celebrate. My gaze was held by him for the very reason that he would have passed unnoticed elsewhere. He was conspicuous, not in virtue of the mere fact that he was taking the bank at the principal table, but because there was nothing at all odd about him.

Between his lips was a cigar of moderate size. Everything about him, except the amount of money he had been winning, seemed moderate. Just as he was neither fat nor thin, so had his face neither that extreme pallor nor that extreme redness which belongs to the faces of seasoned gamblers: it was just a clear pink. And his eyes had neither the unnatural brightness nor the unnatural dullness of the eyes around him: they were ordinarily clear eyes, of an ordinary grey. His very age was moderate: a putative thirty-six, not more. ("Not less," I would have said in those days.) He assumed no air of nonchalance. He did not deal out the cards as though they bored him. But he had no look of grim concentration. I noticed that the removal of his cigar from his mouth made never the least difference to his face, for he kept his lips pursed out as steadily as ever when he was not smoking. And this constant pursing of his lips seemed to denote just a pensive interest.

His bank was nearly done now. There were but a few cards left. Opposite to him was a welter of parti-coloured counters which the croupier had not yet had time to sort out and add to the rouleaux already made; there were also a fair accumulation of notes and several little stacks of gold. In all, not less than five hundred pounds, certainly. Happy banker! How easily had he won in a few minutes more than I, with utmost pains, could win in many months! I wished I were he. His lucre seemed to insult me personally. I disliked him. And yet I hoped he would not take another bank. I hoped he would have the good sense to pocket his winnings and go home. Deliberately to risk the loss of all those riches would intensify the insult to myself.

"Messieurs, la banque est aux enchères!" There was some brisk bidding, while the croupier tore open and shuffled the two new packs. But it was as I feared: the gentleman whom I resented kept his place.

JAMES PETHEL

“Messieurs, la banque est faite. Quinze-mille francs à la banque. Messieurs, les cartes passent! Messieurs, les cartes passent!”

Turning to go, I encountered a friend—one of the race-weekers, but in a sense a friend.

“Going to play?” I asked.

“Not while Jimmy Pethel’s taking the bank,” he answered, with a laugh.

“Is that the man’s name?”

“Yes. Don’t you know him? I thought everyone knew old Jimmy Pethel.”

I asked what there was so wonderful about “old Jimmy Pethel” that everyone should be supposed to know him.

“Oh, he’s a great character. Has extraordinary luck. Always.”

I do not think my friend was versed in the pretty theory that good luck is the subconscious wisdom of them who in previous incarnations have been consciously wise. He was a member of the Stock Exchange, and I smiled at a certain quaintness in his remark. I asked in what ways besides luck the “great character” was manifested. Oh, well, Pethel had made a huge “scoop” on the Stock Exchange when he was only twenty-three, and very soon doubled that, and doubled it again; then retired. He wasn’t more than thirty-five now. And? Oh, well, he was a regular all-round sportsman—had gone after big game all over the world and had a good many narrow shaves. Great steeple-chaser, too. Rather settled down now. Lived in Leicestershire mostly. Had a big place there. Hunted five times a week. Still did an occasional flutter, though. Cleared eighty thousand in Mexicans last February. Wife had been a barmaid at Cambridge. Married her when he was nineteen. Thing seemed to have turned out quite well. Altogether, a great character.

Possibly, thought I. But my cursory friend, accustomed to quick transactions and to things accepted “on the nod,” had not proved his case to my slower, more literary intelligence. It was to him, however, that I owed, some minutes later, a chance of testing his opinion. At the cry of “Messieurs, la banque est aux enchères” we looked round and saw that the subject of our talk was preparing to rise from his place. “Now one can punt!” said Grier-

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son (this was my friend's name), and turned to the bureau at which counters are for sale. "If old Jimmy Pethel punts," he added, "I shall just follow his luck." But this lode-star was not to be. While my friend was buying his counters, and I was wondering whether I too could buy some, Pethel himself came up to the bureau. With his lips no longer pursed, he had lost his air of gravity, and looked younger. Behind him was an attendant bearing a big wooden bowl—that plain but romantic bowl supplied by the establishment to a banker whose gains are too great to be pocketed. He and Grierson greeted each other. He said he had arrived in Dieppe this afternoon—was here for a day or two. We were introduced. He spoke to me with some *empressement*, saying he was a "very great admirer" of my work. I no longer disliked him. Grierson, armed with counters, had now darted away to secure a place that had just been vacated. Pethel, with a wave of his hand towards the tables, said "I suppose you never condescend to this sort of thing?"

"Well——" I smiled indulgently.

"Awful waste of time," he admitted.

I glanced down at the splendid mess of counters and gold and notes that were now becoming, under the swift fingers of the little man at the bureau, an orderly array. I did not say aloud that it pleased me to be, and to be seen, talking, on terms of equality, to a man who had won so much. I did not say how wonderful it seemed to me that he, whom I had watched just now with awe and with aversion, had all the while been a great admirer of my work. I did but say (again indulgently) that I supposed baccarat to be as good a way of wasting time as another.

"Ah, but you despise us all the same!" He added that he always envied men who had resources within themselves. I laughed lightly, to imply that it *was* very pleasant to have such resources, but that I didn't want to boast. And indeed, I had never felt humbler, flimsier, than when the little man at the bureau, naming a fabulous sum, asked its owner whether he would take the main part in notes of mille francs? cinq-mille? dix-mille? quoi? Had it been mine, I should have asked to have it all in five-franc pieces. Pethel took it in the most compendious

JAMES PETHEL

form and crumpled it into a pocket. I asked if he were going to play any more to-night.

"Oh, later on," he said. "I want to get a little sea-air into my lungs now"; and he asked with a sort of breezy diffidence if I would go with him. I was glad to do so. It flashed across my mind that yonder on the terrace he might suddenly blurt out "I say, look here, don't think me awfully impertinent, but this money's no earthly use to me: I do wish you'd accept it, as a very small return for all the pleasure your work has given me, and . . . *There!* PLEASE! Not another word!"—all with such candour, delicacy, and genuine zeal that I should be unable to refuse. But I must not raise false hopes in my reader. Nothing of the sort happened. Nothing of that sort ever does happen.

We were not long on the terrace. It was not a night on which you could stroll and talk: there was a wind against which you had to stagger, holding your hat on tightly and shouting such remarks as might occur to you. Against that wind acquaintance could make no headway. Yet I see now that despite that wind—or rather because of it—I ought already to have known Pethel a little better than I did when we presently sat down together inside the café of the Casino. There had been a point in our walk, or our stagger, when we paused to lean over the parapet, looking down at the black and driven sea. And Pethel had shouted that it would be great fun to be out in a sailing-boat to-night and that at one time he had been very fond of sailing.

As we took our seats in the café, he looked around him with boyish interest and pleasure. Then, squaring his arms on the little table, he asked me what I would drink. I protested that I was the host—a position which he, with the quick courtesy of the very rich, yielded to me at once. I feared he would ask for champagne, and was gladdened by his demand for water. "Apollinaris? St. Galmier? Or what?" I asked. He preferred plain water. I ventured to warn him that such water was never "safe" in these places. He said he had often heard that, but would risk it. I remonstrated, but he was firm. "Alors," I told the waiter, "pour Monsieur un verre d'eau fraîche, et pour moi un demi blonde." Pethel asked me to tell him

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who everyone was. I told him no one was anyone in particular, and suggested that we should talk about ourselves. "You mean," he laughed, "that you want to know who the devil I am?" I assured him that I had often heard of him. At this he was unaffectedly pleased. "But," I added, "it's always more interesting to hear a man talked about by himself." And indeed, since he had *not* handed his winnings over to me, I did hope he would at any rate give me some glimpses into that "great character" of his. Full though his life had been, he seemed but like a rather clever schoolboy out on a holiday. I wanted to know more.

"That beer does look good," he admitted when the waiter came back. I asked him to change his mind. But he shook his head, raised to his lips the tumbler of water that had been placed before him, and meditatively drank a deep draught. "I never," he then said, "touch alcohol of any sort." He looked solemn; but all men do look solemn when they speak of their own habits, whether positive or negative, and no matter how trivial; and so (though I had really no warrant for not supposing him a reclaimed drunkard) I dared ask him for what reason he abstained.

"When I say I *never* touch alcohol," he said hastily, in a tone as of self-defence, "I mean that I don't touch it often—or, at any rate—well, I never touch it when I'm *gambling*, you know. It—it takes the edge off."

His tone did make me suspicious. For a moment I wondered whether he had married the barmaid rather for what she symbolised than for what in herself she was. But no, surely not: he had been only nineteen years old. Nor in any way had he now—this steady, brisk, clear-eyed fellow—the aspect of one who had since fallen. "The edge off the excitement?" I asked.

"Rather! Of course that sort of excitement seems awfully stupid to *you*. But—no use denying it—I do like a bit of a flutter—just occasionally, you know. And one has to be in trim for it. Suppose a man sat down dead drunk to a game of chance, what fun would it be for him? None. And it's only a question of degree. Soothe yourself ever so little with alcohol, and you don't get *quite* the full sensation of gambling. You do lose just a little

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something of the proper tremors before a coup, the proper throes during a coup, the proper thrill of joy or anguish after a coup. . . . You're bound to, you know," he added, purposely making this bathos when he saw me smiling at the heights to which he had risen.

"And to-night," I asked, remembering his prosaically pensive demeanour in taking the bank, "were you feeling these throes and thrills to the utmost?"

He nodded.

"And you'll feel them again to-night?"

"I hope so."

"I wonder you can stay away."

"Oh, one gets a bit deadened after an hour or so. One needs to be freshened up. So long as I don't bore you——"

I laughed, and held out my cigarette-case. "I rather wonder you smoke," I murmured, after giving him a light. "Nicotine's a sort of drug. Doesn't it soothe you? Don't you lose just a little something of the tremors and things?"

He looked at me gravely. "By Jove," he ejaculated, "I never thought of that. Perhaps you're right. 'Pon my word, I must think that over."

I wondered whether he were secretly laughing at me. Here was a man to whom (so I conceived, with an effort of the imagination) the loss or gain of a few hundred pounds could hardly matter. I told him I had spoken in jest. "To give up tobacco might," I said, "intensify the pleasant agonies of a gambler staking his little all. But in your case—well, frankly, I don't see where the pleasant agonies come in."

"You mean because I'm beastly rich?"

"Rich," I amended.

"All depends on what you call rich. Besides, I'm not the sort of fellow who's content with 3 per cent. A couple of months ago—I tell you this in confidence—I risked practically all I had, in an Argentine deal."

"And lost it?"

"No, as a matter of fact I made rather a good thing out of it. I did rather well last February, too. But there's no knowing the future. A few errors of judgment—a war here, a revolution there, a big strike somewhere else, and——" He blew a jet of smoke from his lips, and

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then looked at me as at one whom he could trust to feel for him in a crash already come.

My sympathy lagged, and I stuck to the point of my inquiry. "Meanwhile," I suggested, "and all the more because you aren't merely a rich man, but also an active taker of big risks, how can these tiny little baccarat risks give you so much emotion?"

"There you rather have me," he laughed. "I've often wondered at that myself. I suppose," he puzzled it out, "I do a good lot of make-believe. While I'm playing a game like this game to-night, I *imagine* the stakes are huge, And I *imagine* I haven't another penny in the world."

"Ah! So that with you it's always a life-and-death affair?"

He looked away. "Oh, no, I don't say that."

"Stupid phrase," I admitted. "But," there was yet one point I would put to him, "if you have extraordinary luck—always——"

"There's no such thing as luck."

"No, strictly, I suppose, there isn't. But if in point of fact you always do win, then—well, surely, perfect luck driveth out fear?"

"Who ever said I always won?" he asked sharply.

I waved my hands and said, "Oh, you have the reputation, you know, for extraordinary luck."

"That isn't the same thing as always winning. Besides, I *haven't* extraordinary luck—never *have* had. Good heavens," he exclaimed, "if I thought I had any more chance of winning than of losing, I'd—I'd——"

"Never again set foot in that baccarat room to-night," I soothingly suggested.

"Oh, baccarat be blowed! I wasn't thinking of baccarat. I was thinking of—oh, lots of things; baccarat included, yes."

"What things?" I ventured to ask.

"What things?" He pushed back his chair, and "Look here," he said with a laugh, "don't pretend I haven't been boring your head off with all this talk about myself. You've been too patient. I'm off. Shall I see you to-morrow? Perhaps you'd lunch with us to-morrow? It would be a great pleasure for my wife. We're at the Grand Hotel."

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I said I should be most happy, and called the waiter; at sight of whom my friend said he had talked himself thirsty, and asked for another glass of water. He mentioned that he had brought his car over with him: his little daughter (by the news of whose existence I felt idiotically surprised) was very keen on motoring, and they were all three starting the day after to-morrow on a little tour through France. Afterwards, they were going on to Switzerland, "for some climbing." Did I care about motoring? If so, we might go for a spin after luncheon, to Rouen or somewhere? He drank his glass of water, and, linking a friendly arm in mine, passed out with me into the corridor. He asked what I was writing now, and said that he looked to me to "do something big, one of these days," and that he was sure I had it "in" me. This remark (though of course I pretended to be pleased by it) irritated me very much. It was destined, as you shall see, to irritate me very much more in recollection.

Yet was I glad he had asked me to luncheon. Glad because I liked him, glad because I dislike mysteries. Though you may think me very dense for not having thoroughly understood Pethel in the course of my first meeting with him, the fact is that I was only conscious, and that dimly, of something more in him than he had cared to reveal—some veil behind which perhaps lurked his right to the title so airily bestowed on him by Grierson. I assured myself, as I walked home, that if veil there were I should to-morrow find an eyelet. But one's intuition when it is off duty seems always so much more powerful an engine than it does on active service; and next day, at sight of Pethel awaiting me outside his hotel, I became less confident. His, thought I, was a face which, for all its animation, would tell nothing—nothing, at any rate, that mattered. It expressed well enough that he was pleased to see me; but for the rest, I was reminded, it had a sort of frank inscrutability. Besides, it was at all points so very usual a face—a face that couldn't (so I then thought), even if it had leave to, betray connection with a "great character." It was a strong face, certainly. But so are yours and mine.

And very fresh it looked though, as he confessed, Pethel had sat up in "that beastly baccarat room" till

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5 a.m. I asked, had he lost? Yes, he had lost steadily for four hours (proudly he laid stress on this), but in the end—well (he admitted), he had won it all back “and a bit more.” “By the way,” he murmured as we were about to enter the hall, “don’t ever happen to mention to my wife what I told you about that Argentine deal. She’s always rather nervous about—investments. I don’t tell her about them. She’s rather a nervous woman altogether, I’m sorry to say.”

This did not square with my preconception of her. Slave that I am to traditional imagery, I had figured her as “flaunting,” as golden-haired, as haughty to most men but with a provocative smile across the shoulder for some. Nor indeed did her husband’s words save me the suspicion that my eyes deceived me when anon I was presented to a very pale, small lady whose hair was rather white than grey. And the “little daughter”! This prodigy’s hair was as yet “down,” but looked as if it might be up at any moment: she was nearly as tall as her father, whom she very much resembled in face and figure and heartiness of hand-shake. Only after a rapid mental calculation could I account for her. “I must warn you, she’s in a great rage this morning,” said her father. “Do try to soothe her.” She blushed, laughed, and bade her father not be so silly. I asked her the cause of her great rage. She said, “He only means I was disappointed. And he was just as disappointed as I was. Weren’t you, now, Father?”

“I suppose they meant well, Peggy,” he laughed.

“They were *quite* right,” said Mrs. Pethel, evidently not for the first time.

“They,” as I presently learned, were the authorities of the bathing establishment. Pethel had promised his daughter he would take her for a swim; but on their arrival at the bathing-cabins they were ruthlessly told that bathing was “*défendu à cause du mauvais temps.*” This embargo was our theme as we sat down to luncheon. Miss Peggy was of opinion that the French were cowards. I pleaded for them that even in English watering-places bathing was forbidden when the sea was *very* rough. She did not admit that the sea was very rough to-day. Besides, she appealed to me, where was the fun in swimming in absolutely calm water? I dared not say that this was the

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only sort of water I liked to swim in. "They were *quite* right," said Mrs. Pethel yet again.

"Yes, but, darling Mother, you can't swim. Father and I are both splendid swimmers."

To gloze over the mother's disability, I looked brightly at Pethel, as though in ardent recognition of his prowess among waves. With a movement of his head he indicated his daughter—indicated that there was no one like her in the whole world. I beamed agreement. Indeed, I did think her rather nice. If one liked the father (and I liked Pethel all the more in that capacity), one couldn't help liking the daughter: the two were so absurdly alike. Whenever he was looking at her (and it was seldom that he looked away from her) the effect, if you cared to be fantastic, was that of a very vain man before a mirror. It might have occurred to me that, if there were any mystery in him, I could solve it through her. But, in point of fact, I had forgotten all about that possible mystery. The amateur detective was lost in the sympathetic observer of a father's love. That Pethel did love his daughter, I have never doubted. One passion is not less true because another predominates. No one who ever saw that father with that daughter could doubt that he loved her intensely. And this intensity gauges for me the strength of what else was in him.

Mrs. Pethel's love, though less explicit, was not less evidently profound. But the maternal instinct is less attractive to an onlooker, because he takes it more for granted, than the paternal. What endeared poor Mrs. Pethel to me was—well, the inevitability of the epithet I give her. She seemed, poor thing, so essentially out of it; and by "it" is meant the glowing mutual affinity of husband and child. Not that she didn't, in her little way, assert herself during the meal. But she did so, I thought, with the knowledge that she didn't count, and never would count. I wondered how it was that she had, in that Cambridge bar-room long ago, counted for Pethel to the extent of matrimony. But from any such room she seemed so utterly remote that she might well be in all respects now an utterly changed woman. She did pre-eminently look as if much had by some means been taken out of her, with no compensatory process of putting in. Pethel looked so

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very young for his age, whereas she would have had to be quite old to look young for hers. I pitied her as one might a governess with two charges who were hopelessly out of hand. But a governess, I reflected, can always give notice. Love tied poor Mrs. Pethel fast to her present situation.

As the three of them were to start next day on their tour through France, and as the four of us were to make a tour to Rouen this afternoon, the talk was much about motoring—a theme which Miss Peggie's enthusiasm made almost tolerable. I said to Mrs. Pethel, with more good will than truth, that I supposed she was "very keen on it." She replied that she was.

"But, darling Mother, you aren't. I believe you *hate* it. You're *always* asking Father to go slower. And what is the fun of just crawling along?"

"Oh, come, Peggy, we never crawl," said her father.

"No, indeed," said her mother, in a tone of which Pethel laughingly said it would put me off coming out with them this afternoon. I said, with an expert air to reassure Mrs. Pethel, that it wasn't fast driving, but only bad driving, that was a danger. "There, Mother!" cried Peggy. "Isn't that what we're always telling you?"

I felt that they were always either telling Mrs. Pethel something or, as in the matter of that intended bath, not telling her something. It seemed to me possible that Peggy advised her father about his "investments." I wondered whether they had yet told Mrs. Pethel of their intention to go on to Switzerland for some climbing.

Of his secretiveness for his wife's sake I had a touching little instance after luncheon. We had adjourned to have coffee in front of the hotel. The car was already in attendance, and Peggy had darted off to make her daily inspection of it. Pethel had given me a cigar, and his wife presently noticed that he himself was not smoking. He explained to her that he thought he had smoked too much lately, and that he was going to "knock it off" for a while. I would not have smiled if he had met my eye. But his avoidance of it made me quite sure that he really had been "thinking over" what I had said last night about nicotine and its possibly deleterious action on the gambling thrill.

Mrs. Pethel saw the smile that I could not repress.

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I explained that I was wishing I could knock off tobacco, and envying her husband's strength of character. She smiled too, but wanly, with her eyes on him. "Nobody has so much strength of character as he has," she said.

"Nonsense!" he laughed. "I'm the weakest of men."

"Yes," she said quietly. "That's true, too, James."

Again he laughed, but he flushed. I saw that Mrs. Pethel also had faintly flushed; and I became horribly conscious of following suit. In the sudden glow and silence created by Mrs. Pethel's paradox, I was grateful to the daughter for bouncing back into our midst and asking how soon we should be ready to start.

Pethel looked at his wife, who looked at me and rather strangely asked if I were sure I wanted to go with them. I protested that of course I did. Pethel asked her if *she* really wanted to come: "You see, dear, there was the run yesterday from Calais. And to-morrow you'll be on the road again, and all the days after."

"Yes," said Peggy, "I'm *sure* you'd much rather stay at home, darling Mother, and have a good rest."

"Shall we go and put on our things, Peggy?" replied Mrs. Pethel, rising from her chair. She asked her husband whether he were taking the chauffeur with him. He said he thought not.

"Oh, hurrah!" cried Peggy. "Then I can be on the front seat!"

"No, dear," said her mother. "I am sure Mr. Beerbohm* would like to be on the front seat."

"You'd like to be with Mother, wouldn't you?" the girl appealed. I replied with all possible emphasis that I should like to be with Mrs. Pethel. But presently, when the mother and daughter reappeared in the guise of motorists, it became clear that my aspiration had been set aside. "I am to be with Mother," said Peggy.

I was inwardly glad that Mrs. Pethel could, after all, assert herself to some purpose. Had I thought she disliked me, I should have been hurt; but I was sure her desire that I should not sit with her was due merely to a belief that a person on the front seat was less safe in case of accidents than a person behind. And of course I did not expect her to prefer my life to her daughter's. Poor

* The other names in this memoir are, for good reason, pseudonyms.

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lady! My heart was with her. As the car glided along the sea-front and then under the Norman archway, through the town and past the environs, I wished that her husband inspired in her as much confidence as he did in me. For me the sight of his clear, firm profile (he did not wear motor-goggles) was an assurance in itself. From time to time (for I too was ungoggled) I looked round to nod and smile cheerfully at his wife. She always returned the nod, but left the smile to be returned by the daughter.

Pethel, like the good driver he was, did not talk: just drove. But he did, as we came out on to the Rouen road, say that in France he always rather missed the British police-traps. "Not," he added, "that I've ever fallen into one. But the chance that a policeman *may* at any moment dart out, and land you in a bit of a scrape, does rather add to the excitement, don't you think?" Though I answered in the tone of one to whom the chance of a police-trap is the very salt of life, I did not inwardly like the spirit of his remark. However, I dismissed it from my mind; and the sun was shining, and the wind had dropped: it was an ideal day for motoring; and the Norman landscape had never looked lovelier to me in its width of sober and silvery grace.

I presently felt that this landscape was not, after all, doing itself full justice. Was it not rushing rather too quickly past? "James!" said a shrill, faint voice from behind; and gradually—"Oh, darling Mother, really!" protested another voice—the landscape slackened pace. But after a while, little by little, the landscape lost patience, forgot its good manners, and flew faster, and faster than before. The road rushed furiously beneath us, like a river in spate. Avenues of poplars flashed past us, every tree of them on either side hissing and swishing angrily in the draught we made. Motors going Rouen-wards seemed to be past as quickly as motors that bore down on us. Hardly had I espied in the landscape ahead a château or other object of interest before I was craning my neck round for a final glimpse of it as it faded on the backward horizon. An endless up-hill road was breasted and crested in a twinkling and transformed into a decline near the end of which our car leapt straight across to the opposite ascent, and—"James!" again, and again by degrees the laws of

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Nature were re-established, but again by degrees revoked. I didn't doubt that speed in itself was no danger; but, when the road was about to make a sharp curve, why shouldn't Pethel, just as a matter of form, slow down slightly and sound a note or two of the hooter? Suppose another car were—well, that was all right: the road was clear. But at the next turning, when our car neither slackened nor hooted and *was*, for an instant, full on the wrong side of the road, I had within me a contraction which (at thought of what must have been if . . .) lasted though all was well. Loth to betray fear, I hadn't turned my face to Pethel. Eyes front! And how about that waggon ahead, huge hay-waggon plodding with its back to us, seeming to occupy whole road? Surely Pethel would slacken, hoot? No. Imagine a needle threaded with one swift gesture from afar. Even so was it that we shot, between waggon and road's edge, through; whereon, confronting us within a few yards—*inches* now, but we swerved—was a cart, a cart that incredibly we grazed not as we rushed on, on. Now indeed had I turned my eyes on Pethel's profile. And my eyes saw there that which stilled, with a greater emotion, all fear and wonder in me.

I think that for the first instant, oddly, what I felt was merely satisfaction, not hatred; for I all but asked him whether by not smoking to-day he had got a keener edge to his thrills. I understood him, and for an instant this sufficed me. Those pursed-out lips, so queerly different from the compressed lips of the normal motorist, and seeming, as elsewhere last night, to denote no more than pensive interest, had told me suddenly all that I needed to know about Pethel. Here, as there—and oh, ever so much better here than there!—he could gratify the passion that was in him. No need of any "make-believe" here! I remembered the queer look he had given when I asked if his gambling was always "a life-and-death affair." Here was the real thing—the authentic game, for the highest stakes! And here was I, a little extra-stake tossed on to the board. He had vowed I had it "in" me to do "something big." Perhaps, though, there had been a touch of make-believe about that . . . I am afraid it was not before my thought about myself that my moral sense began to operate and my hatred of Pethel set in. Put it

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to my credit that I did see myself as a mere detail in his villainy. You deprecate the word "villainy"? Understand all, forgive all? No doubt. But between the acts of understanding and forgiving an interval may sometimes be condoned. Condone it in this instance. Even at the time, I gave Pethel due credit for risking his own life—for having doubtless risked it, it and none other, again and again in the course of his adventurous—and abstemious—life by field and flood. I was even rather touched by memory of his insistence last night on another glass of that water which just *might* give him typhoid; rather touched by memory of his unsaying that he "never" touched alcohol—he who, in point of fact, had to be *always* gambling on something or other. I gave him due credit, too, for his devotion to his daughter. But his use of that devotion, his cold use of it to secure for himself the utmost thrill of gambling, did seem utterly abominable to me.

And it was even more for the mother than for the daughter that I was incensed. That daughter did not know him, did but innocently share his damnable love of chances. But that wife had for years known him at least as well as I knew him now. Here again, I gave him credit for wishing, though he didn't love her, to spare her what he could. That he didn't love her, I presumed from his indubitable willingness not to stake her in this afternoon's game. That he never had loved her—had taken her, in his precocious youth, simply as a gigantic chance against him—was likely enough. So much the more credit to him for such consideration as he showed her; but little enough this was. He could wish to save her from being a looker-on at his game; but he could, he couldn't not, go on playing. Assuredly she was right in deeming him at once the strongest and the weakest of men. "Rather a nervous woman"! I remembered an engraving that had hung in my room at Oxford—and in scores of other rooms there: a presentment by Sir Marcus (then Mr.) Stone of a very pretty young person in a Gainsborough hat, seated beneath an ancestral elm, looking as though she were about to cry, and entitled "A Gambler's Wife." Mrs. Pethel was not like that. Of her there were no engravings for undergraduate hearts to melt at. But there was one man,

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certainly, whose compassion was very much at her service. How was he going to help her?

I know not how many hair's-breadth escapes we may have had while these thoughts passed through my brain. I had closed my eyes. So preoccupied was I that, but for the constant rush of air against my face, I might, for aught I knew, have been sitting ensconced in an arm-chair at home. After a while, I was aware that this rush had abated; I opened my eyes to the old familiar streets of Rouen. We were to have tea at the Hôtel d'Angleterre. What was to be my line of action? Should I take Pethel aside and say "Swear to me, on your word of honour as a gentleman, that you will never again touch the driving-gear (or whatever you call it) of a motor-car. Otherwise, I shall expose you to the world. Meanwhile, we shall return to Dieppe by train"? He might flush (for I knew him capable of flushing) as he asked me to explain. And after? He would laugh in my face. He would advise me not to go motoring any more. He might even warn me not to go back to Dieppe in one of those dangerous railway-trains. He might even urge me to wait until a nice bath-chair had been sent out for me from England. . . .

I heard a voice (mine, alas) saying brightly "Well, here we are!" I helped the ladies to descend. Tea was ordered. Pethel refused that stimulant and had a glass of water. I had a liqueur brandy. It was evident to me that tea meant much to Mrs. Pethel. She looked stronger after her second cup, and younger after her third. Still, it was my duty to help her, if I could. While I talked and laughed, I did not forget that. But—what on earth was I to do? I am no hero. I hate to be ridiculous. I am inveterately averse from any sort of fuss. Besides, how was I to be sure that my own personal dread of the return-journey hadn't something to do with my intention of tackling Pethel? I thought it had. What this woman would dare daily, because she was a mother, could not I dare once? I reminded myself of Pethel's reputation for invariable luck. I reminded myself that he was an extraordinarily skilful driver. To that skill and luck I would pin my faith. . . .

"What I seem to myself, do you ask of me?"

But I answered your question a few lines back. Enough

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that my faith was rewarded. We did arrive safely in Dieppe. I still marvel that we did.

That evening, in the vestibule of the Casino, Grierson came up to me: "Seen Jimmy Pethel? He was asking for you. Wants to see you particularly. He's in the baccarat room, punting—winning hand over fist, *of course*. Said he'd seldom met a man he liked more than you. Great character, what?" One is always glad to be liked, and I plead guilty to a moment's gratification at the announcement that Pethel liked me. But I did not go and seek him in the baccarat room. A great character assuredly he was; but of a kind with which (I say it at the risk of seeming priggish) I prefer not to associate.

Why he had particularly wanted to see me was made clear in a note sent by him to my room early next morning. He wondered if I could be induced to join them in their little tour. He hoped I wouldn't think it great cheek, his asking me. He thought it might rather amuse me to come. It would be a very great pleasure to his wife. He hoped I wouldn't say No. Would I send a line by bearer? They would be starting at 3 o'clock. He was mine sincerely.

It was not too late to tackle him, even now. Should I go round to his hotel? I hesitated and—well, I told you at the outset that my last meeting with him was on the morrow of my first. I forget what I wrote to him, but am sure that the excuse I made for myself was a good and graceful one, and that I sent my kindest regards to Mrs. Pethel. She had not (I am sure of that, too) authorised her husband to say she would like me to come (and take my chance) with them. Else would not the thought of her have haunted me, as it did for a long time. I do not know whether she is still alive. No mention is made of her in the obituary notice which woke these memories in me. This notice I will, however, transcribe, because it is (for all its crudeness of phraseology) rather interesting both as an echo and as an amplification. Its title is "Death of Wealthy Aviator," and its text is "Widespread regret will be felt in Leicestershire at the tragic death of Mr. James Pethel, who had long resided there and was very popular as an all-round sportsman. In recent years he had been much interested in aviation, and had become one of the most enthusiastic of amateur airmen. Yesterday after-

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noon he fell down dead quite suddenly as he was returning to his house, apparently in his usual health and spirits, after descending from a short flight which despite a somewhat high wind he had made on his new biplane and on which he was accompanied by his married daughter and her infant son. It is not expected that an inquest will be necessary, as his physician, Dr. Saunders, has certified death to be due to heart-disease, from which, it appears, the deceased gentleman had been suffering for some years. Dr. Saunders adds that he had repeatedly warned deceased that any strain on the nervous system might prove fatal."

Thus—for I presume that his ailment had its origin in his habits—James Pethel did not, despite that merely pensive look of his, live his life with impunity. And by reason of that life he died. As for the manner of his death, enough that he did die. Let not our hearts be vexed that his great luck was with him to the end.

Until After the Funeral

By Francis Bickley

WHEN he arrived at the office on Monday morning, as he had done with perfect regularity for three years past, he found an unusual state of affairs. The blinds were drawn in all the windows, and the door, which at this hour should have been agape for clients, was barely half open and gave him but grudging admittance. Things inside were equally surprising. Instead of the wonted hum of men settling to work, only two or three of his colleagues were present, and they, still wearing their hats, were whispering together in a corner. Mr. Evans, the head-clerk, stood by his own desk with a very solemn face. As Jackson paused in amazement, Mr. Evans beckoned him.

The chief had died suddenly on Saturday. He had been away from the office for the greater part of the week, but no one had supposed him to have anything worse than a cold or influenza, or some such inconsiderable ailment. The junior clerks had been discreetly relieved, the office-boys shamelessly elated, by his absence. They had no cause to dislike him, but his presence had always been something of a strain. Now he was dead, and was to be buried to-morrow. The office was to be closed until Wednesday morning.

"Mr. Ludlow"—the junior partner—"would like you all to be at the funeral," said Mr. Evans to Jackson. "It is to be at half-past eleven at Kensal Green Cemetery. Don't be late." He took a sovereign from a small pile on his desk. "You're to get yourself some gloves and a tie and a hat-band," he said, "and some black trousers if you haven't any. And the office is sending a wreath. Perhaps you'd like to subscribe. Most of the juniors are giving a shilling."

Jackson handed Mr. Evans a shilling, pocketed the sovereign, and, mumbling an attempt at something appropriate, went out into the street.

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It was not yet ten o'clock; the day was before him. He did not know what to do. The idea of going home was unattractive. He could not get any of his friends to go out with him, for they would all be at work. This was not like a bank holiday, when it was easy to amuse one's self. Besides, he did not feel that he ought to treat the day as a holiday. He would have liked to go to Lord's, where Yorkshire was to play, but it did not seem quite the thing to do. He had never met death at very close quarters, and was not sure how one should conduct one's self in its shadow. And beyond his anxiety to observe decency, he felt curiously blank and listless when he thought that a man whom he had neither liked nor disliked and had feared a little—but had seen and spoken to almost every day for three years—had gone irrevocably out of his life.

He wandered westward, though without any definite object. He might as well buy the gloves and things, he thought, and began to look into the windows of the many hosiers' shops in his way. But he had always bought his clothes at shops which he had known from childhood, in the suburb where he had always lived, and was diffident about going into these strange establishments where the young men behind the counter were so much smarter than himself. He had never been one for clothes. So he hesitated at window after window, always passing on at last; while he fingered the sovereign in his pocket until it was hot. Other shops also, not connected with the matter in hand, attracted his attention. He really knew very little of the city beyond the strip of streets between his station and his office. In the morning he never had the time, nor in the evening, wearied with ledgers, the inclination for wandering; while lunch and a game of dominoes filled the midday hour. His pleasures were mostly taken in the neighbourhood of his home: his friends lived there, and the theatre and the music-hall which he patronised were local institutions. His cycle took him countrywards. At the age of nineteen, Jackson, like many of his fellows, had very vague ideas of the geography or natural history of central London.

He paused to look into jewellers' windows and idly considered the kind of ring he should give his girl, when

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he had one. He turned the leaves of some paper-bound novels outside a bookshop, until, finding the proprietor's eye on him, he hurried away blushing, unaware how the hardy may snatch literature from under the enemy's very guns. Then a horse fell down, and he watched it being got up again; wondering whether the knee firmly pressed on its head gave it any pain, and starting back with the crowd as the animal floundered to its feet. It was not far short of midday when he passed Temple Bar.

At Wellington Street a long stream of holiday-makers hurrying to Waterloo stopped him. He did not mind, but amused himself by trying to see the people in the taxis, or, failing that, by counting and appraising their luggage. Even when, at a policeman's bidding, the north-south stream was stayed and the east-west had its turn, he forgot to move on, so absorbed was he in the business around him. It was a traffic which differed curiously from that of the narrow city lane where he worked. There was more of pleasure mixed in it, and a far greater female element.

Crossing the road at last, he espied a little way down Savoy Street a Punch and Judy show beginning its performance. He turned to watch it; not pondering on the puppets' ancient lineage (of which, indeed, he knew nothing); nor with the conscious amusement of the cultured person who "loves Punch and Judy"; but with the candid interest of a child who is yet ready at any moment to be drawn away by a stronger attraction.

One of the little crowd round the strident marionettes was a girl who was neither much older nor much younger than the clerk. At times, probably, she worked in some factory, but she had the adventurous face of one who finds steady employment intolerable. It was this face—small, impertinent, doubtfully clean but undoubtedly pretty—which Jackson presently found upturned to his. As he looked down, the girl smiled and nudged him lightly.

"You look hungry, young man," she said.

Surprised as he was at the mere happening of this remark, Jackson was still more surprised at its aptness. Although he had not formulated the sensation, he *was* hungry; very hungry, in fact. It was past his usual lunch hour, and he had been on his feet for more than three hours

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of a hot July day. He was not only hungry, but tired. Suddenly self-conscious, he felt quite giddy.

"What you want's something to eat," said the girl. "And a good cup of tea."

Jackson's instinct was to hurry away. He fully intended to take his mentor's tip, but of herself he was shy.

"I should like one, too," she added.

Jackson's discomfort increased. This sounded unpleasantly like an advance. Yet the girl beside him did not look of the kind who made such advances. Dressed in a plain and dingy straw hat, a skimpy and faded pink cotton blouse, a serge skirt almost as shabby as her boots, she did not correspond at all with his idea of a professional siren. Her face, which was cheeky rather than "gay," was guiltless of paint or powder. Moreover, Jackson, whose knowledge of the matter was slight, believed that the confines of vice were further west, and that shame only walked abroad after dark.

But, whatever her morals, there was no doubt that the girl was both impertinent and common. Jackson moved towards the Strand.

"Here, don't be stingy," her voice came after him.

Now stingy was exactly what he was trying—with only partial success—not to feel. After all, the girl might have been moved to speak to him out of genuine kindness. Perhaps he was pale. Also she might herself be really hungry and have no money. He did not like to offer her any, for she had not, in his uncertain view of the situation, exactly begged; and, whether for her sake or his own, he was loth to offend her. On the other hand, her company embarrassed him. But by this time he had hesitated so long that silent flight would be ignominious. He hesitated a little longer.

"Can't you offer a girl a cup of tea without doing sums in yer head?" she asked, with a critical eye on his puckered forehead.

Jackson smiled faintly.

The girl took his smile for surrender. "Oh, come on, do," she cried. "I shall drop in a minute." She made for the Strand. Jackson caught her up, and, vaguely dreading to find himself lured to some haunt of iniquity, guided her into the nearest A.B.C.

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He treated her to strong tea and buns both plain and creamy.

"What's your name?" she asked. "Mine's Lily Ransome."

"Mine's Harry Jackson."

"Don't you have to work?"

"Yes. But I've got a holiday."

"Got the boot, you mean," she jeered.

"No, I haven't. My boss is dead, and they've shut the office."

"You don't mean it? What did he die of?"

Her companion gave her a few details.

"Fancy. Poor man. I don't like to hear of folks going off sudden. It makes you feel quite queer." She bit enormously from a cream bun.

"Was that why you looked so solemn?" she asked.

"Did I? When?"

"Before you 'ad your tea. You're better now. But you wouldn't hurt for livening up a bit." She paused, looked towards the window, and caught the sun full in her eyes.

"Ain't it lovely wevver?" she said, blinking. "Do you know, I ain't seen a green field since God knows. Won't you take me in the country?"

Harry looked dubious. "I don't think I can," he said.

"Ain't you got any money?"

"Not much," he said, mentally reserving the funeral sovereign.

"You can go a long way on a motor 'bus for a tanner," said Lily. "You might."

Harry looked at her. Flushed with the tea, her pale golden hair shot with a ray of the sun, her eyes half-quizzical and half-appealing, she was very attractive. He also felt refreshed, more buoyant and more venturesome. He realised how flat his forenoon had been. Forgetting his doubts as to the etiquette for mourning clerks, he remembered that a long summer afternoon was before him, and that he had a pretty companion to hand.

"Right ho!" he said suddenly.

But outside they met with disappointment. All the 'buses, whether going west or east, were full. Again and

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again they heard the inexorable three bells. It was hopeless to wait.

"Never mind, we'll go by train," said Harry, whom the hitch had made keen.

He hurried Lily to St. Pancras, found that a train started for St. Albans within ten minutes, and took two third-class return tickets. Having done so, he discovered that he had barely a shilling left besides the sacred sovereign. He might, of course, have booked for a less expensive journey, but, in the hurry of the transaction, had been able to think of nothing less obvious than St. Albans.

The train was nearly as crowded as the 'buses had been. Backs pressed against closed doors showed that many compartments were already over-full. At last the adventurers found seats, but not elbow-room, in a smoking-carriage. Lily pouted a little, but made no complaint.

Presently, however, after half an hour's discomfort, the train stopped at a station which evidently belonged to a tiny village. Lily looked at the sunlit greenery and blue sky beyond, and said: "Let's get out here."

"But I've booked to St. Albans," Harry objected.

"That don't matter. I'm sure this is nicer than St. Albans."

"I don't think we've much further to go."

"Oh, do come out here. This stuffy old train is making my head ache. I think I'm going to be sick," she added as an afterthought.

Her hand was already on the door-handle. Harry jumped up hastily, opened the door, and bundled her on to the platform as the guard blew his whistle.

Out in the lovely air, Lily's indisposition quickly left her. Her spirits were worthy of the day. Harry, too, when he had got used to this swift revision of his plan, admitted that it was a good instinct which had led the girl to this particular spot. He put his arms round her and kissed her.

"There," he said, rather defiantly. "Lily darling."

"I say, you're coming on, young man," said she. But she pretended no protest.

Wandering down the lanes and across the fields, picking flowers of the names of which both were ignorant (which did not disturb them), they spent a couple of happy

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hours, which Lily's terror of cows, and Harry's efforts to allay it, did little to mar. Then they had tea at a farmhouse, and the sovereign was left solitary in Jackson's pocket.

Lily was now a little tired, so they sat under a hedge and kissed one another. Naturally time flew.

Harry, however, the punctual clerk, did not forget the necessity of getting to London at a reasonably early hour; what he did forget was that they were at an unimportant village and not the abbey town of his intention. When they got to the station, they found that the last up train had gone half an hour before. The next station was beyond Lily's walking capacity, if not Harry's.

They could do nothing but spend the night where they were.

"What a lark!" said Lily, who apparently never lost her serenity for more than two minutes at a stretch.

Harry's readjustments were not so facile. He thought of the explanations which would be demanded both at home and at the office, of anxious parents and the morrow's funeral. It was hardly selfishness which made him think more of his own case than of Lily's. While her conversation was a series of questions, it had never occurred to Harry to ask her about her normal relationships. Untroubled by forethought or afterthought, she seemed detached from ties of place or time, to belong entirely wheresoever, at any moment, her inconsequence happened to have landed her. It was inconceivable that anyone should expect her arrival at a definite destination.

She fiddled with a penny-in-the-slot machine, while Harry accepted the situation and sought information which would enable him adequately to meet it. There was an inn in the village, half a mile from the station. Beds could probably be got there, a porter said.

Thither, therefore, they went and explained their mishap. The landlord made no comment; the thing was quite likely, and he was a comfortable fellow who saw no use in asking questions. He could give the young lady a bedroom, but the gentleman must be content with a shake-down in a little parlour. It was only a small house, and guests rarely slept there,

This was good enough; and a great dish of fried eggs

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and bacon in the coffee-room, with tea strong enough even for Lily's hardened palate, raised the girl's spirits to hilarity and threw Harry's forebodings into abeyance.

"I do love you, Harry," she said, when she had finished laughing at a crude witticism of his.

"Darling," he cried, and pulled her on to his knees.

They had not much to say to one another : short phrases compounded of silly words and punctuated by long kisses. The landlord left them carefully alone.

Presently Lily shook back the hair which had tumbled round her face. "I'm tired," she said. "I think I'll go to bed."

Harry also went to the room which had been prepared for him. But he did not get into bed. Half-undressed, he stood with his hands on the mantelpiece looking into an empty grate. Had there been space enough, he would have prowled. He was full of burning restlessness. His desire was furious, and he cursed his diffidence. What had she meant when she had let him hug her so and had kissed as long as he? He wished he knew more about girls, what they would accept, for what they were prepared.

His ears, which were at a strain, though he had not realised it, for some such token, caught a faint sibilant sound. He went out into the passage. A short straight flight of stairs led to the landing on to which Lily's room opened. Wearing only a close day-vest, which served her, on this occasion at any rate, for night-clothes, Lily leaned over the balustrade.

Harry gazed up at her, doubtful.

"Won't you come?" she whispered with shy appeal.

The clerk still hesitated.

Then she began to dance as she had danced many a time to the music of barrel-organs, light-footed, making no treacherous sound. Only one candle lit the landing; and in and out of its dim radiance passed Lily's liveness like Will-o'-the-Wisp.

"I'm coming," Harry whispered hoarsely, and took three stairs in his stride.

In the small hours he thought of his old chief, alone in his coffin, and shivered.

Lily lay late abed, and they did not start for London until nearly half-past eleven. Sitting opposite her in the

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compartment, which this time had no other occupants than themselves, Harry thought of the ceremony in which he should even then have been taking part; of the sovereign which was to have clad him decently and had been half-spent; of what would be said of his absence by Mr. Evans, Mr. Ludlow and his parents.

But after all, he mused, explanation would not be difficult. With a little contrivance, another sovereign as good as the original could be found. He would tell them at the office that he had been unwell. To his parents he would say that, being upset by the news, he had taken a day in the country and had missed the last train to town. Neither story was improbable, and one was half-true.

Only there was one person to whom he could offer neither true explanation nor false—the mute protagonist in to-day's solemnity. A futile regret came upon him that he had failed a man who had always treated him fairly, and that he could never make reparation. He had taken a mean advantage of the dead. He felt disconsolate, miserable; his eyelids pricked.

Lily was watching his face.

"What's the matter?" she asked. "Are you sorry, Harry? Don't you like me?"

With her little hand on his knee, immediate memory flooded his mind, drowning bitter thoughts.

"Damn death," he said, and took her in his arms.

They were at St. Pancras before Harry had begun to consider what was to be done when they got there. Lily solved the problem for him.

"Good-bye," she said, simply and cheerily.

"But——" Harry protested.

"Oh, that's all right," she interrupted him. "Can't a girl and a fellow have a bit of fun without a fuss? Perhaps we'll meet again. Good-bye till then. And thank you," she added, with awkward grace.

With a reassuring smile she trotted away, leaving him with a confusion of feelings which, as he went more slowly out of the station, began to sort themselves into regret, self-reproach and relief.

THE WAR OF LIBERATION

The Lesson of the Balkan War

By the late F.M. Lord Roberts

EDITORIAL NOTE.—Perhaps the best tribute we can pay to the memory of the late Lord Roberts is to reprint below an article which he wrote for THE ENGLISH REVIEW, March, 1913, at the close of the Balkan War. As one of the chief military lessons to be derived from the failure of Turkey, he then, as on many other occasions, besought our nation to take up National Service.

THE first great lesson that has been given to us as to what is required from the soldier in modern warfare was taught by the Russo-Japanese campaign. Manchuria, however, was so far away, and the difficulty of arriving at first-hand evidence was so great, that what was to be learnt from that campaign was not brought home to the ordinary reader until all popular interest in the war had ceased. Thoughtful soldiers, on the other hand, both in this country and on the Continent, had arrived at some very clear conclusions. They realised that the Japanese successes were the result of years of patient training, and that, so long as the Japanese could depend upon an army thoroughly trained and adequately led, they had nothing to fear from the haphazard organisation that the Russians could oppose to them. But when, at the height of their successes, the Japanese made peace, it astonished the world and amazed the Russians themselves. There was, however, good reasons for this sudden *volte face* of the victorious Japanese: they understood that the Russian officers had begun to profit by the experiences of the war, and they realised that a fresh flood from their immense resources was about to pour in, while they knew only too well that the winning of the series of Pyrrhic battles culminating in the victory of Mukden had exhausted the supply of their competent regimental officers and trained men, and that they would have to oppose Russia's next effort with partially

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trained troops led by officers hastily promoted from the ranks. This necessity was opposed to their philosophy of war. They, therefore, made peace.

Although the true meaning of this apparently unaccountable phenomenon did not escape the notice of real students of war, the people in this country in general were satisfied that financial difficulties were responsible for Japan's apparent moderation during the Portsmouth negotiations; and, when the Civil minds that frame the British Empire's military policy groped in the dark for some Budget-meeting expedient for providing Great Britain with an improved army, they reverted to the old heresy of the amateur soldier, insufficiently armed and trained. It was a cheap expedient, and it suited the policy of the moment.

The Ottoman army, as is well known, has a military system of mobilisation that differs from those employed by other great military powers. The reason for this is territorial. Until quite recent years the Ottoman army was recruited exclusively from the Moslem element. To suit this practice the Staff found it necessary to draw heavily upon the Asiatic provinces. This brought about the Redif system of organisation. The advent of the Young Turk régime four years ago induced the new Government to recruit from among Ottoman Christians. This was part of the Young Turks' policy of regeneration. This policy was so irritating to the various nationalities composing the Empire that from the moment the new scheme of army reorganisation was instituted the Ottoman army found itself engaged in partisan warfare within its own frontiers. During the past four years the Turkish Government has been obliged continuously to employ a large moiety of its troops in dealing with insurrection. Military operations were almost continuous in Albania and the Yemen; there was trouble in Servia and Kurdistan, to say nothing of the concentration of troops that became necessary in view of the hostilities with Italy. This abnormal strain upon the regular troops necessitated an unceasing drain upon the first-class reservists and thoroughly disorganised the whole of the Redif system.

At the outbreak of war with the Balkan Allies there was an insufficient supply of first-class reservists either to complete the establishments of the first-line units, or to mobilise

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according to the book the Divisions which should have been exclusively drawn from the first ban of Redif. When the Ottoman General Staff found itself opposed by the Balkan Federation, it had to face the problem of invasion by at least a million well-trained men.

In order that it should be able to mobilise armies to meet this menace, the Ottoman General Staff was forced to go into the byways and hedgerows to find the necessary men. Arms and equipment there were plenty, but of trained men equal to the requirements of the modern battle there were too few. Eye-witnesses of the mobilisation of the First Turkish Army Corps in Constantinople have given me the most pathetic description of the material with which the units of the Army Corps were brought up to strength. Redifs from Anatolia came pouring into the capital. They comprised callow youths who had never yet handled a rifle, old men whose last experience of war dated from the days of Osman Pasha. This material was hurriedly issued with coarse khaki uniform and cheap contract ammunition boots; it was given rifles and bandoliers and then sent to squad instruction on the War Office parade ground. At the most, three days were allowed for this instruction, and then the men were spirited away by night straight to the battlefield.

It may be gathered from the evidence of the fighting on both sides in the battles which decided the fate of Turkey in Europe that the struggle was as fierce as anything that took place in the Japanese War. Both armies appear to have been actuated with a deadly racial hatred for each other; both armies were equipped with weapons of the most modern design; the Turks had the advantage in numbers; the weather was terrible, and hunger and disease had already seized upon the combatants. In these circumstances, all else being equal, the Ottoman troops, backed by the *moral* of five hundred years of conquest, should have driven the Bulgarians from the field. The Bulgarians possessed, however, the one asset that in modern battles will always decide the issue. The Bulgarian troops, though suffering the same chastisement and privations as their enemy, were the component parts of a well-officered and perfectly disciplined machine; the Turks, on the other hand, were neither disciplined nor intelligently led. The

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raw levies that filled the gaps in the ranks squirmed under the punishment, their nerves gave under the strain. They knew no force upon which to depend when their own courage failed them. They fled like driven sheep from the firing lines, obsessed with but one idea, which was to place as many miles as possible between them and the battlefield that their trembling limbs could accomplish between dusk and dawn. They recked nothing of the stalwart Regulars holding manfully on to their positions; their terror deadened their ears alike to the supplications and imprecations of their officers; the loaded whips of the mounted *gendarmes* even failed to herd them back to the line of battle. Wild-eyed, inarticulate of speech or gibbering like maniacs, they fled to the ranks of others who had not yet experienced the ordeal. Their desperate terror communicated itself to these newcomers. Thus it was that, after ten days of battle, Turkish Generals, who had been commanding Divisions, found that their units had dwindled to mere skeletons. Then the fatal order for the retirement was given, and the great army, undermined in its *moral*, fell back in disorder.

This is the story which competent observers have brought to this country. They traced the cause of the *débâcle* primarily to the employment of partially trained and untrained troops in battle. There were, of course, other contributory causes, to wit, maladministration and dearth of officers competent to lead. These, however, are one and all defects that we should find in our own Territorial Force if in case of home defence we were to attempt to place a mobile citizen army in the field.

The Turkish General Staff was not slow to appreciate the real cause of the disaster. When the Bulgarians gave them the opportunity to reorganise after the retreat, their first action was to eliminate as far as possible the partially-trained element from their field army, and to man the lines at Chatalja with units composed of old soldiers. The miserable caricatures in khaki, who had fled from the battlefield, were collected in gangs to dig trenches and bury the cholera casualties.

The wisdom of this change of policy by the Turkish General Staff was immediately and strikingly demonstrated by the defence of the lines at Chatalja. Here the well-trained Turkish troops, snug in their trenches, not only gave

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pause to the Bulgarian advance, but handsomely defeated their attack, and in about the only close fighting that took place during the campaign, showed a great superiority to the Bulgarians.

To my mind it would seem that the lesson of this Thracian campaign, in which the military reputation of the Ottoman Empire came tumbling down like a castle built of cards, was almost Providentially sent to warn this country against the folly of its existing military policy. Is it to be believed that our Territorial troops, if they were to find themselves arrayed in battle, no matter how great the odds in their favour, against the seasoned troops of an European enemy, would be able to make a better resistance than the Turks? The nervous development of this nation has grown with the advance of education. It seems to me that highly imaginative troops, devoid of the confidence that discipline and training bring, would be less able to sustain the nerve-shaking elements of the modern battle than the unimaginative and sheep-like Turkish soldiers. Unless I have been misinformed, the naval hierarchy have admitted the possibility of our Territorial Force being called upon to oppose a raid before they have undergone the six months' training which Lord Haldane at one period promised them upon mobilisation. If this be true, then all that I have contended during the past few years is now admitted. In face, therefore, of this untraversable evidence from the Balkans, it is tantamount to racial suicide to leave matters as they are.

The Roots of the Great War

By Edward Carpenter

AMONG the many points which the present world-con-vulsing war is forcing on our attention are two on which in this paper I especially wish to dwell. I mean (1) the danger to society of class-rule, and (2) the hope for the future in the international solidarity of the workers.

Through all the mist of lies and slander created on such an occasion—by which each nation after a time succeeds in proving that its own cause is holy while that of its opponent is wicked and devilish; through the appeals to God and Justice, common to both sides; through the shufflings and windings of diplomats, and the calculated attitudes of politicians, adopted for public approval; through the very real rage and curses of soldiers, the desperate tears and agony of women, the murder of babes, and the smoke of burning towns and villages: it is difficult, indeed, to arrive at clear and just conclusions.

When the war first broke out no one could give an adequate reason for it. It all seemed absurd, monstrous, impossible. Then arose a Babel of explanations. It was that Germany desired to crush France finally; it was that she was determined to break Great Britain's naval and commercial supremacy; it was that she must have an outlet on the sea through Belgium and Holland; that she must force a way to the Mediterranean through Servia; that she must carry out her financial schemes in Asia Minor and the Baghdad region. It was her hatred of the Slav and her growing dread of Russia; it was her desire for a Colonial Empire; it was fear of a revolution at home; it was the outcome of long years of Pan-Germanist philosophy; it was the result of pure military ambition and the class-domination of the Junkers. Each and all of these reasons (and many others) were in turn cited, and magnified into the mainspring of the war; and yet even to-day we cannot say

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which *was* the main reason, or if we admit them all we cannot say in what exact proportions their influences were combined.

Moreover, they all assume that Germany was the aggressor; and we have to remember that this would not be admitted for a moment by a vast number of the Germans themselves—who cease not to say that the war was simply forced upon them by the hostile preparations of Russia, by the vengefulness of France, by the jealous foreign policy of England, and by the obvious threat embodied in the *Entente* between those three nations; and that if they (the Germans) made preparations for the war, or even precipitated it, that was only out of the sheer necessity of self-preservation.*

Thus we are still left without any generally-accepted conclusion in the matter. Moreover, we are struck, in considering the list of reasons cited, by a feeling that they are all in their way rather partial and superficial—that they do not go to the real root of the subject.

Out of them all—and after the first period of confusion and doubt has passed—our own people at home have settled down into the conviction that German militarism in general, and Prussian Junkerdom in particular, are to blame, and that for the good of the world as well as for our own good we are out to fight these powers of evil. Prussian class-militarism, it is said, under which for so long the good people of Germany have groaned, has become a thing intolerable. The arrogance, the insolence, of the Junker officer, his aristocratic pretension, his bearish manners, have made him a bye-word, not only in his own country, but all over Europe; and his belief in sheer militarism and Jingo imperialism have made him a menace. The Kaiser has only made things worse. Vain and flighty to a degree, and, like most vain people, rather shallow, Wilhelm II. has supposed himself to be a second and greater Bismarck, destined by Providence to create the said Teutonic world-empire. It is simply to fight these powers of evil that we are out.

Of course, there is a certain amount of truth in this view; at the same time, it is lamentably insufficient. The

* As an example of this belief, read the manifesto of Prof. Eucken, who represents such a large section of German opinion, and note the absolute sincerity of its tone—as well as its naïve simplicity.

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fact is that in the vast flux of destiny which is involved in such a war as the present, and which no argument can really adequately represent, we are fain to snatch at *some* neat phrase, however superficial, by way of explanation. And we are compelled, moreover, to find a phrase which will put our own efforts in an ideal light—otherwise we cannot go on fighting. No nation can fight confessedly for a mean or base object. Every nation inscribes on its banner *Freedom, Justice, Religion, Culture versus Barbarism*, or something of the kind; we do so, and Germany does the same. And in a sense each redeems itself in so fighting. It saves its soul even though bodily it may be conquered. And this is not hypocrisy but a psychological necessity—though each nation, of course, accuses the other of hypocrisy.

We are fighting “to put down militarism and the dominance of a military class,” says the great B.P., and one can only hope that when the war is over we shall remember and rivet into shape this great and good purpose—not only with regard to foreign militarism, but with regard to our own. Certainly, whatever other or side views we may take of the war, we are bound to see in it an illustration of the danger of military class-rule. You cannot keep a 60 h.p. Daimler motor-car in your shed for years and years, and still deny yourself the pleasure of going out on the public road with it—even though you know you are not a very competent driver; and you cannot continue for half a century perfecting your military and naval organisation without in the end making the temptation to become a political road-hog almost irresistible.

Still, accepting for the moment the popular explanation given above of Germany's action as to some degree justified, we cannot help seeing how superficial and unsatisfactory it is, because it at once raises the question—which, indeed, is being asked in all directions, and not satisfactorily answered: “How does it happen that so peace-loving, sociable and friendly a people as the great German mass-folk—as we have hitherto known them—with their long scientific and literary tradition, their love of music and philosophy, their lager-beer and tobacco, and their generally democratic habits, should have been led into a situation like the present—whether by a clique of Junkers, or by a

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clique of militarist philosophers and politicians?" And the answer to this is both interesting and important.

It resolves itself into two main causes: (1) the rise of the great German commercial class, and (2) the political ignorance of the German people.

It is obvious, I think, that a military aristocracy alone, or even with the combined support of empire-building philosophers and a jack-boot Kaiser, could not have hurried the solid German nation into so strange a situation. In old days, and under an avowedly feudal order of society, such a thing might well have happened. But to-day the source and seat of power has passed from crowned heads and barons into another social stratum. It is the financial and commercial classes in the modern States who have the sway; and unless these classes desire it the military cliques may plot for war in vain. Since 1870, and the unification of Germany, the growth of her manufactures and her trade has been enormous; her commercial prosperity has gone up by leaps and bounds; and this extension of trade, especially of international trade, has led—as it had already so conspicuously done in England—to the development of corresponding ideals and habits of life among the population. The modest, simple-living, middle-class households of fifty years ago have largely disappeared, and in their place have sprung up, at any rate in the larger towns, the very same commercial and parasitical classes, with their Philistine luxury and fatuous ideals, which have been so depressing and distressing a feature of *our* social life during the same period. Naturally, the desire of these classes has been for the glorification of Germany, the establishment of an absolutely world-wide commercial supremacy, and the ousting of England from her markets.

"Germany," said Peter Kropotkin* a year or two ago, "on entering a striking period of juvenile activity, quickly succeeded in doubling and trebling her industrial productivity, and soon increasing it tenfold; and now the German middle classes covet new sources of enrichment in the plains of Poland, in the prairies of Hungary, on the plateaus of Africa, and especially around the railway line to Baghdad—in the rich valleys of Asia Minor, which can provide German capitalists with a labouring population

* *Wars and Capitalism*, by P. Kropotkin. (Freedom Press.)

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ready to be exploited under one of the most beautiful skies in the world. It may be so with Egypt some day. Therefore it is ports for export, and especially military ports, in the Adriatic, the Persian Gulf, on the African coast in Beira, and also in the Pacific, that these schemes of German colonial trade wish to conquer. Their faithful servant, the German Empire, with its armies and ironclads, is at their service for this purpose."

It is this class, then, which by backing both financially and morally the military class has been chiefly responsible for bringing about the war. Not that I mean, in saying so, that the commercial folk of Germany have directly instigated its outbreak at the present moment and in the present circumstances—for many, or most of them, must have seen how dangerous it was likely to prove to their trade. But in respect of the general policy which they have so long pursued they are responsible. One cannot go on for years (and let England remember this) preaching militarism as a means of securing commercial advantage, and then refuse to be answerable for the results to which such a policy may lead. The Junker classes of Prussia and their Kaiser might be suffering from a bad attack of swelled head; vanity and arrogance might be filling them with dreams of world-empire; but there would have been no immediate European war had not the vast trade-interests of Germany come into conflict, or seemed to come into conflict, with the trade-interests of the surrounding nations—had not the financial greed of the nation been stirred, as well as its military vanity.

And talking of general trade and finance one must not forget to include the enormous powers exercised in the present day by individual corporations and individual financiers who intrude their operations into the sphere of politics. We saw *that* in our own Boer War; and behind the scenes in Germany to-day similar influences are at work. The Deutsche Bank, with immense properties all over the world, and some £85,000,000 sterling in its hands in deposits alone, initiated financially the Baghdad railway scheme. Its head, Herr Arthur von Gwinner, the great financier, is a close adviser of the Kaiser. "The railway is already nearly half built, and it represents a German investment of between £16,000,000 and £18,000,000. Let

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this be thought of when people imagine that Germany and Austria went to war with the idea of avenging the murder of an Archduke. . . . All German trade would suffer if the Baghdad Railway scheme were to fail.”* Then there is Herr August Thyssen—“King Thyssen”—“who owns coal mines, rolling mills, harbours and docks throughout Germany, iron-ore mines in France, warehouses in Russia, and *entrepôts* in nearly every country from Brazil and Argentina to India.”† He has declared that German interests in Asia Minor must be safeguarded at all costs. But Russia also has large prospective commercial interests in Asia Minor. The moral is clear and needs no enforcing. Such men as these—and many others, the Rathenaus, Siemens, Krupps, Ballins, and Heinekens—exercise in Germany an immense political influence, just as do our financial magnates at home. They represent the peaks and summits of wide-spreading commercial activities whose bases are rooted among the general public. Yet through it all it must not be forgotten that they represent in each case (as I shall explain more clearly presently) the interests of a *class*—the commercial class—but not of the whole nation.

One must then modify the first conclusion, that the blame of the war rests with the military class, by adding a second factor, namely, the rise and influence of the commercial class. These two classes acting and reacting on each other, and pushing—though for different reasons—in the same direction, are answerable, as far as Germany is concerned, for dragging Europe into this trouble; and they must share the blame.

If it is true—as already suggested—that Germany’s action has only been that of the spark that fires the magazine, still her part in the affair affords such an extraordinarily illuminating text and illustration that one may be excused for dwelling on it.

Here, in her case, we have the divisions of a nation’s life set out in well-marked fashion. We have a military clique headed by a personal and sadly irresponsible ruler; we have a vulgar and much swollen commercial class; and then, besides these two, we have a huge ant’s nest of professors and students, a large population of intelligent and

* See *Nash’s Magazine* for October, 1914, article by “Diplomatist.”

† *Ibid.*

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well-trained factory workers, and a vast residuum of peasants. Thus we have at least five distinct classes, but of these the last three have—till thirty or forty years ago—paid little or no attention to political matters. The professors and students have had their noses buried in their departmental science and *fach* studies; the artisans have been engrossed with their technical work, and have been only gradually drifting away from their capitalist employers and into the Socialist camp; and the peasants—as elsewhere over the world, absorbed in their laborious and ever-necessary work—have accepted their fate and paid but little attention to what was going on over their heads. Yet these three last-mentioned classes, forming the great bulk of the nation, have been swept away, and suddenly at the last, into a huge embroilment in which to begin with they had no interest or profit.

This may seem strange, but the process after all is quite simple, and to study it in the case of Germany may throw helpful light on our own affairs. However the blame may be apportioned between the Junker and commercial classes, it is clear that fired by the Bismarckian programme, and greatly overstretching it, they played into each other's hands. The former relied for the financing of its schemes on the supports of the commercials. The latter saw in the militarists a power which might increase Germany's trade-supremacy. Vanity and greed are met together, patriotism and profits have kissed each other. A Navy League and an Army League and an Air League arose. Professors and teachers were subsidised in the universities; the children were taught Pan-Germanism in the schools; a new map of Europe was put before them. An enormous literature grew up, on the lines of Treitschke, Houston Chamberlain, and Bernhardi, with novels and romances to illustrate side-issues, and the Press playing martial music. The students and intellectuals began to be infected; the small traders and shopkeepers were moved; and the war-fever gradually spread through the nation. As to the artisans they may, as I have said, have largely belonged to the Socialist party—with its poll of four million votes in the last election—and in the words of Herr Haase in the Reichstag just before the war, they may have held themselves apart from "this

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curled Imperialist policy," but when the war actually arrived, and the fever, and the threat of Russia, and the fury of conscription, they perforce had to give way and join in. How on earth could they do otherwise? And the peasants—even if they escaped the fever—could not escape the compulsion of authority nor the old blind tradition of obedience. They do not know, even to-day, why they are fighting; and they hardly know whom they are fighting, but in their ancient resignation they accept the inevitable and shout "Deutschland über Alles" with the rest. And so a whole nation is swept off its feet by a small section of it, and the insolence of a class becomes—as in Louvain and Rheims—the scandal of the world.*

And the people bleed; yes, it is always the people who bleed. The trains arrive at the hospital bases—hundreds, positively hundreds of them—full of wounded. Shattered human forms lie in thousands on straw inside the trucks and wagons, or sit painfully reclined in the passenger compartments, their faces and bodies grimed, their clothes ragged, their toes protruding from their boots. Some have been stretched on the battlefields for forty-eight hours, or even more, tormented by frost at night, covered with flies by day, without so much as a drink of water. And those that have not already become a mere lifeless heap of rags have been jolted in country carts to some railway station, and there, or at successive junctions, have been shunted on sidings for endless hours. And now, with their wounds still slowly bleeding or oozing, they are picked out by tender hands, and the most crying cases are roughly dressed before consigning to a hospital. And some faces are shattered, hardly recognisable, and some have limbs torn away; and there are internal wounds unspeakable; and countenances deadly pallid, and moanings which cannot be stifled, and silences worse than moans.

Yes; the agony and bloody sweat of battlefields endured for the domination or the ambition of a class is appalling. But in many cases, though more dramatic and appealing to the imagination, one may doubt if it is worse than the

* In order to realise how easy such a process is, we have only to remember the steps by which the outbreak of the Boer War in 1899 was engineered.

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year-long and age-long agony of daily life endured for the same reason.

Maeterlinck, in his eloquent and fiery letter to *The Daily Mail* of September 14th, maintained that the whole German nation is equally to blame in this affair—that all classes are equally involved in it, with no *degrees* of guilt. We may excuse the warmth of personal feeling which makes him say this, but we cannot accept the view. We are bound to point out that it is only by some such analysis as the above and estimation of the method by which the delusions of one class may be communicated to the others, that we can guard ourselves, too, from falling into similar delusions.

I mentioned that besides the growth of the commercial class a second great cause of the war was the political ignorance of the German people. And this is important. Fifty years ago, and before that, when Germany was divided up into scores of small States and Duchies, the mass of its people had no practical interest in politics. Such politics as existed, as between one Duchy and another, were mere tea-cup politics. Read Eckermann's *Conversations*, and see how small a part they played in Goethe's mind. That may have been an advantage in one way. The brains of the nation went into science, literature, music. And when, after 1870, the unification of Germany came, and the political leadership passed over to Prussia, the same state of affairs for a long time continued; the professors continued their investigations in the matters of the thyroid gland or the rock inscriptions in the isle of Thera, but they left the internal regulation of the State and its foreign policy confidently in the hands of the Kaiser and the nominees of the great and rising bourgeoisie, and themselves remained unobservant and uninstructed in such matters. It was only when these latter powers declared—as in the Emperor's pan-German proclamation of 1896—that a Teutonic world-empire was about to be formed, and that the study of *welt-politik* was the duty of every serious German, that the thinking and reading portion of the population suddenly turned its attention to this subject. An immense mass of political writings—pamphlets, prophecies, military and economic

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treatises, romances of German conquest, and the like—naturally many of them of the crudest sort, was poured forth and eagerly accepted by the public, and a veritable Fool's Paradise of German supremacy arose. It is only in this way—by noting the long-preceding ignorance of the German citizen in the matter of politics, his absolute former non-interference in public affairs, and the dazed state of his mind when he suddenly found himself on the supposed pinnacle of world-power—that we can explain his easy acceptance of such cheap and *ad hoc* publications as those of Bernhardi and Houston Chamberlain, and the fact that he was so easily rushed into the false situation of the present war. The absurd *canards* which at an early date gained currency in Berlin—as that the United States had swallowed Canada, that the Afghans in mass were invading India, that Ireland was plunged in civil war—point in the same direction; and so do the barbarities of the Teutonic troops in the matters of humanity and Art. For though in all war and in the heat of battle there are barbarities perpetrated, it argues a strange state of the German national psychology that in this case a heartless severity and destruction of the enemy's life and property should have been preached beforehand, and quite deliberately, by professors and militarists, and accepted, apparently, by the general public. It argues, to say the least, a strange want of perception of the very unfavourable impression which such a programme must inevitably excite in the mind of the world at large.

It is, no doubt, pleasant in its way for us British to draw this picture of Germany, and to trace the causes which led the ruling powers there, years ago, to make up their minds for war, because, of course, the process in some degree exonerates us. But, as I have already said, I have dwelt on Germany, not only because she affords such a good illustration of what to avoid, but also because she affords so clear an example of what is going on elsewhere in Europe—in England and France and Italy, and among all the modern nations. We cannot blame Germany without implicitly also blaming these.

What, indeed, shall we say of England? Germany has for years maintained that with her own growing population

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and her growing trade she needs a more extended seaboard in Europe, and coaling stations and colonies in other regions of the globe, but that England, jealous of commercial supremacy, has been determined to deny her these, and, if possible, to crush her; that she (Germany) has lived in perpetual fear and panic; and that if in this case she has been the first to strike, it has only been because to wait England's opportunity would have been to court defeat. Allowing for the exaggerations inseparable from opposed points of view, is there not some justification for this plea? England, who plunged into the Crimean War in order to *prevent* Russia from obtaining a seaboard and her natural commercial expansion, and who afterwards joined with Russia in order to plunder Persia and to prevent Germany from getting her railways along the Persian Gulf; who calmly appropriated Egypt, with its valuable cotton-lands and market; who, at the behest of a group of capitalists and financiers, turned her great military machine on a little nation of Boer farmers in S. Africa; who, it is said,* sold 300,000 tons of coal to Russia to aid her fleet against Japan, and at the same time furnished Japan with gold at a high rate of interest to war against Russia—what trust can be placed in her? “England,” says Bernhardt, “in spite of all her pretences of a liberal and philanthropic policy, has never sought any other object than personal advantage and the unscrupulous suppression of her rivals.” Let us hope that this “never” is *too* harsh; let us at least say “hardly ever”; but still are we not compelled to admit that if the rise of commercial ambition in Germany has figured as a danger to *us*, our far greater commercial ambitions have not only figured as a danger to Germany, but, in conjunction with our alliance with France and Russia, her ancient foes, may well have led to a state of positive panic among her people? And if, as the Allies would doubtless say, there was really no need for any such panic, the situation was obviously sufficiently grave to be easily made use of by a military class for its own ends, or by an armaments ring or a clique of financiers for theirs. Indeed, it would be interesting to know what enormous profits Kruppism (to use H. G. Wells' expressive term) *has* already made out of this world-mad-

* See Kropotkin's *War and Capitalism*, p. 12.

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ness. Nor can it be denied that the commercial interest in England, if not deliberately intending to provoke war with Germany, has not been at all sorry to seize this opportunity of laying a rival Power low—if only in order to snatch the said rival's trade. That, indeed, the daily Press reveals only too clearly.

From all this the danger of class-domination emerges more and more into relief. In Prussia the old Feudal caste remains—in a decadent state, certainly, but perhaps for that very reason more arrogant, more vulgar, and less conscious of any *noblesse oblige* than even in Russia. By itself, however, and if unsupported by the Commercial class, it would probably have done little harm. In Britain the Feudal caste has ceased to be exclusively military, and has become blended with the Commercial class. The British aristocracy now consists largely or chiefly of retired grocers and brewers. Commercialism here has become more confessedly dominant than in Germany, and whereas there the commercial class may *support* the military in its ambitions, here the commercial class *uses* the military as a matter of course and for its own ends. We have become a Nation of Shopkeepers having our own revolvers and machine-guns behind the counter.

And yet not really a Nation of Shopkeepers, but rather a nation ruled by a shop-keeping *class*.

People sometimes talk as if commercial prosperity and the interests of the commercial folk represented the life of the whole nation. That is a way of speaking, and it illustrates certainly a common modern delusion. But it is far from the truth. The trading and capitalist folk are only a class, and they do *not* represent the nation. They do not represent the land-owning and the farming interests, both of which detest them; they do not represent the artisans and industrial workers, who have expressly formed themselves into unions in order to fight them, and who have only been able to maintain their rights by so doing; they do not represent the labourers and peasants, who are ground under their heel. It would take too long to go into the economics of this subject, interesting though they are. But a very brief survey of facts shows us that wherever the capitalist and trading classes have triumphed—as in England early last century, and until socialistic legislation was called in

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to check them—the condition of the mass of the people has by no means improved, rather the contrary. Japan has lately developed a world trade, and is on the look out for more, yet never before has there been such distress among her mass-populations. Russia has been lately moving in the same direction; her commercial interests are rapidly progressing, but her peasantry is at a standstill. France and Italy have already grown a fat *bourgeoisie*, but their workers remain in a limbo of poverty and strikes. And in all these countries, including Germany, Socialism has arisen as a protest against the commercial order—which fact certainly does not look as if Commercialism were a generally acknowledged benefit.

No, commercial prosperity means only the prosperity of a class. Yet such is the curious glamour that surrounds this subject and makes a fetish of statistics about “imports and exports,” that nothing is more common than for such prosperity to be taken to mean the prosperity of the nation as a whole. This illusion is only a part, I suppose, of a historical necessity, which as the Feudal *régime* passes brings into prominence the Commercial *régime*; but do not let us be deluded by it; nor forget that in submitting to the latter we are being nose-led by a class just as much as the Germans have been in submitting to the Prussian Junkers. Do not let us, at the behest of either class, be so foolish as to set out in vain pursuit of world-empire; and, above all, do not let us, in freeing ourselves from military class-rule, fall under the domination of financiers and commercial diplomats. Let us remember that wars for world-markets are made for the benefit of the merchant *class* and not for the benefit of the mass-people; and that in this respect England has been as much to blame as Germany or any other nation—nay, pretty obviously more so.

What is clearly wanted—and indeed is the next stage of human evolution in England and in all Western lands—is that the people should emancipate themselves from class-domination, class-glamour, and learn to act freely from their own initiative. I know it is difficult. It means a spirit of independence, courage, willingness to make sacrifice. It means education, alertness to guard against the insidious schemes of wire-pullers and press-men, as well as of militarists and commercials. It means the per-

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ception that only through eternal vigilance can freedom be maintained. Yet it is the only true Democracy; and the logic of its arrival is assured to us by the historical necessity that progress in all countries must pass through the preliminary stages of Feudalism and Commercialism on its way to realise the true life of the mass-peoples.

To-day the uprising of Socialist ideals, of the power of Trade-Unions, and especially the formation of International Unions, show us that we are on the verge of this third stage. We are shaping our way towards the real Democracy, with the attainment of which wars—though they will not cease from the world—will certainly become much rarer. The international *entente* already establishing itself among the manual workers of all the European countries—and which has now become an accepted principle of the Labour movement—is a guarantee and a promise of a more peaceful era; and those who know the artisans and peasants of this and other countries know well how little enmity they harbour in their breasts against each other. Racial and religious wars will no doubt for long continue; but wars to satisfy the ambitions of a military clique or a personal ruler, or the ambitions of a commercial class, or the schemes of financiers, or the engineering of the Press—wars from these all too fruitful causes will, under a sensible Democracy, cease. If Britain, during the last twenty years, had really favoured the cause of the People and their international understanding, there would have been no war now, for her espousal of the mass-peoples' cause would have made her so strong that it would have been too risky for any Government to attack her. But of course that could not have happened, for the simple reason that Conservatism or Liberalism is not Democracy. Conservatism is Feudalism, Liberalism is Commercialism, and Socialism only is in its essence Democracy. It is no good scolding at Sir Edward Grey for making friends with the Russian Government; for his only alternative would have been to join the "International"—which he certainly could not do, being essentially a creature of the commercial *régime*. The "Balance of Power" and the *ententes* and alliances of Figure-head Governments *had* to go on, till the day—which we hope is at hand—when Figure-heads will be no more needed.

Socialism, Materialism, and the War

By H. M. Hyndman and E. Belfort Bax

I.

So remarkable has been the growth of Socialism in all civilised countries, and even in uneducated England, during the last thirty years that the attitude of the International Socialist Party in this unprecedented crisis is of considerable interest to the world at large as well as to Socialists themselves. We admit that the influence exerted by the Socialists to prevent, or limit the extension, of the war has been lamentably small. But it is equally certain that their enemies and their friends alike expected too much of them in this respect. Their failure by no means justifies the Editor of this REVIEW in writing of the "Collapse of Socialism." In France, in Belgium, and in Great Britain Socialism is certainly stronger than it was before the war began, being much more in touch with the mass of national feeling and tending to secure advantages of a practical description for the people, which could not have been obtained before. In Germany, no doubt, the representatives of Social-Democracy in the Reichstag did not take the course anticipated from their record. The majority supported the militarist party by voting for armaments at the commencement of the war, when, in the interest of Socialism generally, they should at least have abstained altogether. Moreover, when war had begun, they apparently acquiesced in the attack on Belgium with hardly any protest.

Bitter, however, as is the animosity at the present time on both sides of the North Sea, it is unquestionable that Social-Democrats did good service to the cause of peace in the past. But their successes were still more impressive to others than they were to themselves. The huge vote of between 4,000,000 and 5,000,000 men over twenty-five

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years of age, growing steadily at General Election after General Election; the round million of weekly subscribers to the party funds; the ninety daily self-supporting Social-Democratic newspapers; and the admirable organisation of the party as a whole—misled the world outside Germany (including Ministers for Foreign Affairs) into the belief that Socialists could do much more to preserve peace than proved in fact at all possible.

The old leaders of the German Socialist party never at any time made this mistake. They knew that they could not stop, nor even postpone, war, when the dominant caste had resolved upon making it. Bebel, Liebknecht, Singer, and others told one of the signatories of this article, a few years ago, that it was impossible for Social-Democrats to check mobilisation, or to avert hostilities, whether the campaign was directed against France, or England, or Russia. The utmost they could do would be to enter a formal and vigorous protest—a very dangerous matter for the protesters. A definite refusal to obey the call to arms would be dealt with in such a manner as to throw back Socialism for a generation. Open resistance was out of the question. This opinion of the most influential German Socialists was published in England more than once, and never contradicted by them. But their statement was scarcely needed to show the truth. If the Social-Democrats had been able to stop war, obviously they were strong enough to take control in peace.

Still, for forty-four years, they did what they could. They protested against the war of 1870, and their leaders were imprisoned in consequence; they strove their utmost to prevent the annexation of Alsace-Lorraine; they resisted the military fury of the Junkers, as they denounced their reactionary finance; they voted every year for the reduction of the expenditure on armaments and attacked the policy of menace at all their meetings. Quite recently, also, Karl Liebknecht, following in the footsteps of his great father (himself imprisoned times out of number) was incarcerated for exposing the infamies of Prussian militarist discipline. In this patriotic but dangerous work he was boldly seconded by the fiery Rosa Luxembourg, who has just been sent to prison for doing so. Throughout, the party denounced war upon France as a crime against

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civilisation. The less we can excuse the panic which seized the majority of their Parliament men, when threatened by Russia, the more credit we should give to their previous efforts; and still more should we applaud those like Karl Liebknecht, Mehring, Ledebour, Clara Zetkin, Rosa Luxembourg, and Bernstein, who have remained true to the faith.

The rank and file of the party, after betrayal by their representatives, had no means of expressing their opinions. But, had Wilhelm Liebknecht and August Bebel been living, we believe that fully half the members of the Social-Democracy would have declared that their views on aggressive warfare were unchanged. If there was no danger of this, why was all Germany kept so carefully in the dark as to the objects and the progress of the war? Why have lies been the current coin of German officialism throughout? It is not necessary to conceal the truth from a nation that is eager for war! But war once entered upon with ruthless energy, it was almost impossible for hundreds of thousands, or even millions, of objectors to make their voices heard. Recall what occurred in Great Britain only fifteen years ago. Although it is probable that a majority of the inhabitants of this island were opposed to the war waged on behalf of international millionaires against the South African Republics, matters were so contrived by the English aggressors that those who publicly opposed that criminal and costly policy—we speak from personal experience—did so at serious risk to life and limb. It is far worse in Germany to-day, where the Prussian Junkers have absolute mastery, with martial law at their command.

Social-Democrats of all nationalities are necessarily vehement advocates of peace between the peoples. They know that there is no real economic antagonism between the workers of the world. Race, religion, greed of gain obscure the true interests of the producers. Social-Democrats are, however, essentially Inter-Nationalists; meaning thereby that they strive for universal understanding among nations to their common advantage. They are not in principle Anti-Nationalists; for that would imply them to be necessarily indifferent to national independence, because capitalism oppresses all alike. They recognise the right of every nationality to safeguard its own independence, or

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to free itself from foreign rule. The sympathy of Socialists has always been with the conquered against the conquerors, with the small powers against the great, with the weak against the strong. Moreover, at International Congress after International Congress, side by side with declarations in favour of peace, a resolution has been carried unanimously by the assembled delegates in favour of a National Democratic Citizen Force (or Armed Nation) to ensure effective national defence. Assuredly, therefore, Socialists cannot be honestly denounced either as peace-at-any-price men, or as Chauvinists. They oppose aggression, they resist attack, they help on emancipation. The action of Vaillant, Guesde, Sembat, Vandervelde, Anseele, Plechanoff, Pablo Iglesias, Charles Edward Russell, Herron, Walling, and many English Socialists may be fairly set off against the temporary backsliding of the weaker brethren in Berlin, who could not, as their forerunners did, distinguish between a war of militarist aggression and a war of democratic defence.

To class Marx with Treitschke, Bernhardi, and the rest of the fire-eaters and professors is ludicrous. Marx, and with him Engels, was the most powerful opponent in Europe of all that German Prussianised militarism stands for. He loathed it and all its works, as he showed in his writings, in his conversation and by his actions. Engels, a more impulsive man than Marx, actually wanted to go over and render what aid he could to the French in the war of 1870, and Marx only dissuaded him by urging that his action would be misunderstood by the French themselves. Marx and Engels were strongly opposed to any policy which aimed at giving Germany, as organised in their day, a dominant position in Europe. More than this, they attacked the influence of Prussia and Prussian methods as directly injurious to Germany itself, and as tending to crush down the real greatness of the German people. In practical politics of the day these great men may have made their mistakes; but it is an outrage upon their memory to accuse them of having anything in common with the infuriate military and professorial fulminants of to-day.

True, Socialists work towards the period when, in a wider sphere, all nationalities will be absorbed as separate entities into the great Co-operative Commonwealth of

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Socialist Humanity—just as, in the past, Tribes, ceasing to fight among themselves, were combined into a Confederation of Tribes or a People; Cities, abandoning their internecine warfare, expanded into a Province; and Provinces, within whose borders peace became the rule, consolidated themselves into the modern Nation-State. Though, also, armaments intended for use by one nation against another may be unavoidable in the competitive profit-making and commercial system of our day, with the attendant race hatreds inherited from the past, these antagonistic elements will disappear in the general co-operation of internationally-organised industry and the universal peace of tomorrow. But the basic antagonisms to be resolved, before this ideal of the future can be realised, are the economic and class struggles, within each and every nation, mainly due to the system of production itself: not to the persistent efforts of each nation in turn for expansion, or domination, at the expense of other nations.

This great and terrible war has been forced upon the world by Prussian militarist ambition; but this does not mean that Germany must be counted out in the progress of Socialism. Far from it. Notwithstanding her frightful mistakes, Germany, by reason of the superior education of her people, has probably advanced farther towards the solution of the problem of social revolution and social reconstruction than any other country. France gained her solid Republic by the German overthrow of the French Empire. It is within the bounds of possibility that Germany may attain to a still higher and more beneficial transformation when finally defeated by the Allies. "Revisionism" most certainly will not arrest the approaching change. Its influence has been greatly exaggerated as we could easily demonstrate. It is enough to say here that the leader of that clever but unsuccessful sect of mild progressives has himself, not only abjured his errors, but as a patriotic German sees no hope for the uplifting of his country save in the defeat of Prussian policy.

We cannot leave this part of the subject without a word about that fear of Russia which, as we ourselves believe, has so greatly obscured the real issue from German Socialists. This it is which led to their condonation of the attack on Belgium. Bad, but intelligible. The danger of the

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Russian advance is admitted by nearly all the Socialist parties in Europe. Scandinavia and Southern Europe feel this as much as Germany. Teutons, in particular, cannot view with calmness the possible advent of an era of Slav conquest and Slav assimilation under Muscovite control. To them, Russia is the advanced guard of Asia in Europe. The line of Slavonic, or Asiatic, progress was sweeping forward even in peace. In Austria, whole districts which, but a few years ago, were completely German in population, in language and in name, are now Slavonic in every respect. The process went steadily on. But Germans, being Germans, failed to understand that the immediate danger of themselves to other nations, handled as they were by Prussian Junkers, loomed larger and seemed more directly hateful than the success of Russia allied with England and France. Muscovite Czarism may be warded off. The Prussian Goth is at the gate.

II.

Any serious consideration of the views of the great war taken by Socialists generally can scarcely fail to lead to an examination of the theories which may affect their judgment on this most important matter. Speaking broadly, Socialists at the present time are, in certain countries, divided into two camps. The minority favour the extreme doctrinaire dogma that all wars in modern times arise out of capitalism and capitalist antagonism, and that, therefore, Socialists should take no part in them whatever, even when national freedom and national independence are at stake. The majority, on the other hand, contend, and act upon the contention, that by no means all modern wars are capitalist wars, or due to capitalist antagonism, and that, even if they were, capitalism plus foreign militarist domination, or racial repression, is worse than domestic capitalism by itself. The former opinion is in opposition to the decisions of International Socialist Congresses : the latter is in accordance with them. The great Peace Congress held at Basle just before the Balkan uprisings made an imposing declaration in favour of universal peace. The workers of the world, as already

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said, have really no antagonistic interests, if they understand their true position, and without their aid no war can be carried on. Sound as this may be in the abstract, when war once breaks out, working men are quite ready to take sides, as we see, and to fight to a finish like other classes, and many an ardent pacifist in Great Britain yesterday is an ardent recruit or recruiting agent to-day. Nevertheless, though it is useless and even harmful to preach peace when there is no peace, Socialism will have a good deal to say when this war is over. It has made more progress in this island during the past twelve weeks than it did in the previous twelve years.

It is worth while, therefore, to study the exposition of scientific Socialism known as the materialist interpretation of history of which we hear so much nowadays on both sides of the Atlantic. That this conception influences a growing number of thinkers is apparent. We give the theory below, in the words of its chief promulgator, Karl Marx. Marx, apart from his analysis of capitalist production, which still holds the field in political economy, systematised, and provided a philosophic and historic groundwork for, the ideas popularly expounded years before he came to the front by the English Chartist leaders and the principal French agitators. These ideas comprised the class war, social antagonisms based upon economics, etc. It is his name, therefore, that is generally associated with the theory which he thus formulates himself :—

“In the social production of the environment of their life, human beings enter into certain necessary relations of production which are independent of their will, and correspond to a determinate stage of development of their material and productive forces. The totality of these relations of production form the economic structure of the society, the real basis upon which a judicial and political superstructure raises itself, and to which determinate forms of social consciousness correspond. The mode of production of the material life of society conditions the socio-political and intellectual life process generally. It is not the consciousness of men that determines their existence but, on the contrary, their social existence that determines their consciousness. At a certain stage of their development, the material productive forces of society come into con-

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tradition with the existing relations of production, or, to speak in judicial language, with the conditions of property holding, under which they have hitherto worked. When this is the case, the forms of development proper to the productive forces become suddenly transformed into fetters for these forces. An epoch of social revolution is then entered upon. With the transformation of the economic basis, the whole immense superstructure sooner or later undergoes a complete bouleversement. In considering such revolutions as these, one must always distinguish between the material revolution in the economic conditions of production, and the judicial, political, religious, artistic or philosophical—in short, the ideological form, in which mankind becomes aware of the conflict and under which it is fought out. Just as little as one can judge an individual by what he thinks of himself can we judge such a period of revolution from its own consciousness alone. On the contrary, we must rather explain this consciousness by the contradictions obtaining in the material life of the time, in the conflict existing between the social forms of production and the social relations of production. A social formation never passes away before all the productive forces immanent within it have had time to develop themselves, and new and higher relations of production never establish themselves before the material conditions of their existence have already been formed within the womb of the old society. Hence mankind only sets itself tasks that it can accomplish, for if we consider the matter carefully we shall find that the problem to be solved never arises except where the material conditions of its solution are already present, or at least where they are already in process of realising themselves. In their broader outlines, oriental, classical, feudal, and modern modes of production may be designated as progressive epochs in the economic formation of society. The bourgeois relations of production are the last of the antagonistic forms of the social progress of production, antagonistic, not in the sense of individual antagonism, but of an antagonism arising out of the social conditions underlying the life of individuals. These are created by the productive forces developing themselves within the womb of bourgeois society, which forces create at the same time the material conditions for

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the resolution of the antagonism thus created. With the present social formation, therefore, the introductory period of the history of human society is closed."

Now, it is obvious, if we accept this as a complete summary of human development, that mankind in society is thereby reduced to a collection of merely sentient automata, unconsciously dominated, from generation to generation, by economic circumstances, outside of their own cognition or control. Moreover, used in this sense, the word and the conception "materialist" or (perhaps better) "economic" assumes the attributes of a God, or First Cause. And, indeed, some of Marx's followers are quite content to ascribe to it such a power. That is to say, the materialist, which for them means the economic, factor devours all other factors in the long history of man in society, and proceeds onwards and upwards of its own motion and volition. Progress is assumed as one of the properties inherent in matter, giving forth of itself an impulse towards the modification of human environment. Hence all individual, as well as all social, improvement, becomes virtually automatic.

The mental or psychologic factor is thus wholly eliminated. The inevitable rules society inevitably. Consciousness is nothing more than determination of the object of consciousness (*i.e.*, of its own object!). The social advance is no more than an effort of highly organised matter to reach an unseen goal, in which effort mankind renders blind assistance as a vitalised material agent. How or why progress rather than stagnation or retrogression should result from such uninfluenced material evolution, no attempt is made to explain.

There must, we suppose, be some charm to certain minds in this crushing down of active mentality. The simplicity of the theory is itself a perfect joy to searchers after the universal formula—the philosopher's stone—for the transmutation into certainty of all that is knowable. This key opens up, lays bare, and explains every period of history in its innermost detail. The adjustment, also, of apparently irreconcilable historic developments to the theory, wholly regardless of more obvious reasons for what has taken place, possesses an attraction for the devotees of this materialist cult of abstraction, which transcends even

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the believer's delight in tracing "the finger of God" in every incident of life. Save that men of genuine ability, such as Karl Kautsky, the late Paul Lafargue, Morris Hillquit, and a few others, including from another side Robert Blatchford, accept this human automatism as a material revelation, it would not be worth while to expose the shortcomings of Marx's brilliant and pregnant generalisation, when pushed to extremes.

What Marx overlooked, in the passage quoted, is that one factor of a complex synthesis cannot constitute reality : least of all can one aspect of one factor do so. The total material conditions, omitting the mental factor, are as purely abstract as the mind itself divorced from its material expression is abstract. Still more does the economic element by itself, severed from the other material conditions, become an abstraction : being, indeed, an abstraction of an abstraction. In the domain of social psychology, family and tribal feeling, internal and external perception, mental combinations, imagination, etc., all have their influence.

The last-named psychologic factor, in particular, often works in direct antagonism to material interests, both individual and social. The crudest superstitions have very greatly influenced human action, in many ways and in various directions. Even the profound belief in what, to the average modern mind, is an absurdity, such as "the Second Advent" of the Christ which, by no possible perversion of ideas can be attributed to the economic forms, or the economic development, of the time, had a powerful influence upon the actions, as well as upon the teachings, of the early Christians. The hope of another world, with its sempiternal happiness for disembodied spirits, brought about an indifference to this world with its material needs. This is common to all supernatural religions, when really believed in. Similar, and almost as widely spread, popular delusions, which also had no bearing whatsoever upon the material side of social life, produced very serious effects upon men in society—effects which extended over whole continents, and lasted for long periods.

Many historic situations, also, cannot possibly be explained by the comparatively simple formula of economic antagonisms, and the struggle of classes thence resulting.

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Granting that these class-struggles themselves were wholly due to the purely economic factor (of itself a very large concession), there were other desperate conflicts going on simultaneously, or successively, which had nothing at all to do with class warfare. The antagonisms of race, of religion, of custom, and so on, have brought about some of the most terrible conflagrations the world has ever seen. History bristles with illustrations of this truth. Can there be anything more absurd than to try to prove that the early movements of Mohammedanism, or Peter the Hermit's Crusade are traceable, either directly or indirectly, to the economics of the time? The attempt falls through of its own fatuity. Nevertheless, the long-drawn conflict extending over centuries which resulted from the growing power of the more recent Asiatic creed, Mohammedanism, and the furious assaults upon it of the older Asiatic religion, Christianity, greatly affected the future of the race. That economic interests arose out of and followed the initial religious antagonism may be true; but this does not in the least weaken the original contention: namely, that the antagonism was mainly psychologic and not economic. The Social-Democratic movement is itself a refutation of the purely materialistic theory; inasmuch as Germany, where economic conditions are less developed than in England or America, nevertheless, owing to psychologic causes, has organised that movement much more vigorously and capably than either of the other two countries.*

All wars are no more of necessity economic wars than all internal national conflicts are of necessity class struggles.

This is as true of modern wars as of the wars of history, and is particularly applicable to the greatest war the world has ever seen in which we, as a nation, are taking part to-day. That many wars of our time have been waged in the interest, real or supposed, of the capitalist class does

* An even more striking instance is the advance of social democracy in Finland. Here is a poor and very sparsely inhabited country, whose chief industries, tar and papermaking, only employ a very small number of the working population. The majority of Finns are peasants or farmers; yet for the last seven years the social democratic vote has steadily increased, until its representatives comprise very nearly half of the whole elected assembly. Further, the majority of this vote is polled by the agricultural workers of Finland—peasants from remote farms and forests—living, under the most primitive conditions, upon a harsh and barren soil.

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not admit of dispute. Such wars are, in fact, so numerous that only the eager desire to make the economic theory *universally* valid could induce the fanatics of materialistic monism to insist upon bringing the present war within the limits of the same category. The wars in China, Burmah, South Africa, Morocco, Tonquin, Cochin China, Madagascar, Manchuria, Korea, Cuba, Tripoli, and the Philippines were undoubtedly all of them capitalist wars in the strict sense : wars, that is to say, whose primary object was to obtain an extension of trade and commerce, or to ensure the expansion of some financial scheme. On the other hand, the wars of emancipation, such as those of Italy and Hungary and the Balkan Principalities, cannot be brought under this head ; nor can the wars of Germany against Austria and France.

The war between Great Britain, France, Russia, Servia, etc., against Germany and Austria-Hungary is likewise not a capitalist war in its origin.

III.

The rise of Prussia to its present position of domination over Germany, and lately even over Austria, has, of course, been due to militarism. The history of Frederick the Great and his wars, in which he made defeats as fruitful as other generals made victories, shows that clearly enough ; and, when Prussia had recovered from Jena and Auerstadt, the tale was taken up by the reorganised army which, after Leipzig and Waterloo, became the most powerful engine of war on the continent of Europe. Nearly fifty years elapsed, however, before the successful campaigns of 1864, 1866, and 1870, against Denmark, Austria, and France, proved that the Prussian military system still preserved the organisation and impetus given to it by Scharnhorst and Gneisenau, and that the lessons of thorough unscrupulousness in diplomacy, taught by the ablest of the Hohenzollerns, had not been lost upon Bismarck. From 1871 onwards, Prussianised Germany, by far the best-educated, and industrially and commercially the most progressive, country in Europe, with the enormous advantage of her central position, was, consciously and unconsciously,

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making ready for her next advance. The policy of a good understanding with Russia, maintained for many years, to such an extent that, in foreign affairs, Berlin and St. Petersburg were almost one city, enabled Germany to feel secure against France, while she was devoting herself to the extension of her rural and urban powers of production. Never at any time did she neglect to keep her army in a posture of offence. All can now see the meaning of this.

Militarism is in no sense necessarily economic. But the strength of Germany for war was rapidly increased by her success in peace. From the date of the great financial crisis of 1874, and the consequent reorganisation of her entire banking system, Germany entered upon that determined and well-thought-out attempt to attain pre-eminence in the trade and commerce of the world of which we have not yet seen the end. From 1878, when the German High Commissioner, von Rouleaux, stigmatised the exhibits of his countrymen as "cheap and nasty," special efforts were made to use the excellent education and admirable powers of organisation of Germany in this field. The Government rendered official and financial help in both agriculture and manufacture. Scientific training, good and cheap before, was made cheaper and better each year. Railways were used not to foster foreign competition, as in Great Britain, by excessive rates of home freight, but to give the greatest possible advantage to German industry in every department. In more than one rural district, the railways were worked at an apparent loss, in order to foster home production, from which the nation derived far greater advantage than such apparent sacrifice entailed. The same system of State help was extended to shipping until the great German liners, one of which, indeed, was actually subsidised by England, were more than holding their own with the oldest and most celebrated British companies.

Protection, alike in agriculture and in manufacture, bound the whole Empire together in essentially Imperial bonds. Right or wrong in theory—which it is not here necessary to discuss—there can be no doubt whatever that this policy entirely changed the face of Germany, and rendered her our most formidable competitor in every market. Emigration, which had been proceeding on a vast scale, almost entirely ceased. The savings banks were

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overflowing with deposits. The position of the workers was greatly improved. Not only were German Colonies secured in Africa and Asia, which were more trouble than they were worth, but very profitable commerce with our own Colonies and Dependencies was growing by leaps and bounds, at the expense of the out-of-date but self-satisfied commercialists of Old England. Hence arose a trade rivalry, against which we could not hope to contend successfully in the long run, except by a complete revolution in our methods of education and business, to which neither the Government nor the dominant class would consent.

This remarkable advance in Germany, also, was accompanied by the establishment of a system of banking, specially directed to the expansion of national industry and commerce, a system which was clever enough to use French accumulations, borrowed at a low rate of interest, through the German Jews who so largely controlled French financial institutions, in order still further to extend their own trade. It was an admirably organised attempt to conquer the world-market for commodities, in which the Government, the Banks, the Manufacturers and the Ship-owners all worked for the common cause. Meanwhile, both French and English financiers carefully played the game of their business opponents, and the great English Banks devoted their attention chiefly to fostering speculation on the Stock Exchange—a policy of which the Germans took advantage, just before the outbreak of war, to an extent not by any means as yet fully understood.

Thus, at the beginning of the present year, in spite of the withdrawal, since the Agadir affair, of very large amounts of French capital from the German market, Germany had attained to such a position that only the United States stood on a higher plane in regard to its future in the world of competitive commerce. And this great and increasing economic strength was, for war purposes, at the disposal of the Prussian militarists, if they succeeded in getting the upper hand in politics and foreign affairs.

The only party in Germany which was deeply interested in making war was this same Junker party and its militarist friends. They constituted the last military caste, as a caste, left in the world. They were being threatened on two sides. On the one hand, the great capitalists, with

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whom the Kaiser was more friendly than he was towards the Junkers, were gaining influence and power, aided by the State, in every direction. Fiscal protection against agricultural imports and control over the army did not compensate them for being thus supplanted at Court and in political influence. Every year that passed made their position, as they thought, more insecure. Hence their endeavour to make their power felt in every household, and their growing determination to impress their superiority upon the mass of the people by almost unendurable arrogance and brutality, alike to soldiers under their command and to civilians who at any time might be at their mercy. Militarist policy only waited its opportunity to push ahead with vigour, and, in its desire to obtain for itself in the name of Germany (as its ablest writers admitted) the leadership and the domination of Europe, nothing was omitted from the necessary preparations which science could suggest or which material organisation could provide. The incident of military ruffianism at Zabern, which horrified Europe, but left Prussia unmoved, was but a fair example of the tendency in one direction; the secretly-built howitzers for the destruction of Belgian and French forts was a manifestation of the other. Only war was needed to give full outlet to both.*

And war became the more necessary from the Junker point of view on account of that astounding growth of German Social-Democracy to which we have already made reference. For German Social-Democracy, though in direct antagonism to German Capitalism, was even more menacing, or so it was thought, to German Militarism, and for that reason could rely to some extent upon support from the German lower middle-class and even from the great German capitalists. Neither of these sections had any love for the Junkers and their military caste, nor had they any desire for war. In fact, as quite probably the Kaiser himself and his more sober advisers saw clearly,

* Endeavours have been made of late, in more than one quarter, to confuse the exceptional militarist caste in Prussia with the military staffs and officers in Great Britain and other European countries. The difference both politically, socially, and militarily is very great. Nowhere, not even in Austria, where the power of the aristocracy over the army is quite bad enough, have the prejudices of a hereditary caste been so greatly strengthened and rendered so intolerable, by the irresponsible arrogance of military command, as in Prussia, and, through Prussia, in Germany.

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Germany was gaining so much and so rapidly by her quiet but unceasing progress in peace that she could not possibly hope to obtain more by war without encountering desperate risks. Therefore, capitalists and people were at first dragged into hostilities by the military caste, whose policy had been systematically advocated among the "intellectuals" by the university professors for at least fifty years. This, consequently, is not a carefully-prepared war of capitalist aggression against rival capitalists. It is the final effort of Prussian Militarism to retain its predominance at home by conquest and annexation abroad. The Junkers were losing ground: war might enable them to recover what they had lost and a great deal more. Therefore, foreign war was deliberately engineered in order to save the domestic situation. Hence the intrigues of this Camarilla around the Kaiser and his family, as well as in every capital in Europe: hence the constant and at last successful efforts to embroil Austria and Russia against their will in the trouble arising out of the Serajevo assassination: hence the sudden attack upon Belgium as a preliminary to the crushing of France: hence also the miscalculation about the attitude of England which the Junkers could not understand.

To the amazement of all foreign Socialists the German Social-Democrats supported the militarists, who were their worst enemies. Why? "Russia the enemy" was substituted for "England the enemy"—the cry since 1878—and Social-Democrats, like other Germans, were misled. Unfortunately, too, the English capitalist newspapers played into the hands of the German Chauvinists all over the Fatherland by starting an agitation, immediately on the outbreak of war, for "the capture of German trade"; as if sheer capitalist greed on our side, and not the outrage upon Belgian neutrality, the attempt to immolate France, or even the necessity for defending the independence of Great Britain herself, was the real reason why this nation declared war upon Germany. The truth being, of course, that the capitalist class in Great Britain, native and foreign, was strongly on the side of peace. The grim irony of the thing is almost unprecedented in history.

Peace favoured the commercial expansion of Germany. Peace favoured the racial growth of the Slavs with Russia

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behind them. Peace favoured the consolidation and permanence of the French Republic. Peace favoured the general policy of Great Britain. Yet war was forced upon the world by the fear and the ambition of the only purely militarist and reactionary system left in Europe. Outside Germany, even the most rigid conscription does not engender a military caste of the nature it has created there. But Prussianised Germany, as represented by the Junkers, with Austria-Hungary trailing at her heels, was becoming more militarist every day.

Victory for such a power would inevitably bring about a long set-back, not only to Socialism in Germany, but to democracy all over Europe. For that democracy, as well as Socialism, will be attacked and repressed if the Prusso-German army wins is apparent from what is already to be seen in Germany itself. Prussia, the headquarters of Junkerdom and militarism, bristles with reaction. Her political system and methods of election are entirely behind the times. So far, also, notwithstanding the great and growing power of Social-Democracy in Berlin and throughout Prussia, it has been found impossible to introduce reforms. Not only so, but reaction has gained ground in the South. In Saxony, where Social-Democracy had made most effective use of universal suffrage, that democratic right had actually been taken away from the people, and no effective protest was made by Social-Democrats against this high-handed action of the reactionary minority. As the Social-Democrat poll mounted up, at General Election after General Election, the Junkers openly threatened to suppress universal suffrage throughout the Empire in the same way. Should they win in war they will carry out this policy in peace, and the countries they conquer, annex, or put under tutelage will be subjected in like manner to the rule of the sabre. Culture is only useful in the minds of the Junkers in so far as it enables them to dominate and oppress. Triumphant abroad, they will be the despots of Central and Western Europe.

Happily, this misfortune seems unlikely to befall humanity and civilisation, including Germany herself. Prussianised Germany to-day like Napoleonic France of a century ago has raised against herself the most formidable combination the world has ever seen. Yet we

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have all had a narrow escape from at least her temporary success. The conspiracy against the independence and general freedom of all her neighbours was conducted with masterly ability and good fortune, up to the point when the tide was turned back on the Marne. German calculations were by no means so rash as some of us are now apt to imagine. If by far the greatest danger of modern times seems to be slowly passing away, this is due to the fact that her own policy has forced her enemies to fight with unheard-of resolution and patriotism. Let us hope that the defeat of Prussian militarism, to which we may confidently look forward at an earlier or later date, will be accompanied by the uprising of all that is really noblest in the German people, who have been made its dupes, its tools, and its victims. On the side of the Allies there is no ruthless hatred against Germany—though that the wrongs done by her soldiery must be duly paid for is a sad consequence of the hideous Attilism which has disgraced her campaign—but when the war is over, that a new and greater Germany may again take a leading place in the ranks of great nations striving for human progress is the sincere desire of not a few of those who have been compelled for years past most vigorously to denounce and oppose her as a standing menace to Europe.

A War Note for Democrats

By H. M. Tomlinson

AT dinner recently, in a French train so crowded with refugees and wounded soldiers that the lavatory of our carriage was occupied by a woman and four children, for whom there was no room in the corridor where I had been standing long enough to forget time is supposed to fly, a French officer supplied the bottle of buffet wine, and I found a lump of bread wrapped in a newspaper. Very good they were, too. The soldier was troubled by something he had been reading in an English Tory paper. This newspaper had told him that a delight in war is proper to human nature—it argued war was even vitally necessary for a community now and then, as a purge; or some thin nonsense of the kind which comes easy enough to men who know of nothing to prevent their own safe arrival at a London suburb every night during any war time, while their younger brethren are being mangled elsewhere.

We have been long familiar, of course, with the bores who punctuate perverted theories of “the survival of the fittest” with cigars in club-rooms, prompted by the warmth and leisure which come of repletion and liqueurs, and who have never in their lives fought anything more dangerous than an income-tax demand. But this French soldier accepted the offending leading article as a matter of importance. He got from it the idea, I gathered, that the successes of the Allies were beginning to infect some minds in England with the warlike sense of security which flushes middle-aged men of ill-condition after a period of ugly disquietude. They begin to feel easy, expansive, and truculent again in the common vague and patriotic way; they grow more clearly conscious that might is right, if the meat chopper is handled in the honourable manner befitting soldiers and gentlemen. The Prussian officers at Zabern knew all about it, too. They were absolutely without doubt

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about it, and showed us what is meant in the earliest form of its beauty, as the fellow of the right sort, whose boots are hobnailed, is able to impose his will upon his wife, if she is small enough; the expression of "the will to power" that is, which, to the credit of the dogs, a big dog hardly ever displays to a little dog.

But this Frenchman, who was not only a soldier, but had been fighting regularly every day, and sometimes all night, for six weeks, lost his temper when he thought of it, and was even a little alarmed. We will continue to keep in mind that he had seen war made with the latest products of the engineer and the chemist. He had just come from Alsace, and was going to Arras, where much more desperate and important fighting was developing than he had witnessed on the eastern frontier. As an intelligent man, with the hate of waste and squalor which is felt by all intelligent people, he was well aware that the present war was caused by just such crude blasphemy against the civilised human mind as this leading article showed. It was the opinion, he indicated, of a pompous and stupid soul, in which information does not go to make wisdom, but becomes an undigested and deleterious mass, resulting in all the symptoms of ill-health: arrogance, a touchiness about its code, contempt for what it does not understand, anger against anything which thwarts it, and an indifference to all appeals, however just and urgent, like those of children, which have nothing but righteousness to support them, and so may be ignored. It reflected, this screed, the sort of mind which would not matter to any of us any more than the costermonger's conviction that his green and unsound apples are a long-felt want, but for the fact, which will continue to count while so many of us are what we are, that birth, education, and position naturally confer privileges on some men which their intrinsic merits do not warrant. For exactly that reason the Prussian military caste, which is at present causing Europe more harm than a general and virulent epidemic of cholera, infected simple and honest German souls, till the time came when they believed national strength to be commensurate with the number and calibre of their guns, and alien rights to be no more than aliens could defend against a surprise of swords; where swords and guns prove successful, there consequently the

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alien people are entitled to nothing except the things the conquerors do not want—a philosophy so simple that it leaves one wondering whether it was really worth while von Bernhardt codifying impulses which any ape would understand without the aid of a written language.

That French soldier, like most of the soldiers I have been meeting since the middle of August, was so filled with horror of war that he was enduring its rigours, and practising it with every cunning trick his trained mind could devise, and his courage could execute, so that his children might never know what it was. He said so. Our own soldiers say the same thing. Nor does it seem to be a password about this war which is being repeated everywhere as the correct thing to say. There is no doubt it is a spontaneous conviction with those who feel it to be their immediate duty to deal once and for all with militarism. "Never again."

One hears in France the same thought expressed so often, and from men of such widely differing types, that the meaning of it is as clear and certain as the general confession of a simple and profound faith. There was the English Tommy not long back from the fighting at Lille. A rifle-bullet had pierced his face from the left side of his nose to the angle of the opposite jaw; enough to shock conviction and enthusiasm out of any man. His broad, friendly, and unimaginative East Anglian countenance—I suppose his family has cultivated a retentive clay for many generations—was rather spoiled. But he was not complaining about that. He was only thankful his face was not half shot away, as he guessed it was when he was struck. Chiefly, he was hoping he would soon be fit to return to the firing-line; he had a wife and family in England. "But it's got to be done," he admitted, with the quietness which comes of an idea there can be no disputing. "This war was bound to come, and we've got to finish it proper. No more of this bloody rot for the kids, an' chance it."

One more. I had a long chat with a French infantryman who had come from Lorraine and was going north. Not long since he was a donkeyman in a steamer under the red ensign, and from what I know of ships I should say the second engineer who had this Frenchman under him was thankful for one strong, honest, and clever worker.

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He told me of his young family, nearly all girls, at Havre. I think he found pleasure in telling me about them. But he was filled with the dark doubt that he would never see them again. He had made up his mind that he was going to die soon. He had surrendered, you will note, every claim he had to the things which make life worth having, to his health, and to the ship he liked because he was lusty and knew his work, and to that home on the memory of which he dwelt with a minuteness showing, in a way there was no mistaking, where chiefly his thoughts were. Yet he would not have left that train, which was taking him to more fighting and the death he expected, had he been given the honourable chance. He was a Socialist, and he thought war was cruel stupidity, so he told me, but this war was like no war the world had seen before. He had no hate for the Germans; he was going to fire at them, and I could guess with what care and cold purpose, because, while they were alive, Europe would have no peace, and homes and ideas no safety. It could not be questioned. His sole duty now was to kill as many Germans as he could before they killed him. He had one solid satisfaction which consoled him, when he thought of Havre. He knew he had killed four of the enemy already—more than his fair share—because he had counted them with a bayonet. He liked bayonet work better than trench work because you could tell exactly how you were getting on with the job. He argued that if every man could but kill four of the enemy before he died then the war would soon be over; and the sooner it was over the better.

There was nothing peculiar about this man. He represented a point of view which is seen, as a hill is seen above a plain, by most of the men, I believe, who are fighting in Belgium and France. Foreign students in Paris, Americans among them, men who think of militarism as they think of muck, cretinism, and profitmongering, saw in the German advance a menace to every human effort towards making this planet good to dwell upon; and shocked by the spectacle of Belgium, a populous and busy country which had been up-ended by a vast non-moral power, and tipped chaotically into the sea, people, homes, and industries, as a drunken lunatic would up-end a table at which a family was at dinner, they dropped pictures, literature,

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and studies, joined the French Foreign Legion, and got some guns. They recognised the sole urgent business of a young democrat with a steady hand and a clear eye at this present time is to kill German soldiers as quickly as possible, not because he hates them, but because, until they repent and confess with their hands up, nothing is safe. These students were very hearty about it, and I had a cheerful time in Paris with some of them before they set about their new task. They were going to fight with no joy, but because there was nothing else to do.

Well, there are those of us who are past the age, and are not of the skill, to give them the only aid which counts at present—an ability to put corrective lead into the revivalists of Odin. No room can be allowed in modern Europe for worshippers of the old war gods, whatever their names—not even for those who admire the tribal God of Battles of the Israelitish nomads, Jehovah. There must be an overturning of all the ancient mysteries in groves, where the dark of the human mind, the shadows and stains of its earliest days, are treasured by atavistic prophets and priests and kings with a diseased fervour which is at last convincing to plain men who merely delight in common daylight without asking themselves why they do so. At last even a nation of plain people, like the Germans, can be convinced, peering curiously but a little nervously into the gloom, that there is something in it, when repeatedly told so by cunning and energetic monomaniacs. And there is something in it, of course. There is the ruin of the brutish image they left there ages ago, and had forgotten, with the bones of ancient sacrifices still under its altar-stones. When a whole nation, and a very powerful nation, in the midst of other nations who are beginning to see better things, suddenly sees red again in the ancient evil way, and turns once more on its surprised neighbours, there is but one thing to be done; there can be no disputing that.

It is being done; and they who have the work in hand are doing it with a stoicism and will, in the midst of hardships and horrors so appalling that war correspondents are being kept very carefully away from it all, because our own militarists are determined the public shall not learn, even now, of the agony, waste, and loathly filth of war, which has filled me—as it has others who have seen them at work—

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with shame that we can do no more than admit our respect and gratitude, and pay increased taxation cheerfully.

The truth about the present fighting, especially the fighting between Arras and Nieuport, and more particularly the events on that portion of the line between Dixmude and Lille, cannot be told—well, it cannot be rendered in words significant enough to shock into understanding the people who are looking in the newspapers now for stories of heroism, “brilliant bayonet charges,” and the rest of the inducements which sell stories of warfare, but tell us nothing about it. Perhaps, indeed, there are no words for it. I doubt whether the sincerest artist, finely sensitive, and with the choicest army of words at his ready and accurate command, could assemble the case. The mind of a witness in France is not stirred; it is stunned. One is speechless before the spectacle of men, not fighting in the way two angry men would fight, but coolly blasting great masses of their opponents to pieces at long range, and out of sight of each other, till a region with its wrecked towns and homesteads is littered with human bowels and fragments. It is possible to value human life too highly, maybe. But what profit, physical moral or economic, can be got from draining several nations’ best male generative force into the clay, I leave it to worshippers of tribal war-gods of whatever church, and to the military minds, to explain. One is told that in this present war England, France, and Russia were allowed no alternative but to fight, for Germany, it seems, made up her mind long since to be scientifically predatory. But unless the democracies of Europe, after settling this business, see to securing such a settlement—whatever the governing classes desire—that this Continental waste can never occur again, then one would have to admit human nature is too stupid and base to be troubled over any longer. Humanity would not be worth saving; and the obliteration of our defiling planet from the skies by its sorely-tried Creator would be a desirable and hygienic act. One might hope, just before the serene blue showed empty and unstained where our earth had been, one might hope, I think, to hear, as a flash of personal satisfaction before extinction came, a great laugh from nowhere at the necessity to blot out a civilisation which for two thousand years had been trained by

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learned experts, under the blessings of thrones and parliaments, with the symbol everywhere of the sacrificial Cross to keep us reminded, to follow the cynical advice of loving one another.

A short time since, back on the coast from a country shut in by a barrier of smoke, where the villages were in flames and the guns were violently at work, and in the nearer fields the shells were exploding casually while unguided children ran and screamed, I sat in a *café* wondering whether we should ever find grace again. An endless procession of refugees passed by in the rain outside, and I suppose few of them knew where they were going, and none of them knew what to do. Soddened bundles were slung over the bent backs of the women, who pushed perambulators full of babies and things, while elder children trailed behind. I thought of Croydon, with the town hall clock-tower heaped across the deserted High Street, and German machine-guns behind the rubbish; where the shops were in flames, and a few citizens lay motionless in absurd attitudes on the stones; with shrapnel detonating, so it sounded, in every square yard of air, while walls were bulging and collapsing as though built without mortar; with the parson dead under the vicarage wall in the familiar street deserted by all my friends and neighbours, who were toiling in the rain with bundles, over the fields beyond, in a direction they hoped was away from trouble, but did not know. It might, perchance, come to that—it would come to that if the Germans could manage it. Developing human intelligence had brought Europe to this state. Then another procession began to pass the *café*. Hundreds of Belgian infantrymen were limping into town to have their wounds dressed. As to uniforms, they were scarecrows, and their rags were glued together with clay. Some had portions of the face shot away, and they were staunching the drainage with their fingers. There were those with mutilated hands, which dripped from the ends. There were those who hobbled with bare and torn feet, and who left red marks in the mud. They had the faces of men who had seen the worst, and had forgotten their past. Their faces were yellow and shrunk, and their eyes met mine, where I sat drinking, with the apprehensive but unintelligent interest of suffering beasts.

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I got outside. It would be rather difficult to explain my emotions. One of the poor fellows collapsed at my feet.

Anyhow, they are of the men who are protecting the things essential to you and to me against the threat of downfall. And those mutilated fellows were the luckier ones. Others were worse. There are old trenches full of dead soldiers better described as ditches which are choked with a drainage of decaying animal matter. Our duty, in this affair, is, as in this instance, a matter of looking on, and ruthlessly truthful discussion. But we have something to bear in mind, something important to preserve, until the deafening uproar has died down, and there are signs of returning sanity in Europe. These sacrifices of the fellows who did the great work for the democracies of Europe must bear full value. Already there is plenty of evidence, even in England, that a small but powerful caste intend to use the result of this war, not for the purpose of widening the boundaries of our liberties, but for restricting them. The suffering, terrible beyond report, baffling the imagination, will all have been in vain if we allow this cynical and selfish class, the same people who used the successful end of the war against Napoleon to oppress the common folk whose rather stupid valour demolished the schemes of that great genius, to do now as they did then. We may be sure they will try to do it. If we allow them to succeed we shall prove not only poltroons, not worth the efforts of our lads in France, but traitors to those who died. They will have died uselessly. And so now, to such as that Tory leader-writer represents, it is time to say that if they hope, as doubtless they do, that the general weariness of the common folk, after this tremendous effort and sacrifice, will present them, the governing class, with the finest opportunity in history of securing more firmly the interests of those who are upheld and live by everything that is meant by Krupp, then some of us are most definitely assured that it would be better, far better, to continue this war, wherever necessary, in our own way, and for other ends, and to deal with such a caste, here or in France, as now our soldiers are dealing with the Prussian variety.

Poland and the Present War

By J. H. Retinger

FOR many years now the average Englishman has been accustomed to regard Poland as a splendid poem, a moving stage-play. Only the terrible fate of Belgium has helped him in some measure to realise that the poem which is called Poland has been much more in the nature of a surgical operation of which a whole nation is the unwilling victim.

In 1772, the year of the partition, the kingdom of Poland was about 780,000 square kilometres in extent. In this earliest attempt to tear asunder the "living flesh of Poland," in the vivid language of the Russian Commander-in-Chief, Prussia, Austria, and Russia seized territory of about 226,000 square kilometres in area. In 1793, Russia and Prussia divided between them a further portion of about 300,000 square kilometres, and three years later all three Powers completed the partition of Poland. Not, however, until the Congress of Vienna (1815) were the frontiers of the three Powers definitely fixed. Russia's share consisted of the nine governments of Lithuania and Ukraina, *i.e.*, Vilna, Grodno, Kovno, Mohilew, Minsk, Vitebsk, Podolia, Volhynia, and Kieff, besides the kingdom of Poland; while the Prussians acquired West Prussia, the Duchy of Poznan (Posen), and part of East Prussia; and the Austrians secured the whole of Galicia. The territory which formerly formed part of the kingdom of Poland now contains a population of forty-one millions. To-day, however, the districts mainly inhabited by the Poles do not include the nine governments of Lithuania and Ukraina, although the Poles there still form a very large minority. On the other side, the Polish ethno-

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graphical territory extends to Austrian and Prussian Silesia. The total number of Poles in Europe is more than twenty-three and a half millions.

These plain figures should show the supreme importance of the Polish question in Central and Eastern Europe, so much the more since Poland, though geographically mutilated almost beyond recognition, politically and æsthetically is as vivid and forceful an individuality as ever lived and preserved its soul through almost unendurable oppression. Mental and bodily bludgeoning served not to break, but to buttress its national spirit; and though to-day scarcely a family has not its sons and brothers domiciled in different parts of Poland, though Pole is fighting Pole, brother against brother, son against father, in a war which was none of their seeking, to-morrow, please God, will see Poland, proud and united, once more take her place among the nations.

Until the last insurrection, which ended in 1864, Poland was a living symbol of the fight for freedom. Rising time after time against overwhelming odds, the Poles allowed no opportunity to escape of demonstrating their passionate desire for liberty. Eighty thousand of them fought with Napoleon, clinging to the end, with pitiful persistence, to the shreds of promises he had held out to them of deliverance from the oppressors' yoke. With General Chrzanowski and the then Colonel Zamoyski, they helped the Belgians in their war of independence. A Polish General, Mieroslawski, was leader of the insurrection in Sicily; later, General Chrzanowski became commander of the Sardinian forces; Dembinski, Wysocki, and Bem, all Poles, led the Hungarian struggle for freedom in 1848. At the time of the Crimean War, General Count Zamoyski offered a corps of Polish volunteers to the British Government, and they were accepted, though the subsequent end of the war gave them no opportunity of taking part in any important battle. Every American knows the names of Kosciusko and Pulawski, co-partners with Washington in the pioneer work of American independence. In the early years of the nineteenth century, Poland's hopeless struggles gave expression to the libertarian tendencies of Europe. Thomas Campbell, Lamartine, and Tennyson celebrated them in verse; British diplomats sent sympathetic despatches . . .

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but the Poles still suffered. The first article of the Treaty of Vienna, from which neither Great Britain, France, Russia, Austria, nor Prussia has withdrawn its signature, still promised: "*Les Polonais, sujets russes, autrichiens, et prussiens, reçoivent une représentation et des institutions nationales.*" . . .

After 1863, the policy of the Poles changed, and they turned to more pacific propaganda. They rose no more in hopeless rebellion, though not a drop of the blood shed in innumerable battles was spilt in vain, but they now encouraged education and science; they endeavoured to develop their industries, neglected and all but ruined by wars and levies. In this direction, again, not a single hindrance was spared them. Unjust taxation aimed at the prevention of industry; Russia's prohibition of the building of roads and railways prevented the growth of commerce. High schools were closed, universities were Russianised, secondary and primary schools either closed or Germanised or Russianised; and for many years not a single lesson was learnt in Polish in Russian or Prussian Poland.

For many years now both Prussian and Russian Governments have forbidden private persons or institutions to teach the Polish language to Polish children. Immediately the well-known Ukaze of 1905 was issued, over a thousand primary schools were opened in Russian Poland and attended by sixty-three thousand children. Eighteen months afterwards all of them were closed. The Polish religion was persecuted, most of their Bishops exiled, the Uniates exiled or executed, the head of the Polish Church, Cardinal Ledochowski, confined in a Prussian prison; over a milliard marks were voted by the Prussian Government for the acquisition of Polish estates . . . but all in vain. The Polish spirit refused to be broken; the Polish population increased faster than the foreign element; Polish banks in Prussian Poland successfully financed landowners against the German Colonisation Commissions; the industry of Russian Poland became the most important in the whole Empire, amounting to 24 per cent. of the total; and, finally, Polish culture produced Mme. Curie, Sienkiewicz, Paderewski. Never more significant than now, even in this heavy storm of

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war that hangs over and harasses Poland, was the utterance of an eminent Victorian statesman: "Polish nationality cannot be extinguished."

The situation of the Poles is particularly distressing in the present war. The measure of their newly-revived hope of ultimate independence is the measure of their present suffering. It is, of course, well known that three similar proclamations have been issued by Russia, Germany, and Austria, promising a united Poland, political freedom, and even self-government. The three protagonists are moving hand and foot to win over the population of this country; even the Prussians, who with one hand bring war and destruction, offer assurances of good faith with the other. More than any other country, more even than Belgium, is Poland stricken by the war. On three-quarters of Polish territory the brunt of it is being waged. The biggest battles of the Eastern campaign have been, and have still to be, fought there.

But even more important and more profound is the psychological storm through which the soul of Poland is passing. There are now over 600,000 Polish soldiers in three opposing armies—120,000 in the Austrian, 80,000 in the Prussian, and 400,000 in the Russian army—all forced to fight one against the other, and even quite literally brother against brother. Among my own friends are two Polish brothers, one of whom is a Prussian subject, and the other a Russian, and both are at the front. Quite recently the newspapers published a story which reads like an act of a Greek tragedy. During a lull in the fighting in Galicia, doctors on both sides went forward and shook hands and exchanged cards on the battlefield. All of them were Poles. . . .

From the sentimental point of view, the position is even more distressing. On the one hand are the majority of the Poles, Russian subjects, who believe in the promises of the Russian Commander-in-Chief, and have thrown in their lot with Russia. On the other hand are the very large minority of Poles who owe allegiance to the Crown of Prussia, but who have no faith in the Prussian promises, and are forced by direst necessity to remain quiet, if not quiescent. Last, but not least, are the Poles in Galicia, who have been well treated during the last fifty years, and

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who are bound by inconsiderable ties of affection to the Emperor Franz Josef.

A hundred and fifty years of bloody oppression and bitter persecution have not passed over the heads of the Poles without leaving their mark on Polish character, and it is not unnatural that the complex nature of the calamity now being enacted in Central Europe has found them rent by not unreasonable suspicion of the various political influences at work. It is very difficult at this moment for a Pole to find, still less to fulfil, the correct attitude towards the war and the conflicting forces. The facts of the situation, however, are plain and positive. Every Pole hates Prussia, not only the Government, but the people, who have always, with very few exceptions, joined the Government in its campaign of extermination against the Pole.

The next plain fact is the sympathy which the Poles have ever felt for each of the two great Western Powers—admiration for Great Britain, love for France. At the present moment they place absolute trust in their honesty and their aim. They honour their leaders, and have faith in the justice of their cause. Many times during the last few weeks I have heard this sentiment on Polish lips: "We believe in England because she was the country which liberated the slaves and gave independence to Greece. England will remember, with the French, the gallant French with whom we fought side by side in times gone by, that they signed the Treaty of Vienna, guaranteeing political freedom to Poland."

Several weeks after the war began I had the honour to meet a great French statesman, who expressed himself to me in the following memorable words: "This war, much more than even the Napoleonic wars, is a war of nationalities. We are not fighting, like the Germans, for autocracy; we are fighting for the most sacred rights of humanity, for freedom, and, above all, for the freedom of small or oppressed nations." There is no nation in the world whose oppression, in proportion to its size, has been so severe as that of Poland, whose population is over three times greater than that of Belgium, greater than the population of all the Balkan States together, greater than that of Spain, and only a little less than that of Italy—in order of size, the sixth in Europe. The day has at last

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dawned when the policy of Europe (or at least of the ultimately victorious half of Europe) will admit a view other than merely humanitarian of the Polish question.

As the war has proved, the Poles, whom a policy of extermination for a hundred and fifty years has left unshaken, can no longer be ignored. The friendship of a united Polish nation is of the highest political and strategical importance for any European Power. The term "Buffer State" applies exactly to Poland, containing as it does a homogeneous mass of twenty-three million people, united in language and religion, cultured and enterprising, and inhabiting a territory of very great agricultural and mineral wealth. Neither Russia nor Germany has in this region topographical boundaries like the Vosges, the Alps, or the sea. Generally speaking, Poland composes the greater part of that great plain extending between Berlin and Moscow.

A restored Poland, like a living bulwark between the East and the West, would become the greatest guarantee of permanent peace in Europe. The history of this nation, which records not a single war of conquest undertaken on its own behalf, should provide sufficient argument against its ever entertaining ambitions of territorial aggrandisement. Like a larger Belgium, which bore the first shock of the present conflict—as, indeed, she has borne the brunt of almost all the battles during the last thousand years, and might, had her neutrality been respected, have largely prevented the present calamity—Poland, with her much greater population, could much more effectively oppose any such violation of neutrality as Belgium has suffered.

The position of the Poles to-day prevents their making any important move to defend their cause. By the iron necessity of war they are constrained—such of them as are not engaged in the three opposing armies—to remain passive spectators of the terrible conflict which has made of their country an enormous battlefield. But this difficult situation, like a balancing trick, is liable to be changed at any moment. The Poles' natural disinclination to take sides in what has, by a horrible blow of fate, become for them an internecine war, forbids them to do more than place their trust in the policy of the Allies. They have complete faith in the Governments of France and Great

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Britain, a faith which the expression of sympathy for their cause contained in a letter recently addressed by the British Foreign Office to myself, as also in numerous letters which I receive daily from unknown friends and sympathisers, has profoundly established.

The Polish dream of independence, far as it seemed from realisation a few months ago, is not at all impracticable. This terrible war will have been largely waged in vain if its end does not witness the living limbs of Poland once more united and all the territory which may be properly termed Polish joined under one administration. The new Poland (or rather the old Poland revived) must be granted a liberal constitution, national autonomy, and the right to develop her culture and industry unhampered by the present restrictions. As the history of the last fifty years has shown, even under a semi-autonomous Government the Poles proved capable of ruling themselves. The terrible lessons of the past have not been forgotten.

The Poles, though fervent Catholics, are not fanatics; the small religious and other communities scattered in the western and southern parts of Poland will enjoy equal freedom with themselves. Whatever faults history has accredited to this people, they have never been oppressors. Perhaps that is why they have been so relentlessly oppressed.

In conclusion, I cannot refrain from quoting the following exquisite passage by Mr. Arthur Symons, written in 1908, on the occasion of a further devilish development of Prussia's policy of persecution: "The Polish race, to those who are acquainted with it, is the most subtle and most delicate, and one of the noblest and most heroic races of Europe. Its existence should be as precious to Europe as that of a priceless jewel. The hand of Prussia is stretched out to steal it, the hand of a thief snatching at a jewel. If it is stolen, there will be an end of its vivid, exquisite life. Its light will be put out under bolts and bars in darkness. What has Prussia to do with a race which it cannot understand: a race which desires only peace with freedom?"

"Peace with Freedom"—no finer motto could be inscribed on the banner of the restored Poland.

It's a Long, Long Way

By Edward Thomas

"ALL the other nations are coming in, Canada, India, and They wouldn't let England be beat. Oh, no, sir. England will win, right enough, you'll see. Oh, yes, sir." An old Gloucestershire labourer was speaking, who had fought under Roberts. He had been at Kandahar, over his boots in blood. East and West, he had had glimpses of many nations; his geography was but the battered remnant of a few infant lessons in Crimean days. When he tried to enumerate "all the other nations" he had to stop at "Canada, India." Russia was in his mind, but as an enemy: he spoke of the Russians when he meant the Germans.

I should like to be able to draw a map of the world as it appears to him. It would be easy enough to make one very picturesque, more than mediæval, with strange gaps, and removals and bringings near; but it would be all wrong, because he does not see the world as reduced to a flat, coloured surface; all he knows is earth, sea, burning sun, India, China, Gloucester, the Malvern Hills, the Severn. Those who can do something with maps go as far astray. One woman who had been expecting friends from Canada was inclined to think they could not reach England, because the North Sea was closed by mines.

I should like to know what the old soldier meant by "England," if it was anything more than some sort of a giant with Gloucestershire for its eyes, its beating heart, for everything that raised it above a personification. His was a very little England. The core and vital principle was less still, a few thousand acres of corn, meadow, orchard, and copse, a few farms and cottages; and he laughed heartily over a farmer's artfulness who had hid away some horses wanted by the War Office. If England was against Germany, the parish was against Germany, England, and all the world. Some of his neighbours, not so fearless, went even greater lengths in their parochialism. They had made up their minds about invasion. They not

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only imagined themselves suffering like Belgian peasants, but being specially attacked in the Forest of Dean by German aeroplanes. Napoleon, a hundred years ago, was expected to sail up the Severn and destroy the Forest: now it was feared that the Germans were coming.

The scale of the war baffles country people as it does war correspondents. They take hold of some simple fact and make what they can of it. A woman coming from the town stops you to tell the news—she adds that it is official—that twenty thousand Germans have been killed and another cruiser sunk. The two things have already combined; she does not know whether those twenty thousand were killed on land or sea. Then the arrangement of “all the other nations” took them aback at the start, and probably still does. It seems a new-fangled notion to have our troops in France fighting for, not against, the French. Perhaps this is considered an heretical innovation by a Liberal Government. The farmer’s wife says “France” with a haughty coolness towards the lady of that name: she had not anticipated such a travelling companion. So when she is really disturbed and is entertaining the idea that it is the Kaiser’s “hambition to eat his Christmas dinner in London,” she says: “If the Germans try to beat us, the United States will join us.” Very slowly they are readjusting the old multiplication table, which said:—

One Englishman=three Frenchman.

Before the war the word “Frenchman” had stood for something as distinct and venerable as the Bank of England or the Derby. The word “German,” in spite of “The King of Prussia” and “General Blucher” here and there on a signboard, meant little or nothing. It was almost in vain that the newspapers had been erecting a German Colossus to terrify us. Neither the country people nor their newspapers had read Mr. Charles M. Doughty’s “Cliffs.” They had not listened to the spying Prussian aeroplanists on the East Coast saying of Turkey:—

We’ve barely gotten her goodwill, till now.
Yet having that, it is a Key of State.
Be, as he may, it costs no more to us
Than promises; and that’s only paper-breath.
To us all’s one, Muslem or Galilean;
So there’s but profit or *Welt-politik* in it . . . ;

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or, worse still, attacking our national songs :—

Ignoble taunting songs, which they call *komisch*;
Jigging malicious street banality;
Wher at all fleer like hounds and show their teeth;
But hounds should howl, to hear them in our parts.

Nobody knew how old shepherd Hobbe, Crimean veteran,
had set upon the spies with his crook, crying :—

“Knives and mailed-fist been cowards’ terms with us,
For murder-tools of them low foreign seafolk,
On England’s quays. Belike ye’re some of them,
Would kick an honest man below the belt:
That bayonet wounded soldiers on the ground. . . .”

On the East Coast, of course, by this time, they know
what a German is. They have begun to scent a new reality
in the old proverbial prophecy :—

When England’s took,
’Twill be at Weybourne Nook.

One fisherman who quoted it was being advised, if the
Germans landed, to leave fighting to the soldiers, and not
endanger the women and children by private efforts.

“Ef I see a Jarman coming up that gangway,” said he,
pointing to the cliff, “do ee know what I’d do? I’d
shoot ‘m.”

“But ———”

“I’d *shoot* ‘m.”

Away from the coast the German is not of necessity a
devil and a bogey pure and simple. One morning, as I was
leaving a lodging at Brecon, and had my hand on the latch,
the woman of the house drew me back to know what my
opinion of the war was, what was really happening in
France, with all these men going out. She also feared
invasion. “I am an active woman,” said she, “busy all
day with my head and hands. What should I do if they
cut off my hands?” I told her I did not believe it was
part of the German plan to cut off the hands of women,
that it was all exaggerated to blacken the enemy. “That’s
what I tell my husband,” she said; “if it was true it would
be such a stupid thing to do, to cut off working people’s
hands. Now, last summer, I had some Germans in this
house, and they were nice, polite people, you couldn’t wish
for better. And look what our own people will do, in times

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of peace, too." She was trying hard to retain the idea that there were Germans and Germans.

This woman would not have taken kindly to spying on possible spies. Nor, I think, would many other country people. But once it got about, in a certain part of Gloucestershire, that a Dutchman had been staying in one house, that an American family lived in another, that a party (including a Russian boy) had arrived by motor car at a third in the middle of the night, all sorts of people joined in the hunt—the policeman, the retired clergyman, acting on the principle that "you never know what these naturalised Americans are," and the illiterate anonymous senders of reports that we sat up late at night. People in a country road, nowadays, look hard and sometimes wisely at the stranger passing them. The cottager, however, does not easily regard himself as the policeman's assistant. It is the villa resident that tracks out your alien schoolmaster like a sleuth-hound, and bestirs himself with the police long before the law does. The cottage woman in the Hampshire hop-garden was far less savage than the townswoman. She never saw a newspaper. News came along somehow like fine days, and she knew that far off battles were being fought, and men dying night and day, in foreign places. When she was told precisely that the Germans had lost several thousands the day before, she said: "Well, what I say is, God bless every mother's son of them." Another, more sophisticated, hearing of Germans slaughtered by the bayonet, went so far as to suppose that they also have "human feelings as we have."

It may be my misfortune, but I have not heard any abuse of the Kaiser or the Germans, worth mentioning, from country people. Stories of mutilations have reached them. They have met somebody in Petersfield market who saw a soldier in hospital at Guildford, mutilated in the style of William Rufus. Only, they make a short story of it. I was travelling with a drunken hussar to Woking. He had fought at Omdurman, but was in a condition to forget the date. Lying back in a corner seat, he talked to nobody in particular, with a grin for everybody, that is to say, for those sitting in the other three corners. Most of the time he had it his own way, complaining of slow trains, arguing against compulsory abstinence, threatening Lloyd George,

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trying to figure out the date of Omdurman. Later on, two women entered, and sat facing one another in the two middle seats, one a small, middle-aged woman, bright and demure, with a kind of pretty plainness, the other a buxom wife of thirty. The soldier grinned at them with the sarcasm: "Don't you sit near me."

"Oh, I'm not afraid of you," said the young one, smiling.

"I'm not afraid of you, either," said the middle-aged one, who was on his side of the carriage. She looked at her knees with a twinkle, but as demure as ever, while she added: "But I know someone who is."

"Who's that?" the soldier asked, almost eagerly.

"The Kayser," she said, still looking at her knees, but as bright as she was demure.

"Ah," he said, "the Kayser won't let me get near him."

"I wish he would," she concluded.

Outside the towns, they see little of the papers; they are not quick at using insubstantial words; they catch few newspaper phrases of the grand style to stand between them and facts. More natural to them, if anything, would be words like Mr. Doughty's, in "The Clouds":—

That Love of Country, which constraineth us,
Doth every virtue comprehend. Teach us
The very fowls, which under heaven flit,
And field and forest beasts, after their kinds.
Those tender each, that little round of Earth,
Where they were fostered. And should Englishmen not
Their island Britain love, above the World?

Mr. Hardy makes the soldiers sing: "We see well what we are doing." But those who are left behind in the hamlets do not know what to make of big things, or to put them into words. One boy I talked with, whose brother had joined the Royal Horse Artillery the day after war broke out, said chiefly that his brother was now quite fond of a wild horse, and that he looked much better in uniform than in civilian clothes. He added that they had paid four pounds a sack, all but three shillings, for wheat to sow, which was a great price. If they can make anything of the sinking of an English ship, at least their conversation profits little by it. On the Sunday morning when the loss of the *Hermes* was published, I was at an inn where I had formerly met sailors. Opposite Colonel ——'s house,

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down the street, hung a list of sailors and soldiers from the village, and a frame on which the Colonel posted up telegrams. But the landlord laid down the paper on the counter, saying: "A cruiser sunk in the Straits of Dover," and not a man commented. After a pause, the conversation turned to a job that an old man present had just got, of driving a milk cart at fifteen shillings a week. Not that the war was wholly neglected. One of them mentioned a certain recruit. "He looks a regular Tom Thumb," said the spokesman, "you'd think he'd seen ten years' service. But it's all uniform. It will give the Germans encouragement to see him coming along. Now, at Longmoor Camp, some of the German prisoners are fine-set-up chaps, with something in front and behind, not like this little Tommy Thumb." After this they wandered, as they often do, to speaking of old days, when they were working on the church out at —, when old — kept the "New Inn," and there was a baker's shop where the smithy now is, and —, who is superintendent of police down at the opposite corner of the county, was policeman—he was one for a bit of fun; he would do *anything* that was right.

If the soldiers see, they do not say, what they are doing. One day I had two lads for travelling companions, one a bright, pale, thin boy, with round shoulders, whom I should never have taken for a soldier. But as the train ran between some oak woodland, he waved towards a copse, and said to the other lad: "That's where I was keeper before I enlisted." No more; and the other said nothing. Only an old soldier in the carriage asked: "Terriers?" "No," he answered, "Regular Army. Twelve years. Seven with the colours. Go to Reading on Thursday." Their farewells are brief. On the night when the hooter at Swindon announced the war at a quarter to eight by hooting ten times, I heard a soldier struggling through his farewells. They were continually being renewed for the sake of a young sister who would burst out crying at the last moment. Just as he said: "Well, good-bye, Aunt. Good-bye all," she screamed, and he had to say: "I'm not going away for ever, don't you fret. Now, don't carry on like that. I shall come back again."

In two hours spent at an inn one Sunday with a company of labourers and a young fellow from the village, now a "Flying Corpse" man, I heard only one reference to the

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war. "Regular Winchester Fair weather," said one, coming in out of the rain, and soon they were guessing the weight and price of some steers across the road, and the one who was glibbest recalled his master being offered thirty-two p'n ten for a beast and refusing it, and then getting twenty-nine and a crown at Winchester market. Most of the time they were recalling old days, how they did a job at —, and slept at the "Rack and Manger," taking up a gallon of beer to the bedroom, and the landlord's wife kept them company, and in the morning the landlord drove to a farm for eggs, and they had eggs and bacon. They talked of bacon lofts, open fire-places, fire-dogs, logs that burned for two days after Christmas, mushrooms that grow with the moon—always at night, as you can see by noting one at nightfall like a button that will be as big round as a tumbler in the morning—and "waste as the moon wast-es," and mead—"I'll get you a bottle. I know where there is some, and I think it's three year old." One man mentioned Sparsholt. "Which Sparsholt?" asked a stranger, who knew the neighbourhood as well as any. "'Tother side of Winchester." "I know. That's the place to hide from Germans." They laughed. It was the one reference. Yet the paper was lying on the table. Later on, a youth entered, and bent over the song printed on the outer page, but said not a word. The "Flying Corpse" man was content to treat his old friends. At half-past two, the one nearest him said: "Let's come and see about that pig." "Are you going to kill a pig?" asked the youth. "Going to eat a bit of one." The "Flying Corpse" man put a bottle of stout in each pocket, and all left. The afternoon turned fine, and as I approached the town, the girls in their best dresses were walking among the dead leaves, but not a young man with them.

This lack of eloquence does not mean a stupid waiting for a drop in the price of bacon. One day I fell into a company talking very radically, and chiefly because they had some thousands of recruits encamping near them and did not like their ways. Some of these recruits had enlisted for "hunger," some for fun, not all to serve their country. So said the landlord, an old soldier. "I wouldn't enlist for anything," said a man with his cheese waiting on his knife tip, "not unless I was made. I would if it was a fair war. But it's not, it's murder. Waterloo was a fair war,

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but this isn't." "That's right," said the postman, "a man's only got seventy years to live, and ninety per cent. don't get beyond fifty. I reckon we want a little peace. Twentieth century, too." It was not the postman, but another, that was complaining how a number of postmen had gone out, and their places had been taken by a few boys in civilian dress who did twice as much work for half the pay, and on their own cycles: "It's the same everywhere. The man who does most work gets least pay. Nobody's worse paid than the men doing all the work out in France now." This man, unlike the landlord, was down on the gentry, did not think they were doing their share. He told a story of a lady stopping a youth in a cart to ask him why he was not fighting. Why, he asked, hadn't she sent out her two sons from college? She couldn't spare them, she answered. At his conclusion, "My mother can't spare me," the company laughed violently.

In one place I thought I had stumbled on treason. A truculent recruit in the private bar and a drunken old artilleryman were arguing over a dozen heads and tankards.

"We're not fighting for Lord Kitchener," the artilleryman said slowly. "We're not fighting for King George. We're fighting for our country."

"Quite right," said somebody.

"Who is Lord Kitchener?" asked the artilleryman, swelling.

"He's a good man," retorted the recruit.

"So he is," the other had to say, "but why does he stop a man from having a pint of beer?"

"It's the twenty-fifth pint he's against."

This was a purely intellectual duel, a very uncommon one. The countryman fights with no such grand motive on his tongue as a journalist could write down. Even the little boys know that, and are not so mighty serious as to be ashamed of laughing when the gawky Territorial shambles down the street in his scarlet tunic for the first time. But the trumpet, a little later, stings them to another mood. The recruits are drilling on the shore in mist, opening and closing, in ghostly silence. For their feet make no sound on the sand, and the calm sea, sucking at the rocks, drowns the shout of the sergeant and all other noise but a dog barking at the waves. The boys watch in silence.

War and Civilisation

By Austin Harrison

IF the definition of war is violence and its object (to use the words of Admiral Fisher) is to strike first, to strike hard, and to strike anyhow, then the purpose of civilisation is peace, which may be described loosely as the intention to live and to let live. In Germany, as we now know, war was the central purpose and philosophy; as we can all see, it is being waged by the Germans in one single and applied national effort regardless of the means, the costs, or the consequences: it is thus the physical expression of a nation and a race.

This blast of battles, this concentrated onslaught of millions of men believing in the righteousness of force, has fallen upon Europe like some elemental disturbance and upset all our calculations. We were not ready for so furious a hurricane. We did not want to be ready for it. We affected even to believe that the fewer the preparations we made to meet it, the less likely it was to come; and so as men who build their villages on the slopes of a volcano we stand aghast before the eruption, stricken in all our wisdom. In this country, in particular, our civilisation is perturbed. Proudly, but firmly, we refused to entertain the notion of a Citizen Army. We cut down our ships to the minimum of conditional safety. We objected any longer to be regarded as a fighting people, a nation of soldiers. We were men of peace, of progress and reform. We declined to believe in wars—better do a shopwalk than the “sentry go” of the continent. All that sort of martial business was over. England set her face very resolutely for the ideals and conditions of peace.

In the days when wars were periodic, short, decisive, and heroic, the peoples expected them, believed in them, and relished them. The braves and gallants had their day, then the Armies returned—a few men less, a few men maimed, it scarcely seemed to matter; moreover, the result

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was real and the honour abiding. Even in the Napoleonic wars it was so. There was no idea of arming the people. Men went about their business very much as usual. The private correspondence of the time shows a curious stoicism or indifference. "Boney" was the terror of his age, no doubt, but our soldiers were dancing on the eve of Waterloo and nobody seems to have been very much concerned at any time.

"Boney," so to speak, was all in the day's work. There had always been some such warlike figure. Indeed, we appear to have been far more excited about the doings of Nelson with Lady Hamilton than we were about Nelson's victories. War was, in fact, a profession for the brave and the adventurous. The rest of us looked upon it rather in the light of an incidental spectacle.

The Kaiser's war is different. War with him and the Germans is a racial movement. It is not a question of an Army of professional soldiers attacking other professional soldiers, it is an invasion of the entire male population armed and trained methodically and scientifically for the specific purpose of conquest and aggrandisement. Every male is in a uniform and shoulders a rifle, from sixteen to fifty years of age. Every reserve, every resource of the country is seized and directed for the sole purposes of war. The entire male energy of a race is marshalled and applied to the one object in view—the destruction of the enemy, and will be so applied until success or failure arrests it.

We, with our other views of civilisation, who are not so marshalled and directed, have been taken aback. We had grown out of the perpetual war idea of history. We never expected our lands to be laid waste, our cities to be razed to the ground, our houses to be looted, our populations to be rendered homeless and outcast; a whole people to be driven out of their country; we had hoped such things were obsolete. In a word, our civilisation has been taken at a disadvantage. Europe, which had not seen war for a long generation, was not prepared for it—did not know the rules, was not sure that there were any rules. The awakening has been as swift as it has been terrible.

In Belgium, civilians "sniped" the Germans and promptly saw their cities burnt down. Peasants found themselves marching at the head of German columns,

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prodded forward by bayonets. When the Germans approached Paris, a million or so of people fled from the capital to Bordeaux and other safe places, *tournedos à la Bordelaise*, as those who stayed behind wittily called them. Men see their belongings taken away and don't know what to do—they are not in uniform; their civilisation teaches them that as non-combatants they have no right of protest, and if they do retaliate they are stood up against a wall and shot for miscreants. All this is hard, inexplicable. Peoples don't understand it. How should they? It does not seem right, or fair, or human. Why, if their country is invaded, should they not defend it like a man, and to a man? What *are* the rules? Are there any rules? And then comes the inevitable question: "Well, what are we to do?"

The other day, at the Zoo, a man I got into conversation with asked me that, and pointed here and there. "B—— bathos!" he kept on saying, and as I surveyed the scene it did seem queer, almost ludicrous. Watching the Polar bear lazily dive into his pond there stood around and about intermixed with nurses and children, men and women rich and poor, French and English; a party of wounded soldiers, their arms in slings, one of them leaning on crutches, and quite close to them stood a couple of Territorials, very young, rather conscious, very reserved. And there stood three jolly-looking Belgian soldiers smoking cigarettes, and a little further off was a French soldier shaking hands with a lady in furs. Just beyond was a Highlander in a kilt that I fancy must have been picked up somewhere in Flanders (it was not Scottish, anyway), and he had a bandage round his neck, and in either hand held two laughing children. And further back, peering over a boy scout, stood a tall fellow in a blue uniform, and I wondered if he had come from Antwerp.

"You see," said my questioner, "French, Belgian, and English soldiers watching that bear, while every damned man in Germany is invading their countries. I don't understand, do you? I cannot get the perspective of the thing. Why, if every German is fighting to destroy us, our homes, our riches and liberties, are we not all fighting against them—shooting, murdering, and burning too? Can you tell me? What does this nice discrimination mean? Why

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am I not armed instead of looking at this podgy old tame bear? Why this polite restraint? Look, fourteen, no, seventeen soldiers idle! Seventeen men might shoot seventeen Germans. Why aren't they shooting? All the Germans are shooting somewhere. Why are we fighting in kid gloves, when we ought all to be fighting, ay, and the women too, to the death? Can you explain? To me, it is all a mystery."

My reasonableness seemed to madden him. "Oh, I know," he broke in, "business as usual. The shops have to go on. The theatres must run or there would be a crisis. Everything must go on. We all have to pretend—to wear our nice clothes, write our books, make our noises, spin our theories, to shut up because we are not regulars, while over there all Belgium, all Poland, and half France are being devastated, and men are dying like flies in trenches. They turn London into darkness, and we are not allowed to welcome even the Colonials. The Canadians come and they are all secreted away in the night. Why? We are told to enlist, and there is not a drum to be heard. The only martial sight in London is the daily march of a few ragamuffins with tin kettles down the Strand. Business as usual—we elders cry; our daily bread, our daily pursuits. Confound it, but if this is war, then the Germans, who are fighting to a man, deserve to win. Deserve to win, I say. I pick up the picture papers and see photographs of titled ladies—at the front—taken 'under fire,' and what not, as if this was another Boer War, another chocolate campaign. I see thousands of men strolling about as if there was nothing on. I go down to the New Army camps and see half the men without weapons. I run across young Belgians, like golfers. Damn it, man, we should all be soldiers to-day, with the Germans."

On my interrupting him by pointing out that these men were not trained soldiers and were little use until they were trained, he grew still more impetuous.

"My God, and look at the muddle! In Germany, the whole population is one fighting machine, but here we all seem to be at loose ends. Unless one is a soldier, no man knows what to do, how to help or what even to think, for he is not allowed to know anything, or see anything, and is generally treated as a neurasthenic schoolboy. A b——

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bathos, I call it. Just think. There are corps formed who are not recognised, all kinds of units and battalions drilling in sweaters for uniforms—fine men, fathers of families, men who never fired a shot in their lives—mis-directed nobility; even the women are talking of drilling. Comic, Sir. Painfully pathetic, I say. Nobly ignoble! Anything you like, but not business-like; not the way to fight the Germans. And why? I want to know if my son is going out. I can't. Nobody knows. But why isn't he out? Why aren't we all out plugging somehow, anyhow, at those cursed Germans?"

I tried to remonstrate, and, finally, finding him impervious to argument, myself having nothing better to say, I called him a "pro-German," and there left him while I went for a twopenny ride on a camel. All the same, his words lingered in my mind. It was true enough. Every male German had his place automatically West or East, and took it, whereas here were dozens of able-bodied men, French, English, and Belgian, gaping at a bear, and up and down that strong man yonder walked with his elephant, when apparently he would be so much more usefully employed "out there" against the Germans.

The truth is, of course, that, unless he was trained, he would not be more usefully employed, and the reason is that civilisation was not prepared for a war of this kind. Mr. H. G. Wells writes to the *Times* and asks for a Defence Army. For what purpose? To repel a raid? But can we be raided? Is it militarily realisable? If not, then a Defence Army is mere waste of energy. A raid, in any case, would be an extraordinarily difficult exploit against mines, submarines, torpedoes, and even old-fashioned shore guns, and that if half our Navy was sunk. Until it is sunk, a raid on any serious scale cannot be regarded as a military potentiality. I say unhesitatingly, it is the last thing in this war we need to bother about.

It was on this chaos and unpreparedness that the war-like Germans counted. They knew that Paris was unprepared for a siege—as, in fact, it was—they knew to a nicety the number of our reserve guns and war material, our creative capacity and, of course, the numbers of trained or partially trained men. As it takes a long time to make an Army, so it takes a long time to turn out its equipment.

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This condition has been one of the chief reasons of the German confidence. A sudden and overwhelming invasion carried out with great swiftness, and the blow would fall before the less ready civilisation could recover. This was the ground-plan of their offensive. That it failed, the French and the Western Allies owe strategically to the precipitous advance of the Russians who, by creating a very powerful diversion, thus used the German method unexpectedly to the disadvantage of German strategy, though at great loss to themselves. The fortune of war! We may say confidently that the German failure to gauge the mobilisation rapidity of the Russian Armies has lost Germany the victory.

Ultimately, that is; for the war as yet is but beginning, and the decision will rest with the side which is most persistent. This, again, is what the Germans have always reckoned upon. To them, it is a question of civilisation. When the Armies had been shattered, the more effete civilisations would fight only half-heartedly; when the call came upon the civilian populations they would be of little value against trained masses—would inevitably break and surrender. Though they counted on an overwhelming primary success, the conditions of secondary warfare were carefully considered by them, and regarded as equally hopeful. Only that nation would fight to the last which had been brought up on the philosophy of war. Only those leaders, steeled by tradition and martial patriotism to prosecute war ruthlessly to its last extremities, would be victorious—and both of these conditions the Germans may claim to possess. That they will fight—veteran of the line, schoolboy, ploughman, grey-headed father in the *Land-sturm*, conscript and levy—(as “Eye-witness” has said) with “superhuman bravery”; that their leaders will fight if needs be to the last trench round Berlin, we may assume; their courage and their philosophy of war will not fail them. Violence alone will beat them down into submission—violence as scientific as the German, which is the only argument Germans understand. If the Allied civilisation means to win it will have to fight this war on the German idea of all or nothing. Not until the foe lies prostrate at its feet is any agency but violence of the smallest service, any thought save war of the remotest consequence.

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It is hard on us civilised people (if we are more civilised than the Germans, that is); and it is hard because war is contrary to all our principles and conceptions. We find ourselves continually wondering what it means, whether it is even true, what justification can there possibly be for this mad slaughter and suffering. As an Island people, it is especially difficult for us. We all want to do things, to display our energies, to use our power, and we cannot—we are not soldiers; we would not be soldiers, therefore in war time we are no good. No good! Messrs. Johnson, Smith, Jackson, Barnes, Thompson, Harrison, Briggs, Brown, Jones, Wilkinson—we all considered ourselves important and estimable citizens of the Empire till the other day: we voted: we played our parts, some of us admirably, most of us decently enough: we sat on Boards and things, directed, supervised, contributed, created: we have families, factories, fortunes: we speak for Britain, for Demos: denizens of the British Empire, we are the mind and index of the higher civilisation—and yet we are no good when the liberties that we cherish are attacked and we are threatened with slavery and destruction. We were wont to consider ourselves useful members of the State, pillars of the social purpose, and to-day we find ourselves mere spectators in the scheme of things, told to keep quiet, to go about our businesses, not to interfere, while we lie awake o' nights wondering what strange contrivance is at work that we, such good patriots, should be so worthless to our own country. All this is profoundly irritating, dispiriting. And as we rage, we cannot help inquiring not only what we have been about, thus mistaking theory for reality, but even whether a peaceful civilisation is, as we have been taught to consider, superior to a fighting civilisation.

The result is inevitable confusion, frantic and spasmodic effort, shriek, jar, hysterical outcry, muddle, fog—in short, a want of dignity shown conspicuously in the false optimism of the Press constrained by an inefficient censorship to dole out sugar-plum war news when what the public really requires to wake them out of their insular apathy is fact and shrapnel. The present censorship is ludicrously undignified, yet it was the Press all these years that pointed out the German peril. Think what might have been our plight if the Press had not hammered away at the Govern-

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ment about ships, &c., while Lord Haldane was treating us to sugar encomiums of the Kaiser. Who are the men who deceived England to gag those who at great personal sacrifice insisted on the truth? Most assuredly the Press to-day has every right to insist upon being heard. Right about war, it may be trusted about the nation's honour.

For years the fruits of this attitude have been noticeable. It may be described in a general way as an unadult view of life, a habit of mind which only sees the pleasant and the conventional. Called the Victorian attitude, in reality it is the spirit of "thinking safely," a prosperity, unwarlike and, therefore, timid and narrow, which aims first and foremost at a journeyman existence. In its effects upon the arts, this constrictive influence has been notoriously baneful. We fell into the "institution" frame of mind—"what was is," though the life of all art is creation. As trade requires a routine atmosphere, so we acquired the routine spirit; more and more we avoided the unpleasant, truth, the new, that spark which takes us out of our daily grooves and conventions. Our stage may be said to be under the spell of this Peter Pan attitude; very largely our fiction still is. It practically stifled the poet. The trade atmosphere crept in everywhere. The Royal Academy is a notable example of it. The censorship is another. *The Spectator* is the embodiment of that spirit—the spirit of genteel and smug self-satisfaction.

This attitude of a complacent Plutocracy got so tyrannical and evil that it burst "of itself." Bernard Shaw led the way. In THE ENGLISH REVIEW, we did what we could, and it was for that reason that we styled ourselves the "Adult Review." When the women entered into the fray, things "hummed," as we well remember. The truth is that in July of this year, this Island had never been more intellectually alive, so ardent with protest and revolt, so spiritually militant against all forms of authority and falsity. In this respect, I believe that Britain was never more robustiously healthy. At the same time, the petty vices of a prosperous peace establishment were only too palpable in our midst. An un-English hysteria, rancour, malice, back-biting, slander, jealousy—these things were rampant behind the placid fronts, as it were, of the newspapers still keeping up the pompous pretence of Victorian rectitude and contentment. There were many other signs

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of peace deterioration. I am not sure the golf mania was not one. Certainly, the week-end spirit had become a feature. Unmistakably, the picture paper commercialism of the actress and the titled lady is a symptom. Our fulsome pandering to snobbery, feminism [proprietary and anti-proprietary], the cinema attitude, the "Girl and the Duke" theatricality—these things, we may be sure, were not conducive to hardihood of fibre or spirit, and they led to a comically false appreciation of values in the arts and in public life generally. It is a well-worn axiom that in peace the little men climb to the front; there can be no doubt that they have done so. The curious indifference shown by Englishmen to artists generally is one of the most unfortunate signs of our commercial "Institution" epoch, yet it is the artists who ultimately create, the thinkers, philosophers, and pathfinders—the politicians whom we throw so much into the limelight are but their middlemen who "sell the goods."

The political side of the question is too serious to be discussed here; this is not the time for it; many things may happen before that need arises. At present, there are no politics. Our whole duty is to support the Government. Afterwards—obviously there will be much to think about. But even so, there is a danger which must be pointed out. The men who refused to credit or understand the German intention are as little likely to understand the German spirit. Those who abused us in the past for trying to warn the country about the German peril will probably belittle and denigrate our opinions again both as regards Germany and our attitude towards her. Almost of a surety, the men* who told us we had nothing to fear from Germany will decry conscription in their theoretical hatred of what is called militarism; will be disposed to see the thing through humanitariously instead of militarily—may, therefore, fall even yet into the mesh which later on the Germans will lay for them as regards terms and conditions. Mr. Wells struck this note in his letter to the *Times*, "warning" the military classes. I have heard it constantly expressed in public and in private. So used have we grown to talk about a "People's" something, that our theorists and

* They are doing so. Already the common talk is war to end war—the substitution of one theory for another, though the one thing needed is action.

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political peacemen apply the tag even to this war, as if it was a piece of Manchester legislation. But Potsdam cares not a curse for the "People's" poster business, and delights in our Pickwickian consternation. To the Germans, this is a racial war—the war for military dominion. They mean to win. It may be accepted as a certainty that they will win unless the Allies prove themselves the stronger and more determined of the two.

I do not, myself, understand our theoretical craze for a no-war, which would mean a constipated, civilisation; why it is ignoble for the citizen to be trained and ready to serve his country, for, apart from the physical advantages of service, all great creative movements in history have flourished in or sprung from warlike conditions; very notably, Germany during her decades of armed peace has produced no great man or Statesman. Even the power of the Churches waned the moment they ceased to be State fighting institutions. The idea that as the result of this war, Europe is going to develop into an abode of Arcady where men no longer fight, or learn to fight, or want to fight, while lawyers and politicians rule over us with unctuous infallibility, and there is no longer need of a stout heart or a "dripping sword," this is one of the drollest political brews ever kibbled for the Democratic table. Even the ladies have shown men that, as any wardress in Holloway can testify. However terrible and catastrophic the results of this war, man will not emerge from the ordeal a peaceful animal, and nor will the women. The spirit of fighting is directly associated with the sex instinct. Atrophy of the one inevitably brings about the atrophy of the other. Unless or until sex becomes a cribbed and secondary instinct, relegated to the purely economic function of racial propagation, no longer, that is, a passion—the strongest passion in the nature of humanity—man will fight; for, as without sex there would be no Love, so without love there would be no Life. To talk of the abolition of war is to conceive of life without strife, which is its inherent reason and beauty. We have in China an example of the peaceful State. As we know, for centuries the Chinese have produced nothing. In the palsy of opium dreams, their civilisation has remained stagnant; their intellect crippled by theory and abstract calculation; their reason warped by unchanged and unchangeable "institutionalism"; their pur-

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pose and initiative atrophied by cold-blooded sensuality and futility. A people without fruition can have no heart. Such a people are the Chinese. All their values are false, even their mathematics. Their literature has etiolated into flowers, their erudition is merely silly. They have no song : only in the young and militant China is there hope and joy—in the men who have reverted to war and cut off their pigtails.

Value for value, the fellow in the *Pickelhaube* is far the better man, though it is now our fell business to slay him. But Europe is not fighting to replace him by the Mandarin with the philosophy of his poppy.* To talk about such a thing now is, as my companion at the Zoo put it—"a b—— bathos."

Theorise as we please, the German war spirit has placed our civilisation on its trial : we have to take up the challenge or go under. If this is to be called a "People's" war, it is not for that reason a mob war. The issue will be decided by the number of trained fighting men available. Yet the very people who denounce the idea of conscription are those who insist the firmest on this democratic side of the struggle, which, if it is a war of Democracy, should necessarily and automatically be fought by a People's armed service. As it is, we are counting militarily—for all decisive purposes—on Russia. We talk very finely of the Democratic principle, about the Huns invading "civilisation," yet the ex-soldier, Bombardier Wells, goes quietly into training for a boxing match, as if this was an old-fashioned war of some remote dynastic interest with which he personally was not in sympathy. In the same commercial spirit, our footballers kick footballs about, and the public attends race meetings, and thousands of us meander about in a kind of afternoon aphasia of perplexed detachment. It is not to be wondered at. Indeed, it is the logical outcome of a lawyer-governed people. But it is one thing to get foreigners to wait upon us, it is another question whether we are wise in expecting foreigners to fight for us. Yet

* Mr. Bernard Shaw, in his unnecessarily prolix disquisition on War for Peace in the *New Statesman* Supplement, does not show us how war is to be abolished. He himself has been a fighter all his life—beating at the conventions, falsity, humbug, woodenness, and intellectual astigmatism of civilisation. There can be no idea of peace without absolute all-round disarmament. What would he answer when Britain is asked to dismantle the Navy? Until we are prepared to do that, all talk of perpetual peace, even theoretically, is blarney.

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that is our present attitude. Every other man one meets says, "Oh, the Russians have millions." They may have, but supposing at some later date the Russians cry off or a half-peace is made. What then? Let no man imagine that the war will therefore end between England and Germany. On the contrary. We are the enemy, as Germany is ours. How any man can pay to see a football match in this stupendous crisis is enough to make one question whether the German civilisation, which at any rate is manly, is not destined—ought not, in fine—to impose itself upon ours, as the result of this war or—the next.

An upheaval like this is sure to have its repercussion, its sympathetic cataclysm. Nearly all wars do. But still Britannia demurs, as mute as our ignoble censorship. So those who before the war decried the German menace, now protest that conscription is unnecessary, that we are doing what we can—which latter is true enough. The question is: Are we doing what we might do? Are we taking our full part in a fight which concerns our power and national welfare? Actually, it comes down to this. Are we putting into the struggle the concentrated force of nobility and self-sacrifice that the enemy is? If not, is our British civilisation worthy of the *accidental* success it may—with the help of others—achieve?

I say it is not. Such a people can have no continuity. If, as we think, our British view of life is higher than the German, then it is worth fighting for *en masse*, any other attitude is illogical and undemocratic. It is not that things are not going on fairly well. They are. But the immediate is of little consequence in a war of this unlimited kind, of as little consequence as, militarily, what we call battles are. There is no nobility in an attitude which says:—"200,000 soldiers are quite enough for us to keep in the firing line, seeing that the French have 2,000,000 men and the Russians any number of millions"; and there is not even sense in the contention. Such an attitude is mean, ignoble, undemocratic. It is the spirit of a tired and spunkless nation.

For Great Britain to fight this war on the Lansquenet principle—and that is what we are doing—as a sympathetic Power, just helping, so to speak, is a terrible indictment of our much-vaunted People's civilisation, too careless or spiritless to fight for itself. In about a year, a year and a half, two years from now, there still may have taken

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place no decision, the Armies, on both sides, having fought themselves into stagnation, all the trained officers, most of the trained men, being disabled, and the economic pressure goading the pacifists and civilians at home to desperation. We may find the line of the Rhine impregnable; the Russians may find it impossible to penetrate to Berlin. Then there may be peace—a peace which leaves Germany intact and lets her down easily. Another million or two British soldiers, and a decision would have been reached with some hope of comparative peace. But we hadn't the men; we would not tolerate conscription. The war therefore ends by common exhaustion. And afterwards? Shall we then be able to reduce the income tax to sixpence?

Peace in such conditions would *lead within ten years to a second German outbreak*, but this time she would manage the political side more adroitly—she would contrive to have fewer foes.

The need in Britain is of men and machine guns. Pacifism and football are greater assets to the foe than their spies. Absolutely we have to adjust the disintegrating individualism of our pacific (or superior) civilisation to the war level and efficiency of the Germans against whom only superior violence will prevail. We have the stuff. If we have grown out of the fighting spirit, we have now got to recover it or, in the end (though possibly not in this war) we shall go under logically and fitly, as in the natural scheme of things. Conscription would put an end to many of the perplexities, absurdities, trials, and waste of noble energy which to-day harass our unordered, perplexed, and unprepared civilisation, to our own discomfiture and to the advantage of the Germans.* Conscription would ensure us, at any rate, this war, if it failed to secure us the next.

* In a series of articles in the Supplement of the *Tägliche Rundschau* (October 27th, 28th, 29th), the traitor, Houston Stewart Chamberlain, draws an elaborate comparison between the spirit of Germany and England, of which latter country (he writes) "one can only speak with shame and horror." After depicting England as decadent, spiritless, and supine, he ends: "The State England is rotten to the bones; the Germans have only to persevere. I, an Englishman, must have the courage to affirm that only a strong, conquering, and learned Germany can save us all."

It will be the duty of some Englishman during or after the war to put away this foul creature.

German Kultur and English Music

By Francis Toye

FOR two advantages the Germans can never forgive England: that she is an island and that she produced Shakespeare. The first they have endeavoured to negate by building a more or less unnecessary fleet, the second by a simple process of annexation.

As you would expect, this truculence is especially evident in the domain of music. The Germans regard themselves musically as the Chosen Race, with all revelations strictly reserved. Now nobody, of course, is going to deny that Germany, or, to be accurate, a small portion of Germany, has produced the greatest composers, but what is positively maddening is to see the whole German nation, including the intensely unmusical Prussians, arrogating to themselves a kind of musical Papacy with the right to pronounce *ex cathedra* on the music of all other nations. This claim is all the more offensive because it is based entirely on past achievements. In comparison with Russia, France, and England, contemporary Germany is musically sterile. With the exception of Strauss, who seems rapidly to be sinking into a musical decline, and Humperdinck, who really belongs to the last musical generation, not this, she has no composers whose works one would even wish to hear. The blustering Pfitzner, the dry-as-dust Reger! Who set them up to be rulers and lords over us?

As a matter of fact, it is amusing to see the ignorance and bad taste into which German musical opinion is sometimes led by its own conceit. When foreign music is popular in Germany at all, the German choice often seems to light on the worst. This is especially noticeable in the case of French music. Bizet and, to some extent, Berlioz apart, French composers of real merit are hardly known in Germany. The German public has made up its mind that French music is light and essentially operatic, so light and operatic it has to remain, with Gounod and Ambroise Thomas as exponents-in-chief. Constitutionally unable

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or unwilling to understand the modern French school based on César Franck, Germany prefers to ignore it altogether. When one particular work, like "Pelléas et Mélisande," becomes so famous that *Kultur* demands that one should be able to talk about it, it is badly performed and duly condemned by superior German taste. The only specimen of modern French music that has won a place in the German repertory is Dukas' "Apprenti Sorcier." Otherwise Debussy, Dukas, D'Indy, and all the rest, are ignored as much as possible. Indeed, except to a few cosmopolitan enthusiasts at Munich, they are practically unknown, and the last word in modern music is considered to have been said by Strauss! The fact of the matter is that Germans do not want to know the musical progress made by modern French composers, because it infringes their own musical copyright. So the connoisseurs are coldly contemptuous, while the public goes on believing operas like "Mignon" to be the only typical French music—and thoroughly enjoys them.

For the same reason it is not surprising to hear that in Germany alone the Russian ballets and operas had little success. The argument used was, of course, more or less this: Nothing good can come out of Russia, a barbarous country entirely lacking *Kultur*, therefore the ballets and operas cannot be especially good. This method of postulating what you want to prove and then proving it *ex hypothesi* seems the finest and most popular flower of Teutonic *Kultur*. It blossoms everywhere, from the false anthropology, that prates about the "German race," to the great misunderstanding that proclaims the "centrifugal tendencies" of the British Empire.

Incidentally, it might be as well to point out here that nobody in his senses could deny the great achievements of modern German civilisation, for to do so would simply put him out of court as an impartial observer. I should like to say then, once and for all, that my admiration for German science, German organisation, is very real; the modern German theatre, too, seems to me superlatively excellent, and some aspects even of the *Kultur* spirit are by no means disagreeable. But the canker at the heart of the whole organism is this intellectual and spiritual arrogance, this inability to realise that any other nation can do anything

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equally excellent by methods different from the German. And to anybody like the writer, who is deeply interested in the musical awakening of contemporary England, this mixture of truculence and ignorance must appear doubly damnable, because it really has done a great deal of harm to English music and musicians.

Musically, English people are the most credulous in Europe. Provided that somebody, not an Englishman, tells them something sufficiently often and with sufficient vehemence, they swallow it whole without further ado. And as a great many of the better educated section of our musical amateurs have either received their musical education or travelled extensively in Germany, they soon come to believe that what the Germans say about English music is true, to wit, that there is none.

Now the attitude of these people is particularly deplorable, because it is precisely on them that we ought to be able to rely for help in the very necessary reorganisation of our musical community. But, as a rule, they have become so hypnotised by Germany that they actually prefer to stand aloof. Only in exceptional cases do they realise that what is wonderful, admirable beyond praise in German musical life, is the organisation, the thoroughness. I do not deny that this, like so many things in Germany, is very impressive, and only those who have lived for some time in the country can realise to what an allegiance it finally enthralls the mind. Nevertheless, a little reflection ought to show any unprejudiced person that the German musical machine, however admirable all the component parts, does as a matter of fact lack the one great essential, driving power. There are plenty of concerts given to the greater glory of Beethoven, Brahms, and Bruckner, innumerable theatres where adequate performances of the operas of Wagner—not to mention those stodgy, worthless productions of Lortzing and Flotow *et hoc genus omne*—can be enjoyed for a moderate price. But the singers are aggressively unmusical, the orchestras distinctly inferior to ours, and, as I have said already, contemporary composers of merit hardly seem to exist. In a sense, music in Germany is merely a glorification of the past, while our music, whatever its defects (and they are many), is at any rate very much alive.

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Still, our quarrel is not with German musical *Kultur* for what it accomplishes in Germany, for, all things said and done, it has accomplished a very great deal that is worthy of admiration. I should not have attempted to belittle it at all if some English people were not so extravagant in singing its praise. Our quarrel with German musical *Kultur* is on account of the attitude it adopts to the musical *Kultur* of England.

True, in the German sense of the word, there may be very little musical *Kultur* in England at all—which is a pity as well as a blessing. But an Englishman who has specialised in music naturally resents the right, claimed, apparently, by any German Tom, Dick and Harry, to dismiss his opinions as negligible, simply because he is English. Let me give a personal instance.

Some years ago, when D'Albert's "Tiefland" (an opera recognised by all serious musicians, both German and English, as a poor mixture of Puccini and water) was proving the impeccable taste of German audiences by an almost incredible popularity, I happened to hear several opera-singers of my acquaintance in Weimar discussing its transcendent merits. I ventured to disagree, with the result that they turned on me and began to make various statements (believing them presumably to be arguments) as to why I was wrong. I tried to argue the point, giving my reasons, but I might as well have been talking to a flock of sheep. All they did was to baa at me, with politely veiled insinuations that I was an Englishman and could not be expected to understand these mysteries. Then an elderly contralto, a charming person, but with no musical education to speak of, came to my rescue: "But the Englishman is right. Many musicians say that the music of 'Tiefland' is not really good." I was saved, considered indeed henceforward as the extraordinary Englishman who knew something about music—but I have never forgiven the manner of my saving!

This absurd, trivial little story may be forgiven because it does, I believe, represent exactly the German point of view towards British musicians in general. Whatever their qualifications, they are judged of no account unless patronised and actively supported by Germans. And the German attitude towards our music is precisely similar. Very, very

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occasionally, when some British composition is godfathered by an eminent German, it is listened to with kindly condescension, but the occasions are so rare as to be negligible. The rule is to pretend that there are no British compositions—which only proves once more the undoubted tendency of German *Kultur* to be quite incurious about the best accomplishments of other nations. For the more typically British the music, the less the Germans are interested in it. Thus the Berlin critics, a few years ago, dismissed the lovely songs of Dowland, Morley, and other Elizabethan composers as “pretty trifling,” or words to that effect; and Purcell, Orlando Gibbons, Tallis are, naturally enough perhaps, mere names to the average German musician. They are hardly more to the average English amateur, so that for this we are not in a position to blame the Germans overmuch, though the complete musical education about which they are so fond of boasting might have been expected to familiarise them with such great masters.

True, a few British executive musicians have done well in Germany, and it is amusing, incidentally, to note how careful are their agents (too often Germans) to inform us of this amazing fact, as if it settled the question of their merit once and for all. But generally they are not given a fair hearing. They are considered to lack *Temperament*, that dangerous will-o'-the-wisp which has lured Germany not only to tolerate, but positively to admire the half-strangled voices of her perspiring tenors and the innumerable wrong notes banged indiscriminately by one highly dishevelled pianist after another.

To understand the reason of this prejudice against English music and musicians it is necessary to remember that, to the average German, England is by definition “the land without music.” That musicians like Busoni and Richter, respected throughout Germany, have repeatedly pointed out the absurdity of this statement seems to have made very little difference. England has been, so to speak, catalogued; and when a German has once catalogued an opinion the laws of the Medes and Persians are fickle jades in comparison. That the prejudice has also had a purely political chauvinistic side it were idle to deny, but, speaking personally, I have not had much occasion to notice this aspect of the matter. What has impressed itself on my

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mind, as, assuredly, on the minds of most foreigners familiar with Germany, is the narrowness, the lack of receptivity shown by the German æsthetic *quâ* æsthetic.

But the quarrel is not so much with the German musician as with his allies, the cosmopolitan clique that "runs" music in London. Naturally enough, these people care nothing for our nationalist movement. Why should they? They and people like them have been the enemies of national art ever since the days when Weber fought against Italianism in Germany, and Moussorgski, Balakirew and the rest fought for freedom in Russia. *Plus ça change plus c'est la même chose*. In reading the ridiculous, pro-German sarcasm hurled at Rimski-Korsakoff and his friends we suddenly realise that we are but quoting the enlightened remarks of most London critics and "cultured amateurs" about our own composers. And these people call the tune because, to a large extent, they pay the piper.

Admittedly, the real English musical public, the essentially democratic, middle-class public of the "Promenades," is not rich, and unfortunately the typical Englishman of the upper class is even more unmusical than his brother of Germany. But whereas in Germany the enriched middle class supports German music, in England the enriched middle class supports everything except English music. And a large section of it, being infected with German ideals, supports no music that is not approved by German *Kultur*. These are the people we have to convert. All English musicians ask is fair play and fair pay, for though it is, perhaps, impossible to define nationalism satisfactorily in æsthetic terms, it is not only possible, but easy, to express it in terms of economics. If henceforward it is the rule, not the exception, for an English musician to be able to earn a decent living, we may leave the æsthetic side of the question to be argued out later; because only the most arrant prejudice will deny the talent, actual and potential, to be found in England. What must be put an end to once and for all is the determination to keep English music foreign at all costs. Just as snobbish hostesses do literally insist that Englishmen who play their dance-music should dress up as Hungarians, so, metaphorically, Anglo-German *Kultur* has tried to make its own livery indispensable to musical success. That must stop.

Soldiers' Dependents

By Rowland Kenney

ALTHOUGH the new scale of allowances for wives and dependents of soldiers and sailors has done something to allay the deep irritation that was felt in many quarters, it has not satisfied anyone who is of the opinion that the defenders of the nation should be treated as something better than "cannon fodder," to be bought at the lowest market rates. Indeed, certain features of the latest scheme have tended to intensify some phases of the prevailing discontent. But before going on to deal with the present position, it will be as well to trace the development of the work of the departments responsible. First, then, it must be borne in mind that all classes, ever since the commencement, have realised that the present war is one of vital import. Press and Parliament alike have warned the nation that a supreme effort would be required, and that a supreme effort could not be made unless hundreds of thousands, even two or three millions, of men were withdrawn from civil life and turned into soldiers. This demand and the consequent prompt enlistment of some hundreds of thousands of men, raised a new problem. In the past we have recruited the regular army from the flotsam and jetsam of industrialism. Unemployment has been one of the best recruiting sergeants we have had. But when it came to millions of soldiers being required, other sources had to be tapped. The ordinary artisan class and the lower middle classes were largely affected, and these classes are generally used to fairly regular employment and some security of income. Obviously, men in such positions could not be enlisted, as so many of Britain's best fighters have previously been enlisted, by the offer of a

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square meal and a trip abroad. They had homes and home ties; they were, to some extent, rooted and settled. Patriotism alone could move them; but the patriotism of such men, their love of the nation and their readiness to fight for its best traditions and ideals, naturally demanded that the nation should retain their homes and families in health whilst they were saving the country.

So the public passively acquiesced in the demands of a few for decent allowances for soldiers' dependents, and the Government quietly set out to pay according to the volume, or rather the noise, of the demand. Instead of meeting public opinion in generous mood and realising that as one man in the trenches is worth four men in the mart, they should pay the men in the trenches accordingly, they set out to haggle and barge over pennies a day. But something was done. The Premier announced in Parliament that on and after the twelfth of October increased rates, from a minimum of 12s. 6d. a week, were to be paid to soldiers' wives and families. Until the date appointed there were scores of thousands of women and children who looked forward to the increase as to a new lease of life; but when the day came they received, instead of, say, the 12s. 6d., their old pay of 9s. a week, and when the matter was investigated by one interested lady, she was coolly informed that the War Office had no power to pay allotments in the way the Premier had promised! Thus was witnessed the abrogation of Government in favour of the mandarins of Whitehall. Even that was not the worst. I have said that thousands of women were disappointed because they only received separation allowances according to the old standards; but thousands received nothing at all, as they had received nothing from the commencement of the war.

This muddle and mess and delay in the payment of separation allowances has been one of the most tragic features of the campaign so far as it has affected civil life. I know, as everyone knows, who has gone into the question at all, that recruiting has been heavily damaged by it; and whilst we are continually being told in certain quarters that all arrears have been made up, evidence is forthcoming that such is not the case, although improvements have been made. "Cases of non-payment are still a crying evil,"

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writes a district visitor to me. "Of the fifty or sixty families I saw on Monday, there are cases where the payments are five, six, and seven weeks overdue, for all of which full details with certificates have been before the departments." This lady wrote to headquarters over one long delay. On the 9th of the month marriage lines and birth certificates were sent, and on the 21st *two* replies were received. Now just note these replies, both posted the same afternoon: (1) "Your marriage and birth certificates are returned herewith, necessary details have been recorded and a claim for separation allowance, for yourself and your children have been passed." (2) "If you will send birth certificates on to us arrears will be paid." So far as the first ten weeks of the campaign went, the position was positively frightful. I could give scores of instances of delay and trouble, but one or two typical cases will suffice. Before mentioning these, however, there is another point to note: the increased scale of allowances announced for the 12th of October was regarded by the soldiers and their dependents as a real, full increase from the State. They found later that it was nothing of the kind. The men were expected to pay towards it; refusal, in some instances, has led to domestic trouble. A private, out of his miserable 1s. 1d. a day, was expected to allot 6d. a day towards his wife's, and 1d. a day, up to 1s. 9d. a week, towards his children's separation allowance—and, even so, the wives are not always getting the allotment. Such meanness and blundering on the part of the nation are almost incredible, but they are facts. Here, then, is one instance: Private U. of the Northumberland Fusiliers is married, and has three children. His wife is in a delicate state of health. Appreciating her position he writes stating that he has allotted her 9d. a day from his pay. According to the revised scale, this should bring her allowance up to £1 a week; as a matter of fact, she receives 14s. 9d. And this is not an isolated instance; there are certainly hundreds and almost certainly thousands similar. From numerous other cases with which I have come in contact, I may mention one where the man is foregoing the allotment, his wife has not received it, and, out of the 14s. 9d. per week she has received, she has not only kept four people, but has also sent boots, socks, and shirts to her husband, because the

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Government has failed to supply them, and his health has suffered in consequence. Periods of waiting for from five to ten weeks without receiving a penny are of too common occurrence to be given in detail, but one amazing thing worth noting is that, in many instances, the pay has been sent, with arrears up to a certain date, and has then been stopped again. One private's wife received, not her full allowance of 20s., but 12s. 6d., a week, up to October 1st, and then payment stopped for another long period. On October 19th, the War Office issued a large advertisement "To Soldiers' Wives," intimating that an Inquiry Office had been opened at Whitehall where complaints with explanations would be dealt with. This gave rise to great hopes that affairs would soon be straightened out, but the vast majority of women I know who used the Office were merely given printed forms intimating that they ought to have applied to the official responsible. As the official responsible was the Paymaster who had failed to pay, and from whom they had found it impossible to obtain satisfaction, this looked very much like adding insult to injury.

So now we come to the present scale. On the 10th of last month the Government issued a White Paper, about eight weeks overdue, according to the Premier's own statement, setting out a new scale of allowances and pensions in respect of seamen, marines, and soldiers; and their wives, widows, and dependents. Compared to the old starvation standard, the new one marks a liberal advance, and I will enumerate its virtues before criticising it. The chief items relate to the pensions for widows and children of men killed in the war; and for pensions to men who are partially or totally disabled. In the first case the advance runs for a private—

Widow with four children	20/-	a week	instead of	11/-
Widow with three children	17/6	"	"	9/6
Widow with two children	15/-	"	"	8/-
Widow with one child	12/6	"	"	6/6
Widow without children	7/6	"	"	5/-

In the case of total disablement, the life pension for a single man of the lowest rank (apart from what he may receive from insurance funds) is 14s. a week, and for a married man with no children 16s. 6d. a week. In the matter of separation allowances, there is practically no

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change from the October 12th scale. I give it in tabular form :—

—	Government Allowance		Allotment from Private		Income of Wife and Children thus	
	s.	d.	s.	d.	s.	d.
Wife and four children	18	6	3	6	22	0
Wife and three children	16	6			20	0
Wife and two children	14	0			17	6
Wife and one child	11	6			15	0
Wife without children.....	9	0			12	6
Additional for each child in excess of four	2	0	Nil		2	0

The point about this to which the strongest objection has been raised is the paltry sum of 7*s.* 6*d.* allotted to childless widows. How any group of men—even Government officials—could put forward such a proposition passes my comprehension. Then the 14*s.* a week for a totally disabled man is preposterous. But the worst of all is the continuance of the deduction of 3*s.* 6*d.* from the soldier's pay. To pay a soldier 7*s.* 7*d.* a week and then tell him that his family will not be properly provided for unless he hands back half of it is contemptible. And, added to all this, soldiers' dependents are now to be put under police surveillance. The Army Council has addressed to Chief Constables, with a covering letter from the Home Office, a memorandum, of which the first sentence runs: "The Army Council desire to have the assistance of the police in the measures which are being taken to provide for the withholding of separation allowances payable to wives or dependents of soldiers in the event of serious misconduct on the part of the recipient." Even at this hour, apparently, the pay of soldiers and the allowance to their wives is to be regarded as a dole instead of a national obligation for services rendered. As Lord Midleton frankly put it, "The dependents of soldiers should receive their allowances, after proper investigation, as a favour, and not as a right." But he and a few other purists would not end even there. They are sore troubled about the temptations to which women with a regular income of a few shillings a week will be subject. The payment of

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allowances to "women supported by soldiers with no legal tie" is a "fruitless extension of an unsound principle." Such a procedure, says Lord Midleton, "will be considered by all who have specially at heart the moral and religious well-being of the country to strike at the root of morality." Quite so. We must make our soldiers and their dependents moral, if we starve them to death in the process. Besides, if we keep the women who are not legally tied moral, by refusing to pay them their just dues, look what we shall save. Business as usual!

Let me now turn to a brighter side of the subject and show where the matter has been dealt with somewhat more decently, and thus indicate what might be done all round. On many British railways the directors have agreed to make up the pay of their men with the colours to four-fifths of their ordinary wages. That is a perfectly logical and definite procedure (though it does not generally apply to single men). In the following table you will note, of course, that whilst B and C are rated as privates, A is of higher rank:—

	Usual Weekly Wage			Half Army Pay			Separation Allowance from Army			Supplemental Allowance (Treasury Grant)			Amount from Company to make up 4/5ths			TOTAL		
	£	s.	d.	£	s.	d.	£	s.	d.	£	s.	d.	£	s.	d.	£	s.	d.
A	2	2	2	0	4	8	0	9	11	0	9	0	0	10	2	1	13	9
B	2	0	0	0	3	6	0	7	7	0	7	0	0	13	11	1	12	0
C	1	10	0	0	3	6	0	7	7	0	8	0	0	4	11	1	4	0

Since that table was compiled the separation allowance, as per figures already given, has been increased from 7s. 7d. to 9s.; but the difference does not go to the soldier, it relieves the company. There is so much less for the company to pay to make up the full total to four-fifths of the man's wages. My proposal, then, is that the Government should take this railway standard of four-fifths of income as a general standard, with a maximum of, say, fifty shillings a week, and that the cash should be apportioned and paid direct to the soldiers and their dependents without any

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arbitrary deductions or police investigations. But, it may be objected, in the case of railwaymen, it is purely a question of philanthropy on the part of the companies. That is purely a blind. The companies are getting the credit for it, as usual, but the cash will come out of the pockets of the public. Some railway officials actually took credit to themselves for their generosity in paying the "Supplemental Allowance"—it is paid through them—until an official of the Railway Clerks' Association approached the Government Department and elicited the information that the Treasury had made itself responsible for that grant. Railway officials are built that way. And similarly with the amount from companies to make up four-fifths—but this needs some little explanation. As everyone knows, at the beginning of the war the railways were, to all intents and purposes, nationalised. The Government is responsible for the making up of receipts to last year's rates. In short, the nation will pay the railway companies their dividends this year. So that, when the sum in column headed "Amount from Company to make up four-fifths" has been put down to working expenses, railway shareholders will be able to compliment themselves upon having been so generous to their employees, at a net cost of—absolutely nothing. Therefore, to come back to the direct point, one group of industrial workers is being paid by the State four-fifths of its ordinary income whilst soldiering, and, if it is right to pay one group, it is right to pay all. The only thing required is the utilisation of different machinery. So the need of the hour is this: A new scale of four-fifths of income, with a maximum of 50s. a week, for every soldier, seaman, or marine, to be allotted part to the man himself, and part to his dependents as arranged; all sums to be paid through the Post Office; the recognition that the payment is made as a right, thus abolishing all police or other inquisition; and the consequent closing down of numerous charitable agencies and the release of their workers for more productive labour. Let us hope that the Select Committee that has been appointed will come to some such conclusion.

“Henry IV”

Hot. “O Gentlemen! The time of life is short;
To spend that shortness basely were too long,
If life did ride upon a dial’s point,
Still ending at the arrival of an hour.
And if we live, we live to tread on Kings;
If die, brave death, when princes die with us!
Now for our consciences, the arms are fair,
When the intent for bearing them is just.”

It is a rousing entertainment at His Majesty’s: the boisterous jollity of Falstaff, the rhetoric of impetuous Hotspur, the armour, the old English spirit, the melodious Prince of Wales—all these things are a delight. In Sir Herbert’s Falstaff there is a suggestion of the inner self-consciousness that is wholly admirable, and if only Hotspur could spit, stammer, and sputter in the Kaiser’s face as he does at Bolingbroke, Zounds! that Monarch would be astonished. A better way to spend the evening could not be imagined. At Christmas time it should be *the* place for the boys, for they will learn many things and find much doughty episode and cheer.

“And heir from heir shall hold this quarrel up,
Whiles England shall have generation.”

That comes from the second part, but the spirit is splendidly manifest in Part I., which in every way meets the occasion. No one thinks of Zeppelins in the presence of Falstaff.

S. O.

Books

BIOGRAPHICAL

THE SECRET OF AN EMPRESS. By COUNTESS ZANARDI LANDI. (Cassell.) 16s. net.

WE took up this volume not without misgiving. But that flavour of courtly rottenness which generally hangs about this class of literature is not at all pronounced here. On the contrary, the book is a protest against everything of the kind—the author is animated with all the Empress Elizabeth's hatred of restraint and conventionality. Its title, to be sure, is a "popular" one, and may well have been chosen with a view to appealing to snobs of every class, with a view to "selling." It deserves to sell. We hope it will bring all the material profit possible to those concerned, for Countess Landi is unquestionably entitled to every kind of compensation she can extract out of this world.

She tells her tale with such straightforward simplicity that these pages, we think, will not fail to procure her a number of new friends. Vivid sidelights are thrown upon the manifold tragedies and absurdities of the House of Hapsburg and the fantastic ritual (there is no other word for it) which orders the life of the Austrian Court, that perverse institution overhung by the mephitic vapours of jesuitry, where the Empress may not even see her own children unless her visit is announced twenty-four hours beforehand; where everybody, up to the very head of the State, moves about like puppets in some sinister pantomime. There is a good little bit, too, about the Empress's ideas of what constitutes a "small villa." *Mother had intended to have a small villa at Corfu, with beautiful gardens attached to it. The cost was not meant to exceed a million pounds in English money.* The merest labourer's cottage!

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We would like very much to know the name of the Italian publisher who was officially hindered from printing this interesting document, and also that of the French firm which agreed to suppress it for a consideration of forty thousand francs.

MY OWN STORY. By EMMELINE PANKHURST. (Eveleigh Nash.) 7s. 6d. net.

PEOPLE who expect to find a compilation of sensations in this volume will be disappointed, for it is a plain matter-of-fact chronicle of the women's movement, with no attempt at personal revelation; indeed, from the critical point of view, there is little to say, except to take side either for or against the author, which is not the critic's business. Mrs. Pankhurst is frank and explicit. She declares boldly the intention of the women to revert to arms when the men's war is over. She makes no effort to see anything but the feminist side. She condemns the Government as "Torturers," etc., with the rigour of the game; plainly, she is a no-compromise woman. She evidently thinks the physical force argument sufficient—if the women won't eat they must have the vote. That, of course, is also the German philosophy of life. In the meanwhile, Mrs. Pankhurst and her admirable suffragist organisations might well devote themselves to keep women from the public houses.

FICTION

THE PRICE OF LOVE. By ARNOLD BENNETT. (Methuen.) 6s.

ONE had heard the talk of Arnold Bennett being "played out," boomed to death, writing mere pot-boilers for gigantic sums, &c.—the price a man pays in this country for fame—so that it was in a hypercritical spirit that I opened this book which, in my mind, was going to decide me as to whether Mr. Bennett was really an artist or not. Another work on the Five Towns! I felt I had "got" him this time. But I became interested, and read on, and the thing positively thrilled me. I finished Mr. Bennett's latest and I am not sure it is not his best. It is much more than very good. There is drama in the conception, a big treatment which may be called Balzacian. Without the smallest pandering to modern sentiment, without any sort

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of melodrama, incident, or novelistic fireworks, this book is positively exciting, and it is so because Mr. Bennett writes life, reveals it, lets us see it as it is, neither wholly bad nor wholly good, and when we close the book we feel we know these people intimately. The beginning is admirable, only a master hand could have done that, and then the thing develops, sweeps on into tragedy and again lapses into the serio-comedy of life, and ends so without a curtain, leaving us with just a picture. All the characters are etched in with consummate skill. After his fashion, the girl he gives us is a beautiful type; his hero is the smart young man generalised in the "card." Personally, I find it difficult to read the modern novel. I was surprised at the interest I found in this work. And I have taken a decision. I believe this work definitely to class Mr. Bennett as a writer of quite remarkable subtlety and perception; as a novelist of genius. This perhaps all the more in that the material he uses is not particularly inspiring or romantic, yet he makes it both. The reason is that he always works from beneath and on the Truth.

THE SECOND BLOOMING. By W. L. GEORGE. (Fisher Unwin.) 6s.

THIS book was conceived (obviously) before the war, when we were all talking sex and suffrage, and there was much stress in the land. Its theme, therefore, is adultery; it is written from the Woman's Movement point of view: it is thus a problem story, in which the husbands are drawn after rather a stock pattern of British egoism and imbecility. This is rather annoying just now—it seems so remote; but still Mr. George cannot be blamed for not anticipating the war. Sometimes, however, his English is odd—"shrill caviare" sounds queer, and a woman who "smiled beatly," seems rather Gallic. None the less, there is sound and earnest work in this novel, work of a very promising kind. Mr. George is a keen observer, somewhat of a thinker, moreover a bit of a cynic (in the French sense). Plainly, he is a student of women. He understands their moods and needs, their difficulties, what we laymen call their "mystery." And here we find Mr. George provokingly interesting. He is rather inclined to "lay it on," perhaps. He is unmistakably on their side. But this is no endowment scheme for adultery. Mr. George sees the other side. On the whole, he is fair; he is sensible.

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In his study of the three sisters, maternity plays its fitting part. After the war it will play once more an all-important one. This is certainly a clever book. It makes one believe in the author as a writer of distinction.

THE WIFE OF SIR ISAAC HARMAN. By H. G. WELLS.
(Macmillan and Co.) 6s.

THIS, presumably, was to have been a suffragette novel, something for us all to talk about. A quite ferociously vulgar and horrid *nouveau riche* is the villain, a preposterously ornate, artificial fellow possessing a wife, tall and slender, who sees life beautifully; who was married to wealth out of the school-room, who passes her life having babies until she meets the refined and cultured literary man of infinite understanding. It is amusing enough—Mr. Wells is always interesting; but it is meccano fiction and really rather slovenly, especially stylistically. Oddly enough, the only firm character in the book is the vulgarian Sir Isaac who, at any rate, is a man, though apparently it was Mr. Wells' object to "show up" the other people, for the most part curiously like cinema figures flitting inconclusively about. The wife does not bite in at all. If she is supposed to stand for woman's *autonomy* as against man's possession, then the Beast is preferable to the Beauty; but of course this is no new discovery. Somehow this book strikes a dyspeptic note. It is not the Wells of Tono or the Macchiavelli. Or is it that he is pulling our legs? No serious critic can venture to call this more than "another novel." If he were to be serious about it, he might flesh his critical wit both upon its general want of grace and form. Such phrases as "the manifest spending of great lots of money on" rather jar. The Irish never write carelessly like that.

SINISTER STREET. Volume II. By COMPTON MACKENZIE.
(Martin Secker.) 6s.

THE temptation to write a long disquisition about this book is strong, yet must be resisted, space not permitting it. And it is a pity, for "Sinister Street" provides rich material for controversy. Itself touching upon so many profundities, phases, and ideas, it provokes criticism to an unusual extent, moreover, it culminates in a conversion to Rome. This part is the weakest in the book, for its

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reason is not obvious, nor has the author taken pains to explain it. One has to take it, as it were, *cum grano*. For the rest, the novel is genuinely interesting. The picture of Oxford, of the good young man (an English type) passing through that delicious phase of youth, is quite admirable. Then there is London—Bohemian London, the “gay” life. Mr. Mackenzie is plainly half philosopher, half æsthete. He can speak from the inside of women; he is fearless, sincere, an artist. If the conversion is rather temperamental than convincing, it is suggestive, as all the work of this author is. He understands the “Lilys” of this world. Altogether, this is an arresting production, a performance of literary merit.

THE UNTILLED FIELD. By GEORGE MOORE. (Heinemann.)
6s.

IN this re-issue of stories, Mr. George Moore makes not only a discovery, but a literary claim; the value of the neglected stories; further, that it was from these stories that Synge drew the inspiration of his form and idiom which, up till now, has been a mystery. Mr. Moore contends that Synge's *Playboy* is derived from his “*Playhouse in the West*.” It is a nice point. On the facts, we believe Mr. Moore to be right. These stories reveal a new character in Moore—sentiment and a depth of feeling which astonish. Without all question, they are beautiful studies of life, beautiful pieces of idiom. In “*The Clerk's Guest*,” the author touches chords which set one wondering almost in despair, thinking, too, about Mr. Moore—the newly-revealed philosopher, deep and tender at heart. The real fact is that in Moore we have our counterpart of Anatole France, and, characteristically, it is Mr. George Moore who is discovering this for us, bidding us now, with gentle irony, just to look into this work he wrote years ago to convince ourselves of the truth. The first of the young men, Moore still leads: in what is called style he has no rival.

THE THREE SISTERS. By MAY SINCLAIR. (Hutchinson and Co.) 6s.

IT had become the fashion—before the war—to portray the unhappy lot of women, the helplessness of their posi-

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tion in modern conditions, and here we have such a family, three sisters living the lonely life with their father, and a vicar at that. As a study, the book has a curious power; these are real women and the "soft one" gets the man in the end, as so often is the way in life. Miss Sinclair has a penetrating vision, she is fair to her sex, she is one of our really interesting writers, and in this work she has struck a new manner of presentation. These girls lie about, come and go, like elegant cats. Well, well, the war may change our views about the "unhappy" sex. But we shall remember these sisters.

ESSAYS AND GENERAL LITERATURE

THE BOOK OF BABY DOGS. By E. J. DETMOLD and CHARLES KABERRY. 6s. net.

THE NEW CHUMS. By JOSEPH BOWES. 5s.

THE LOST WORLD. By A. CONAN DOYLE. 7s. 6d.

THE COMPLETE SCOUT. Edited by MORLEY ADAMS. 2s. 6d.

A GENTLEMAN AT ARMS. By HERBERT STRANG. 6s.

A HERO OF LIÈGE. By HERBERT STRANG. 3s. 6d.

HERBERT STRANG'S BOOK OF ADVENTURE STORIES. 5s.

THE BLUE BOOK OF BRITISH NAVAL BATTLES. Edited by HERBERT STRANG. 2s. 6d.

THE RED BOOK OF BRITISH BATTLES. Edited by HERBERT STRANG. 2s. 6d.

THE BROWN BOOK FOR BOYS. Edited by HERBERT STRANG. 2s. 6d.

HERBERT STRANG'S ANNUAL. 5s. net.

(Henry Frowde. Hodder and Stoughton.)

WE cannot be too grateful to this firm for their enterprise in producing, at this period of national crisis, such a noble variety of Christmas books for boys. They are all admirably written and illustrated, and the youngster who cannot find something to his taste here must be hard to please. Mr. Herbert Strang dominates the list, and one of these days we hope to find out his secret—the secret namely, how he contrives to be so interesting and write uniformly, with such dash, originality, and good taste.

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WOMEN THE WORLD OVER. By MRS. ALEC TWEEDIE.
(Hutchinson and Co.) 16s. net.

A BOOK by Mrs. Alec Tweedie, the renowned traveller, is always an event, not in the literary sense, but from its sheer high spirits and a kind of "I told you so, now shut up" attitude, which really is very catching. The cream of this book—an amazing compilation of platitudes, paradoxes, aphorisms, and maxims—is without question "love is like treacle: it sticks." Though this is precisely what the German professors told us is not the case, it will surely take the palm in the year 1914.

HISTORY AND BIOGRAPHY

MEMOIRS OF THE KAISER'S COURT. By ANNE TOPHAM.
Second Edition. (Methuen.) 10s. 6d.

It is good to re-peruse, at the present juncture, this book by Miss Topham, who lived awhile at the Berlin Court in the character of governess. For one cannot help thinking, as one reads her shrewd comments on events and personalities, that she must have felt rather like a fish out of water in that environment; and wondering at the same time whether, if the authorities had imported fifty governesses of this type instead of only one, this additional leaven of common sense and decent feeling would have worked any appreciable change upon the texture of the Imperial household. Probably not. The Prussian Court, with its chill and glittering hierarchy, is not sensible to stimuli of the humane kind. His Majesty, we gather, has a jocosely-brutal knack of making unpleasant remarks about the English; he nicknames this governess "the Dreadnought"; he is considerably given to rolling his eyes half-angrily, and threatening with his forefinger: altogether, rather an objectionable fellow, seen from this angle of private life. And, unfortunately, he gets everything his own way. Yet that reception at Metz cannot have been altogether to his taste. "Their entry into this town must have seemed strange indeed to their Majesties, accustomed as they are to smiling, shouting crowds. Here there was no welcome, no smile, not a single flag. The people who stood in the

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streets looked on idly, like spectators of a curious show, as the long procession of carriages with their outriders moved on, to the sound only of the rumble of their own wheels."

TRAVEL

WITH POOR EMIGRANTS TO AMERICA. By STEPHEN GRAHAM. (Macmillan.) 8s. 6d.

MR. GRAHAM has been on tramp, as usual. And he does it quite well. He loafs about, talking blandly to all sorts of poor people, recording their opinions on politics and so forth, and building up, for the readers of *Harper's Magazine* and ourselves, a naïf picture of these humbler aspects of transatlantic life. In the evening he lies down on some bit of waste land, cooks his coffee, reads a chapter of the Gospel, and curls up to sleep. He rather likes it. And we rather like him.

APPEARANCES. By C. LOWES DICKINSON. (Dent.) 4s. 6d.

THEY who find Mr. Graham's outlook a little cloying will discover a wholesome corrective in these "Appearances." Mr. Dickinson says he hesitated whether to republish these papers on America. He has done wisely to overcome those scruples. From every point of view they are worth reprinting: they are suggestive, vigorous, veracious. Altogether, we confess to be pleasantly surprised by this volume; it is better than a wilderness of academic disquisitions on *The Good and The Beautiful*. How well he has done to escape awhile out of the drowsy atmosphere of mediævalism, of Platonic futility, which hangs about our University life, and to come in contact with actualities! Those Eastern vignettes are especially admirable. Mr. Dickinson is a scholar: we all know that. But he is also, and chiefly, an Englishman. It is difficult to conceive a foreigner writing sketches of this intuitive *justesse*. - Your Latin grows spectacular and flamboyant; the German forthwith prostitutes his racial characteristics and becomes (for example) more Buddhistic than Buddha; the Slavonic mind is too restlessly sensuous, too swayed

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by externals, too fluid to retain a clear-cut impression. That capacity of assimilating the ideas of strange folk, of remaining true to his own standard while unravelling an alien mentality with sympathetic discernment—that gift of insight is the Englishman's prerogative. These pages, besides being a good example of Anglo-Saxon travel-literature, are a microcosmic illustration of the spirit which has made our Colonial Empire.

THROUGH SIBERIA, THE LAND OF THE FUTURE. By FRIDTJOF NANSEN. (Heinemann.) 15s. net.

A PONDEROUS tome—symbolical, possibly, of the limitless plains of Siberia—with many good illustrations. The book comes at an opportune moment, and contains a mine of information about those vast unexplored regions, their half-wild inhabitants, forests, rivers, and mineral wealth; as well as shrewd appreciations on things in general. But one must read oneself into it with a certain patience, for the style, at first glance, is curiously bald and undistinguished.

NOTE.—Mr. Austin Harrison's War articles with considerable additions and some entirely new chapters are now published under the title of "The Kaiser's War." 2s. net. (Allen and Unwin.)

Only Typewritten Manuscripts will be considered and although every precaution is taken, the Proprietors will not be responsible for the loss or damage of the manuscripts that may be sent in for consideration; nor can they undertake to return manuscripts which are not accompanied by a stamped addressed envelope.

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MAY, 1915

A Short History of Man

By Maurice Hewlett

SOME years ago, it may have been a million—
'Twas thereabouts, as everyone allows—
The first man, Adam, pight the first pavilion
And roofed it rustically with green boughs.
He built it for himself and his new spouse
In a fair ground, which can't have been a chilly one,
Seeing that they fix the site in Mesopotamy,
Where you need wear no clothes, even if you've got any.

God made this world for man, His jewel and minion,
His latest work, the apple of His eye.
Not only over pad and fin and pinion
Had he the kinch, but surer mastery
Was put into his hands to hold it by;
For over himself the Lord gave him dominion:
Not only had he five wits, but the Poet
Declares he could make use of them, and know it.

Passions he had, and means to keep them under
Or let them go, seeing a Will was his,
And Understanding, and a trick of wonder,
To shape the Is-not like to that which is.
Hence come idealistic fallacies,
Megalomania, and many a blunder
Wherein the sick world yet must groan and travail,
Waiting a clue the labyrinth to unravel.

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All this made good, the Lord of Heaven addressed
Man, and said in effect, O sublimation
Of Our pure thought, here is the very best
That We can do for you, Our last creation.
Above the beasts, yet you can choose your station
Below them; or if Heaven be the crest
Of your desire, earn it! You can partake of it;
It's in your hands: let's see what you can make of it.

This world is yours if you know how to use it:
Call upon Us in trouble, We shall hear.
Although We have the power, We may refuse it;
We do not undertake to interfere.
From time to time We'll send a prophet here
With an Evangel for you if you choose it.
Well, We shall see! We judge that, if We try him,
You'll either ignore him or you'll crucify him.

The Lord departed. Man increased and spread
Over the earth, and soon found out a means
Of dominating nature. His wives bred,
His sons married his daughters in their teens.
But this soon brought about domestic scenes
And was tabooed. Cousins then cousins wed,
And all went fairly well till Cain drew knife
Upon his brother and robbed him of his life.

Abel stood well with God, or said he did,
And Cain not so, or thought that he did not.
All would be well with him, he thought, once rid
Of one psalm-singing rascal. He grew hot.
He ought to have remembered, but forgot
That all's not covered with the coffin-lid.
In that red rage of his he set the fashion
Of easing by bloodshed tumultuous passion.

Men took it up, and whereso'er they settled
Upon the face of th' inhabitable earth
There was no tribe of them but, being nettled
By any hint or sight of neighbour's worth,

A SHORT HISTORY OF MAN

Immediately must strangle it at birth
By fire or sword. They said they were high-mettled,
And *amour propre* could not brook to view
A nation prosper more than theirs could do.

So they learned hatred early, and they learned
That tribal hate is strongest hate of all.
Was a tribe rich, straight all the others burned
Not for its wealth so much as its downfall.
Young men were bred up in the way to call
This kind of hatred love. Their bowels yearned
To prove all men were brothers and at one
By killing everybody's but their own.

The tribes made war—defence or brigandage,
All made it. But no single tribe could guess
That if the beaten suffered from the rage
Of the conqueror, himself suffered no less.
For he was grudged, and hardly could possess
His new domains, or leave a heritage
To his successor with the least security
That he could hope to keep it in futurity.

The Lord had not provided in His plan
For that which quickly proved to be the way,
That man should use his wit to outwit man,
To pound him, to entice him or betray.
He had not thought that brother men would play
At Cat and Mouse or Catch-as-catch-who-can.
He gave all men this earth to make the best of it,
And found each took as much as he could wrest of it

Yet they had other crafts besides warfare,
For they had love and all that love implies;
And art they had, the which has little care
Whether another man be rich or wise.
Commerce they had; they could philosophise,
And prove you what a very small affair
This life was, and how very much depended
On what they thought might happen when it ended.

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But they had one craft which they put above
All others, and made learning, land, or pelf
The test of it; while as for art and love,
They put those by, like physic on a shelf
For case of need. That craft was care of Self,
Its end was Profit, and its maxim Shove;
And its one rule to drive into perdition
Whatever seemed to thwart a man's ambition.

Philosophers engrossed their rivals' lore
Or libelled them of commercing with witches;
A landed man by all means must have more,
A moneyed man conveyed his neighbour's riches
By tricks into the pockets of his breeches,
And fastened those up like a chapel door
From Monday until Saturday, then emptied
Into the Bank before he could be tempted

To tenderness of conscience most unthrifty.
But he had lawyers now to assure possession,
And call due process what was first called shifty,
Making chicane a dignified profession.
'Twas held that twenty thieves in public session
Might be a Body Corporate, and fifty
A National Assembly, and their tricks
The reasonable pursuit of politics.

And more men multiplied, and more they spread,
The more they sought to drive their neighbours back.
The earth, which God made green, was dyed with red
Which mixing made a gray, inclined to black.
It looked as if some fulgurous chimney-stack
Had smothered up the blue sky overhead;
So when the rain fell down in God's good time,
Its wholesomeness was soured by man's bad grime.

Soon there arose strong men, by no means pious,
Who found it easy to become commander
Of others not so strong. There were Darius,
Nebuchadnezzar, Sennacherib, Alexander,

A SHORT HISTORY OF MAN

Whose simple need was to be more or grander
Than any king on earth. With this plain bias
They led their hosts to war, and what they needed
They got—until the next strong man succeeded.

Hist'ry deals more with these empurpled sinners
Than with the daring ones who tried to down them.
It leaves the cooks for the eaters of the dinners,
Looks to the kings, ignores the folk who crown them.
Take horses, not the stockbrokers who own them,
Say ha'p'ny newspapers a-spotting winners!
This history sees the plain men on our planet
No better off than when God first began it.

Whose fault is that? Not God's. You dare not blame
Him
For having given you wits which you've perverted.
He sent a Messenger—I need not name Him—
To whom most of us owed to be converted.
I know not how or when his host deserted,
Or what it was decided men to shame Him.
He said the Meek and Peacemakers were blissful,
We see no blessings but for the successful.

We say, The best man wins; but what by that
We mean exactly is to be arredeed.
Let us define the thing we are getting at:
We certainly don't mean the same as He did.
And as for him for whom his Master pleaded,
He very often don't win here—that's flat.
What would he get who turned the other cheek
But be laughed into the middle of next week?

But there were other Gospels. Con-fu-tze's
Was one. Another came from Prince Gautama,
Which flew north-eastward on a scented breeze
From Singapore to sea-girt Yokohama.
Another ended in a harrowing drama,
When they brought hemlock in to Socrates,
And he, as one who sees what an escape he has,
Bid sacrifice a cock to Æsculapius.

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One burden each one's message underlay :
Nothing endures; this world is like an inn.
Take what you need, not long have you to stay;
The only thing worth having is within.
That stands when all the rest is worn down thin,
Emperors and the Empires they betray.
And why the snows of yester-year deplore?
Where are the conquests of the year before?

You would have thought such things the merest platitude,
Seeing that the land lies here, while we must leave it;
You would have hoped more reasonable attitude
Whether we hail the end with joy or grieve it.
The odd thing is that still we don't believe it,
Or act as if we only should have latitude
To enter the next life as men of property,
The only ones whose goods are not in jeopardy.

No, no! We still drive free men out like cattle,
We still catch them with pressgang and the crimp;
We still wreck pastures with our filthy battle,
Or tangle them with coils of barbèd gimp.
Though Cæsar, Philip, and Napoleon Imp.
Were played to grave with groaning and death-rattle,
We still believe a man may be War-Lord,
And still submit our quarrels to a sword.

You, Sir, put up of late to play the beast
And teach your decent Germans how to hate—
Look lest your walls serve you Belshazzar's feast
And score a title you don't meditate.
Emperors without an Empire are not great,
And there's a day when greatest may be least.
What do you think of this for epitaph :
With this man even Satan cared not laugh?

For look, This was a man who taught his sons
To lie and thieve, and had no wiser thought
Than stand men up as fodder for the guns
Of them who had to fight because he fought.

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He found a peaceful land, left it distraught,
Found happy folk and left unhappy ones :
Most arrogant of men, he lived to rue it,
Because he was the wretchedest—and knew it.

If mankind ever of itself shake free,
And man disdain another to degrade
To work his infamous purpose, that his fee
Be doubled and his vileness not betrayed,
It will regard the bloody work you made
As crown and ensign of your misery,
And men will pity you and say, This wretch
Was made a rogue lest other rogues might stretch.

They set you trading truth as merchandise ;
They set you murdering children and their mothers ;
They turned your foolish hands to such red vice
That men could say Herod and you were brothers.
They bid you brand your good name as that other's
Is staring still with terror, blood, and lies.
Judas betrayed his Lord for pieces thirty,
And Krupp goes rich and clean—since you go dirty.

Where can the world find you a sorrier thing
Than monarch playing catspaw to a rascal?
If kingship's come to this, then has a king
A business on his hands which well might task all
The casuists left in Christendom. What Paschal
Atonement meets a sin so grovelling?
God sent His Son to cleanse a world o'erweening,
But your name now doesn't seem worth the cleaning.

Three Poems

By Harold Horton

The Lily Pool

Saw you her presence delicately pink
Gleam by the myrtle eyot? Wide blue eyes,
Unlearned of their loveliness, looked o'er
A milky shoulder lifted in surprise,
While tranced fears upon the ruby brink
Of tremulous lips unsyllabled did shrink.
How shone the leafy-tesselated floor
Bright with her quivering imagery!
Saw you her tresses flood the lily-boats?—
No richer freightage floats
On Faery raft or Fancy's glossy shallop
Bound past the glittering sea
For Arcady.
See where her bracelet slipped a purple star:
Ah, luminous arms! Such limbs the morning's are,
That radiantly rein the steeds that gallop
Thro' rosy dawn-gates to the pools of eve—
So did they rise aglow
And droop and quench into the cool below.

What shining did that jewelled moment leave!
An emerald ripple trembled at her heart,
The river-portals shook and slipped apart
With soft melodious plashing,
A meteor-wake of watery atoms grew
Beneath the tide, and opalescent flashing,
Trailed diamonds down a weedy avenue,
And failed in dusky-pillared caves afar.

Ah! brightly did that jewelled moment pass!
A summer's tale of hours could nowise mar
That glowing image on a moment's glass!

THREE POEMS

The Charm

ERE the leaf's first copper shows
Get the green heart of a rose,
Loop it on a golden thread
 From a bride's bright head.

Take the rose-hip slung ashine,
Gem-like on its glinting line,
Gently clasp it, let it rest
 Lightly at your breast.

At the secret core of flowers
Charms are wrought by wizard hours,
Wonders stored long Junes ago—
 These are yours to know.

The Spell

Sweet words and new money
 To a nymph are dross;
Whinberries and wild honey
 Laid a lily-leaf across
Wake no wistful heart in her:
Would you all her fancies stir
 Hide a wisp of moss
Footpressed where a faun has danced,—
Such will hold her beauty tranced
As low-fluted music shakes
The wandering will of speckled snakes.

The Darling

By Anton Tchekhov

Translated by CONSTANCE GARNETT

OLENKA, the daughter of the retired collegiate assessor, Plemmyannikov, was sitting in her back porch, lost in thought. It was hot, the flies were persistent and teasing, and it was pleasant to reflect that it would soon be evening. Dark rain clouds were gathering from the east, and bringing from time to time a breath of moisture in the air.

Kukin, who was the manager of an open-air theatre, called the Tivoli, and who lived in the lodge, was standing in the middle of the garden, looking at the sky.

"Again!" he observed despairingly. "It's going to rain again! Rain every day, as though to spite me! I might as well hang myself! It's ruin! Fearful losses every day!"

He flung up his hands, and went on, addressing Olenka:—

"There, that's the life we lead, Olga Semyonovna. It's enough to make one cry. One works and does one's utmost; one wears oneself out, getting no sleep at night, and racks one's brain what to do for the best. And then what happens? To begin with, one's public is ignorant, boorish! I give them the very best operetta, a dainty masque, the work of magnificent librettists. But do you suppose that's what they want! They don't understand anything of that sort. They want a clown, what they ask for is vulgarity. And then look at the weather! Almost every evening it rains. It started on the 10th of May, and it's kept it up all May and June. It's simply awful! The public doesn't come, but I've to pay the rent just the same, and pay the artistes."

The next evening the clouds would gather again, and Kukin would say with an hysterical laugh:

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"Well, rain away then! Flood the garden, drown me! Damn my luck in this world and the next! Let the artistes have me up! Send me to prison!—to Siberia!—the scaffold! Ha, ha, ha!"

And next day the same thing.

Olenka listened to Kukin with silent gravity and sometimes tears came into her eyes. In the end his misfortunes touched her; she grew to love him. He was a small thin man, with a yellow face, and curls combed forward on his forehead. He spoke in a thin tenor; as he talked, his mouth worked on one side, and there was always an expression of despair on his face; yet he aroused a deep and genuine affection in her. She was always fond of someone and could not exist without loving. In earlier days she had loved her papa who now sat in a darkened room, breathing with difficulty; she had loved her aunt who used to come every other year from Bryansk; and before that, when she was at school, she had loved her French master. She was a gentle, soft-hearted, compassionate girl, with mild, tender eyes and very good health. At the sight of her full rosy cheeks, her soft white neck with a little dark mole on it, and the kind, naïve smile, which come into her face when she listened to anything pleasant, men thought, "Yes, not half bad," and smiled too, while lady visitors could not refrain from seizing her hand in the middle of the conversation, exclaiming in a gush of delight "You darling!"

The house, in which she had lived from her birth upwards, and which was left her in her father's will, was at the extreme end of the town, not far from the Tivoli. In the evenings and at night she could hear the band playing and the crackling and banging of fireworks, and it seemed to her that it was Kukin struggling with his destiny, storming the entrenchments of his chief foe, the indifferent public. There was a sweet thrill at her heart, she had no desire to sleep, and when he returned home at daybreak, she tapped softly at her bedroom window, and showing him only her face and one shoulder, through the curtain, she gave him a friendly smile. . . .

He proposed to her and they were married. And when he had a closer view of her neck and her plump fine shoulders, he threw up his hands and said:

"You darling!"

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He was happy, but as it rained on the day and night of his wedding, his face still retained an expression of despair.

They got on very well together. She used to sit in his office, to look after things in the Tivoli, to put down the accounts, and pay the wages. And her rosy cheeks, her sweet naive radiant smile were to be seen now at the office window, now in the refreshment bar or behind the scenes at the theatre. And already she used to say to her acquaintances that the theatre was the chief and most important thing in life, and that it was only through the drama that one could derive true enjoyment and become cultivated and humane.

"But do you suppose the public understand that?" she used to say. "What they want is a clown. Yesterday we gave 'Faust Inside Out' and almost all the boxes were empty, but if Vanitchka and I had been producing some vulgar thing, would you believe me, the theatre would have been packed? To-morrow Vanitchka and I are doing 'Orpheus in Hell.' Do come."

And what Kukin said about the theatre and the actors she repeated. Like him she despised the public for their ignorance and their indifference to art; she took part in the rehearsals, she corrected the actors, she kept an eye on the behaviour of the musicians, and when there was an unfavourable notice in the local paper she shed tears, and then went to the editor's office to set things right.

The actors liked her and used to call her "Vanitchka and I" and "the darling"; she was sorry for them, and used to lend them small sums of money, and if they deceived her, she used to shed a few tears in private, but did not complain to her husband.

They got on well in the winter, too. They took the theatre in the town for the whole winter, and let it for short terms to a Little Russian company, or to a conjurer, or to a local dramatic society. Olenka grew stouter, and was always beaming with satisfaction, while Kukin grew thinner and yellower and continually complained of their terrible losses, although he had not done badly all the winter. He used to cough at night, and she used to give him hot raspberry tea or lime-flower water, to rub him with eau-de-cologne, and to wrap him in her warm shawls.

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"You're such a sweet pet," she used to say with perfect sincerity, stroking his hair, "you're such a pretty dear!"

Towards Lent he went to Moscow to collect a new troupe, and without him she could not sleep, but sat all night at her window, looking at the stars, and she compared herself with the hens, who are awake all night and uneasy when the cock is not in the henhouse. Kukin was detained in Moscow, and wrote that he would be back at Easter, adding some instructions about the Tivoli. But on the Monday before Easter, late in the evening, came a sudden, ominous knock at the gate; someone was hammering on the gate as though on a barrel—boom, boom, boom. The drowsy cook went flopping with her bare feet through the puddles, as she ran to open the gate.

"Please open," said someone outside in a thick bass. "There is a telegram for you."

Olenka had received telegrams from her husband before, but this time, for some reason, she felt numb with terror. With shaking hands she opened the telegram, and read as follows:—

"Ivan Petrovitch died suddenly to-day. Awaiting immae instructions fufuneral Tuesday."

That was how it was written in the telegram—"fufuneral," and the utterly incomprehensible word "immae." It was signed by the stage manager of the operatic company.

"My darling!" sobbed Olenka, "Vanitchka, my precious, my darling! Why did I ever meet you! Why did I know you and love you! Your poor heart-broken Olenka is all alone without you!"

Kukin's funeral took place on Tuesday in Moscow, Olenka returned home on Wednesday, and as soon as she got indoors she threw herself on her bed, and sobbed so loudly that it could be heard next door and in the street.

"Poor darling!" the neighbours said as they crossed themselves. "Olga Semyonovna, poor darling, how she does take on!"

Three months later, Olenka was coming home from mass, melancholy, and in deep mourning. It happened that one of her neighbours, Vassily Andreitch Pustovalov, returning home from church, walked back beside her. He was the manager at Bakayev's, the timber merchant's. He

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wore a straw hat, a white waistcoat, and a gold watch chain, and looked more like a country gentleman than a man in trade.

"Everything happens as it is ordained, Olga Semyonovna," he said gravely, with a sympathetic note in his voice, "and if any of our dear ones die, it must be because it is the will of God, so we ought to have fortitude and bear it submissively."

After seeing Olenka to her gate, he said goodbye, and went on. All day afterwards she heard his sedately dignified voice, and whenever she shut her eyes, she saw his dark beard. She liked him very much. And apparently she had made an impression on him, too, for not long afterwards an elderly lady, with whom she was only slightly acquainted, came to drink coffee with her, and as soon as she was seated at table, began to talk about Pustovalov, saying that he was an excellent man, whom one could thoroughly depend upon, and that any girl would be glad to marry him. Three days later Pustovalov came himself. He did not stay long, only about ten minutes, and he did not say much; but when he left, Olenka loved him—loved him so much that she lay awake all night in a perfect fever, and in the morning she sent for the elderly lady. The match was quickly arranged, and then came the wedding.

Pustovalov and Olenka got on very well together when they were married.

Usually he sat in the office till dinner-time, then he went out on business, while Olenka took his place, and sat in the office till evening, making up accounts and booking orders.

"Timber gets dearer every year, the price rises twenty per cent.," she would say to her customers and friends. "Only fancy, we used to sell local timber, and now Vassitchka always has to go for wood to the Mogilev district. And the duty on it!" she would add, covering her cheeks with her hands in horror. "The duty!"

It seemed to her that she had been in the timber trade for ages and ages, and that the most important and necessary thing in life was timber; and there was something intimate and touching to her in the very sound of words such as "balk," "post," "beam," "pole," "scantling," "batten," "lath," "plank," etc.

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At night when she was asleep she dreamed of perfect mountains of planks and boards, and long strings of waggons, carting timber somewhere far away. She dreamed that a whole regiment of six-inch beams, forty feet high, standing on end, was marching upon the timber-yard, that logs, beams, and boards knocked together with the resounding crash of dry wood, kept falling and getting up again, piling themselves on each other. Olenka cried out in her sleep, and Pustovalov said to her tenderly, "Olenka, what's the matter, darling? Cross yourself!"

Her husband's ideas were hers. If he thought the room was too hot or that business was slack, she thought the same. Her husband did not care for entertainments, and on holidays he stayed at home. She did likewise.

"You are always at home or in the office," her friends said to her. "You should go to the theatre, darling, or to the circus."

"Vassitchka and I have no time to go to theatres," she would answer with sedate dignity. "We have no time for nonsense. What's the use of these theatres?"

On Saturdays, Pustovalov and she used to go to midnight service; on holidays to early mass; and they walked side by side with softened faces as they came home from church. There was a pleasant fragrance about them both, and her silk dress rustled agreeably. At home they drank tea, with fancy bread and jams of various kinds, and afterwards they ate pies. Every day at twelve o'clock there was a savoury smell of beetroot soup and of mutton or duck in their yard, and on fast-days of fish, and no one could pass the gate without feeling hungry. In the office the samovar was always boiling, and customers were regaled with tea and biscuits. Once a week the couple went to the baths and returned side by side, both red in the face.

"Yes, we have nothing to complain of, thank God," Olenka used to say to her acquaintances. "I wish everyone were as well off as Vassitchka and I."

When Pustovalov went away to buy wood in the Mogilev district, she missed him dreadfully, lay awake, and cried. A young veterinary surgeon in the army, called Smirnin, to whom they had let their lodge, used sometimes to come in in the evening. He used to talk to her and play cards with her, and this entertained her in her hus-

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band's absence. She was particularly interested in what he told her of his home life. He was married, and had a little boy, but was separated from his wife because she had been unfaithful to him, and now he hated her, and used to send her forty roubles a month for the maintenance of their son. And hearing of all this, Olenka sighed and shook her head. She was sorry for him.

"Well, God keep you," she used to say to him at parting, as she lighted him down the stairs with a candle. "Thank you for coming to cheer me up, and may the Mother of God give you health."

And she always expressed herself with the same sedateness and dignity, the same reasonableness, in imitation of her husband. When the veterinary surgeon had already gone out at the door below, she would say:

"You know, Vladimir Platonitch, you'd better make it up with your wife. You should forgive her for the sake of your son. You may be sure the little fellow understands."

And when Pustovalov came back, she told him in a low voice about the veterinary surgeon and his unhappy home life, and both sighed and shook their heads, and talked about the boy, who, no doubt, missed his father, and by some strange connection of ideas, they went up to the holy ikons, bowed to the ground before them, and prayed that God would give them children.

And so the Pustovalovs lived for six years quietly and peaceably in complete harmony and agreement.

But, behold! one winter day, after drinking hot tea in the office, Vassily Andreitch went out into the yard without his cap on to see about sending off some timber, caught cold, and was taken ill. He had the best doctors, but he grew worse, and died after four months' illness. And Olenka was a widow once more.

"I've nobody, now you've left me, my darling," she sobbed, after her husband's funeral. "How can I live without you, in wretchedness and misery! Pity me, all alone in the world!"

She went about dressed in black with long "weepers," and gave up wearing hat and gloves for good. She hardly ever went out except to church or to her husband's grave, and led the life of a nun. It was not till six months later

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that she took off the weepers, and opened the shutters of the windows. She was sometimes seen in the mornings, going with her cook to market for provisions, but what went on in her house and how she lived now could only be surmised. People guessed from seeing her drinking tea in her garden with the veterinary surgeon, who read the newspaper aloud to her, and from the fact that, meeting a lady she knew at the post-office, she said to her:

"There is no proper veterinary inspection in our town, and that's the cause of all sorts of epidemics. One is always hearing of people getting infection from the milk supply or catching diseases from horses and cows. The health of domestic animals ought to be as well cared for as the health of human beings."

She repeated the veterinary surgeon's words, and was of the same opinion as he about everything. It was evident that she could not live a year without some attachment, and had found new happiness in the lodge. In anyone else this would have been censured, but no one could think ill of Olenka, everything she did was so natural. Neither she nor the veterinary surgeon said anything to other people of the change in their relations, and tried, indeed, to conceal it, but without success, for Olenka could not keep a secret. When he had visitors, men serving in his regiment, and she poured out tea or served the supper, she would begin talking of the cattle plague, of the foot-and-mouth disease, and of the municipal slaughter-houses. He was dreadfully embarrassed, and when the guests had gone, he would seize her by the hand and hiss angrily:

"I've asked you before not to talk about what you don't understand. When we veterinary surgeons are talking among ourselves, please don't put your word in. It's really annoying."

And she would look at him with astonishment and dismay, and ask him in alarm: "But, Voloditchka, what *am* I to talk about?"

And with tears in her eyes she would embrace him, begging him not to be angry, and they were both happy.

But this happiness did not last long. The veterinary surgeon departed, departed for ever, with his regiment, when it was transferred to a distant place, to Siberia, it may be. And Olenka was left alone.

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Now she was absolutely alone. Her father had long been dead, and his armchair lay in the attic, covered with dust and lame of one leg. She got thinner and plainer, and when people met her in the street they did not look at her as they used to and did not smile to her; evidently her best years were over and left behind, and now a new sort of life had begun for her, which did not bear thinking about. In the evening Olenka sat in the porch, and heard the band playing and the fireworks popping in the Tivoli, but now the sound stirred no response. She looked into her yard without interest, thought of nothing, wished for nothing, and afterwards, when night came on, she went to bed and dreamed of her empty yard. She ate and drank, as it were, unwillingly.

And what was worst of all, she had no opinions of any sort. She saw the objects about her, and understood what she saw, but could not form any opinion about them, and did not know what to talk about. And how awful it is not to have any opinions! One sees a bottle, for instance, or the rain, or a peasant driving in his cart, but what the bottle is for, or the rain, or the peasant, and what is the meaning of it one can't say, and could not, even for a thousand roubles. When she had Kukin, or Pustovalov, or the veterinary surgeon, Olenka could explain everything and give her opinion about anything you like, but now there was the same emptiness in her brain and in her heart as there was in her yard outside. And it was as harsh and as bitter as wormwood in the mouth.

Little by little the town grew in all directions. The road became a street, and where the Tivoli and the timber-yard had been, there were new turnings and houses. How rapidly time passes! Olenka's house grew dingy, the roof got rusty, the shed sank on one side, and the whole yard was overgrown with docks and stinging nettles. Olenka herself had grown plain and elderly; in summer she sat in the porch, and her soul as before was empty and dreary and full of bitterness. In winter she sat at her window and looked at the snow. When she caught the scent of spring, or heard the chime of the church bells, a sudden rush of memories from the past came over her, there was a tender ache in her heart, and her eyes brimmed over with tears, but this was only for a minute, and then came empti-

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ness again and the sense of the futility of life. The black kitten, Briska, rubbed against her and purred softly, but Olenka was not touched by these feline caresses. That was not what she needed. She wanted a love that would absorb her whole being, her whole soul and reason, that would give her ideas and an object in life, and would warm her old blood. And she would shake the kitten off her skirt and say with vexation :

“Get along, I don’t want you !”

And so it was, day after day and year after year, and no joy, and no opinions. Whatever Mavra the cook said she accepted.

One hot July day, towards evening, just as the cattle were being driven by, and the whole yard was full of dust, someone suddenly knocked at the gate. Olenka went to open it herself, and was dumfounded when she looked out : she saw Smirnin, the veterinary surgeon, grey-headed, and dressed as a civilian. She suddenly remembered everything. She could not help crying and letting her head fall on his breast without uttering a word, and in the violence of her feeling she did not notice how they both walked into the house and sat down to tea.

“My dear Platon Ivanitch ! What fate has brought you ?” she muttered, trembling with joy.

“I want to settle here for good, Olga Semyonovna,” he told her. “I have resigned my post and have come to settle down and try my luck on my own account. Besides, it’s time for my boy to go to school. He’s a big boy. I am reconciled with my wife, you know.”

“Where is she ?” asked Olenka.

“She’s at the hotel with the boy, and I’m looking for lodgings.”

“Good gracious, my dear soul ! Lodgings ! Why not have my house ? Why shouldn’t that suit you ? Why, my goodness, I wouldn’t take any rent,” cried Olenka in a flutter, beginning to cry again. “You live here, and the lodge will do nicely for me. I shall be delighted.”

Next day the roof was painted and the walls were white-washed, and Olenka, with her arms akimbo, walked about the yard giving directions. Her face was beaming with her old smile, and she was brisk and alert as though she

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had waked from a long sleep. The veterinary's wife arrived, a thin, plain lady, with short hair and a peevish expression. With her was her little Sasha, a boy of ten, small for his age, blue-eyed, chubby, with dimples in his cheeks. And scarcely had the boy walked into the yard when he ran after the cat, and at once there was the sound of his gay, joyous laugh.

"Is that your puss, Auntie?" he asked Olenka. "When she has little ones, do give us a kitten. Mamma is awfully afraid of mice."

Olenka talked to him, and gave him tea. Her heart warmed, and there was a sweet ache in her bosom, as though the boy had been her own child. And when he sat at the table in the evening, going over his lessons, she looked at him with deep tenderness and pity as she murmured to herself:

"You pretty pet . . . my precious . . . such a fair little thing and so clever."

"An island is a piece of land which is entirely surrounded by water," he read aloud.

"An island is a piece of land," she repeated, and this was the first opinion to which she gave utterance with positive conviction after so many years of silence and dearth of ideas.

Now she had opinions of her own, and at supper she talked to Sasha's parents, saying how difficult the lessons were at the high schools, but that yet the classical side was better than the modern, since with a high school education all careers were open to one, such as being a doctor or an engineer.

Sasha began going to the high school. His mother departed to Harkov to her sister's and did not return; his father used to go off every day to inspect cattle, and would often be away from home for three days together, and it seemed to Olenka as though Sasha was entirely abandoned, that he was not wanted at home, that he was being starved, and she carried him off to her lodge and gave him a little room there.

And for six months Sasha had lived in the lodge with her. Every morning Olenka came into his bedroom and found him fast asleep dreaming noiselessly with his hand under his cheek. She was sorry to wake him.

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"Sashenka," she would say mournfully, "get up, darling. It's time for school."

He would get up, dress, and say his prayers, and then sit down to breakfast, drink three glasses of tea, and eat two large cracknels and half a buttered roll. All this time he was hardly awake, and a little ill-humoured in consequence.

"You don't quite know your fable, Sashenka," Olenka would say, looking at him as though he were about to set off on a long journey, "what a lot of trouble I have with you. You must work and do your best, darling, and listen to your teachers."

"Oh, do leave me alone!" Sasha would say.

Then he would go down the street to school, a little figure, wearing a big cap and carrying a satchel on his shoulder. Olenka would follow him noiselessly.

"Sashenka!" she would call after him, and she would pop into his hand a date or a caramel. When he reached the street where the school was he would feel ashamed of being followed by a tall, stout woman, he would turn round and say:

"You'd better go home, Auntie. I can go the rest of the way alone."

She would stand still and look after him fixedly till he had disappeared at the school-gate.

Ah, how she loved him! Of her former attachments not one had been so deep; never had her soul surrendered to any feeling so spontaneously, so disinterestedly, and so joyously as now that her maternal instincts were aroused. For this little boy with the dimple in his cheek and the big school cap she would have given her whole life, she would have given it with joy and tears of tenderness. Why? Who can tell why?

When she had seen the last of Sasha, she returned home, contented and serene, brimming over with love; her face, which had grown younger during the last six months, smiled and beamed; people meeting her looked at her with pleasure.

"Good morning, Olga Semyonovna, darling. How are you, darling?"

"Do you know, the lessons at the high school are very difficult now," she would relate at the market. "It's too

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much; in the first class yesterday they gave him a fable to learn by heart, and a Latin translation, and a problem. You know it's too much for a little chap."

And she would begin talking about the teachers, the lessons, and the school books, saying just what Sasha said.

At three o'clock they had dinner together: in the evening they learned their lessons together and cried. When she put him to bed, she would stay a long time making the cross over him and murmuring a prayer, then she would go to bed and dream of that far-away misty future when Sasha would finish his studies and become a doctor or an engineer, would have a big house of his own with horses and a carriage, would get married and have children. . . . She would fall asleep, still thinking of the same thing, and tears would run down her cheeks from her closed eyes, while the black cat lay purring beside her: "mrr, mrr, mrr."

Suddenly there would come a loud knock at the gate.

Olenka would wake up breathless with alarm, her heart throbbing. Half a minute later would come another knock.

"It must be a telegram from Harkov," she would think, beginning to tremble from head to foot. "Sasha's mother is sending for him from Harkov. . . . Oh, mercy on us!"

She was in despair. Her head, her hands, and her feet would turn chill, and she would feel that she was the most unhappy woman in the world. But another minute would pass, voices would be heard: it would turn out to be the veterinary surgeon coming home from the club.

"Well, thank God," she would think.

And gradually the load in her heart would pass off and she would feel more at ease. She would go back to bed thinking of Sasha, who lay sound asleep in the next room, sometimes crying out in his sleep:

"I'll give it you, get away, shut up."

Dancers and Dancing

By Arthur Symons

I.

IT was in May, 1892, that, having crossed the streets of Paris from the hotel where I was staying, the Hôtel Cornaille, in the Latin Quarter (made famous by Balzac in his superb story, *Z. Marcas*), I found myself in Le Jardin de Paris (of which I have a lively recollection, later on, of a certain dancer), where I saw for the first time La Mélinite. She danced in a quadrille: young and girlish, the more provocative because she played as a prude, and as having modesty; being *décolletée* nearly to the waist, in the Oriental fashion. She had long, black curls around her face; and had about her a depraved virginity.

And she caused in me, I must admit, a sense of depravity from that time till the last time I ever saw her. Of course, I wrote verses on her. There, in the Moulin Rouge, on the night of May 22nd, La Mélinite danced to her own image in the mirror, "a shadow to a shadow smiling," to the intoxicating strains of Olivier Métra's *Valse des Roses*; that same maddening music which had stirred the senses and the sensations of Baudelaire, but not in the same casino.

The *chahut* is the successor, one might almost say the renaissance, of the *cancan*. Roughly speaking, the *cancan* died with the Bal Mabille, the *chahut* was born with the Jardin de Paris. The effervescent Bal Bullier of the Quartier Latin, in its change from the Closerie des Lilas, of the days of Murger, may be said to have kept the tradition of the thing, and, with the joyous and dilapidated Moulin de la Galette of the heights of Montmartre, to have led the way in the establishment of the present school of dancing. But it was at the Jardin de Paris, about the year 1884, that the *chahut*, or the *quadrille naturaliste*,

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made its appearance, and, with La Goulue and Grille-d'Egout, came to stay. The dance is simply a quadrille in delirium—a quadrille in which the steps are punctuated by *le port d'armes* (or high kicks), with *le grand écart* (or “the splits”) for parenthesis. *Le port d'armes* is done by standing on one foot and holding the other upright in the air; *le grand écart* by sitting on the floor with the legs absolutely horizontal. Beyond these two fundamental rules of the game, everything almost is left to the fantasy of the performer, and the fantasy of the whirling people of the Moulin Rouge, the Casino, the Jardin de Paris, the Elysée Montmartre, is free, fertile, and peculiar. Even in Paris you must be somewhat ultra-modern to appreciate it, and to join, night after night, those avid circles which form so rapidly, here and there on the ball-room floor, as a waltz-rhythm ends, and a placard bearing the word “Quadrille” is hung out from the musicians' gallery.

Of all the stars of the *chahut*, the most charming, the most pleasing, is La Goulue. Still young, though she has been a choreographic celebrity for seven or eight years; still fresh, a veritable “queen of curds and cream” among the too white and the too red women of the Moulin Rouge; she has that simple, ingenuous air which is, perhaps, the last refinement, to the perverse, of perversity. To dance the *chahut*, to dance it with infinite excitement, and to look like a milk-maid: that, surely, is a triumph of natural genius! Grille-d'Egout, her companion and rival, is not so interesting. She is dark, serious, correct, perfectly accomplished in her art, and a professor of it, but she has not the high spirits, the *entrain*, the attractiveness, of La Goulue. In Nini-Patte-en-l'Air a later, though an older, leader of the *quadrille naturaliste*, and, like Grille-d'Egout, a teacher of eccentric dancing, we find, perhaps, the most typical representative of the *chahut* of to-day. She is not young, she is not pretty, she is thin, short of stature, dark, with heavy eyebrows, coarse, irregular features. Her face is worn and haggard, almost ghastly; her mouth is drawn into an acute, ambiguous, ironical smile; her roving eyes have a curious, intent glitter. She has none of the *gaminerie* of La Goulue: hers is a severely self-conscious art, and all her extravagances are perfectly deliberate. But with what mastery they are done, with what tireless agility,

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what tireless ingenuity in invention! Always cold, collected, "the Maenad of the Decadence," it is with a sort of "learned fury" that she dances; and she has a particular trick—the origin of her nickname—a particular quiver of the foot as the leg is held rigid in the air—which is her sign and signature. After these three distinguished people come many. There is La Mélinite, Rayon-d'Or, La Sauterelle, Etoile Filante, and many another; of whom La Mélinite is certainly the most interesting. She is tall, slim, boyish in figure, *décolletée* in the Eastern fashion, in a long slit; she dances with a dreamy absorption, a conventional air, as of perverted sanctity, remote, ambiguous. And then there is La Macarona of the Elysée-Montmartre, whose sole title to distinction lies in the extraordinary effrontery of her costume.

II.

On my way to Nini-Patte-en-l'Air's I stopped at a second-hand bookstall, where I purchased a particular edition which I had long been seeking, of a certain edifying work of great repute. Opening the book at random, I found myself at Chapter XX., *De Amore Solitudinis et Silentii*. "Relinque curiosa," I read. Then I put the book in my pocket and went on to Nini-Patte-en-l'Air's.

Of course, I had been at the Trafalgar Square Theatre—two Saturdays ago, was it not?—when the unaccountable British public had applauded so frankly and so vigorously its first glimpse of a *quadrille naturaliste* in England. But now I was going, in response to a special invitation from Madame Nini, to see what I fancied would interest me far more, a private lesson in the art of the *chahut*. I found the hotel, but not, at first, the front door. In the bar no one knew of a front door, but I might go upstairs, they said, if I liked: that way, through the door on the right. I went upstairs, found a waiter, and presently Nini-Patte-en-l'Air bustled into the room, and told me to make myself quite at home. Nini is charming, with her intense nervous vivacity, her quaint seriousness, her little professional airs; befitting the directress of the sole *école du chahut* at present existing in the world. We have all seen her on the stage, and the little, plain, thick-set woman

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with the vivid eyes and the enigmatic mouth, is just the same on the stage and off. She is the same because she has an individuality of her own, which gives her, in her own kind of dancing, a place apart—an individuality which is reinforced by a degree of accomplishment to which neither La Goulue nor Grille-d'Egout, neither La Sauterelle nor Rayon-d'Or, can for a moment pretend. And I found that she takes herself very seriously; that she is justly proud of being the only *chahut* dancer who has made an art out of a caprice, as well as the only one who has conquered all the difficulties of her own making, the only executant at once faultless and brilliant. We talked of many things, I of Paris and she of London, for which she professes an immense enthusiasm; then she told me of her triumphant tour in America, and how she conquered America by the subtle discretion of her *dessous*, which were black. Blue, pink, yellow, white, she experimented with all colours; but the American standpoint was only precisely found and flattered by the factitious reserve of black. Then, as she explained to me all the technique of her art, she would jump up from the armchair in which she was sitting, shoot a sudden leg, surprisingly, into the air, and do the *grand écart* on the hearthrug. But the pupils? Oh, the pupils were coming; and Madame and I had just finished moving the heavy oak table into a corner, when the door opened, and they came in.

I was introduced, firstly, to La Ténébreuse, a big woman of long experience, whom I found to be more supple than her figure indicated. Églantine came next, a tall, strong, handsome, dignified-looking girl, with dark eyes and eyebrows; she is in her second year, and has been with Nini in America. Then came Épi-d'Or, a timid, yet gay, rather English little blonde, who makes her *début* in London. They sat down meekly, like good little school-girls, and each came forward as she was called, went through her exercises, and returned to her seat by the door. And those exercises! It was not a large room, and when a tall girl lay at full length on the floor, and Nini bent over her, seized one of her legs, and worked it about as if it were a piece of india-rubber, the space seemed quite sufficiently occupied. When Églantine took her third step

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towards me, kicking her hand on the level of her eyes at each step, I tried to push back my chair a little closer to the wall, in case of accidents; and the big girl, La Ténébreuse, when she did the *culbute*, or somersault, ending with the *grand écart*, or the splits, finished at, almost on, my feet. I saw the preparatory exercises, *le brisement*, or dislocation, and *la série*, or the high-kick, done by two in concert; and then the different poses of the actual dance itself: *la guitare*, in which the leg is held almost at right angles with the body, the ankle supported by one hand; *le port d'armes*, in which the leg is held upright, one hand clasping the heel of the boot—a position of great difficulty, on which *le salut militaire* is a slight variation; *la Jambe derrière la tête*, a position which requires the most elaborate acrobatic training, and which is perhaps as painful to see as it must be to do; *le croisement*, which ends a figure and is done by two or four dancers, forming a sort of cross-pattern by holding their heels together in the air, on a level with the eyes; and *le grand écart*, or the splits, which is done either by gliding gradually out (the usual method), or by a sudden jump in which the split is done in the air, and the body falls violently to the ground, like a pair of compasses which have opened out by their own weight. It was all very instructive, very curious, very amusing. “Relinque curiosa,” said the book in my pocket. But I was far from being in that monastic mood as I watched these extraordinary contortions, done so blithely, yet so seriously, by Ténébreuse, Églantine, and Épi-d’Or; Nini-Patte-en-l’Air giving her orders with that professional air now more fixed than ever on her attentive face. It was all so discreet, after a fashion, in its methodical order; so comically indiscreet, in another sense. I am avid of impressions and sensations; and here, certainly, was a new sensation, an impression of something not easily to be seen elsewhere. I sat and pondered, my chair pushed close back to the wall, Nini-Patte-en-l’Air by my side, and before me Ténébreuse, Églantine, and Épi-d’Or.

Prussianised History

By Richard Whiteing

My stay in Germany belonged to the period of a new Fatherland in the world of ideas. The intellectual movement was to organise and extend the conquests of the Germany of arms. The nation had won its unity on the battle-field; it had yet to constitute itself in other directions. This was to be done in new ways of living, a new outlook all round. The old Fatherland of the poets and the professors had done its work in preparation for 1870: a generation was now ready for the fulness of the pride of life.

The 'eighties, therefore, marked an epoch quite as important in its way as that of the great war. The German was now to realise himself, in a sort of ecstasy of patriotic brag, as the heir of the ages, and as the chosen one of the scheme of Providence, for the shaping of the spirit of man. The earlier influences had left him patient, laborious, sturdy, pious, and with most of his interests centred in the home. He was now to flower into the ruler rather than the mere citizen of the world. He already had a new music—epos and all—the time had come to scrap his rich endowment in the philosophies, as a mere second best, still good enough for humanity at large, and to start another exclusively for his own use. This was to make him a being quite apart in the evolution of the race, with Prussia for its hard core.

Berlin, as I saw it, became more than ever the city of the back seat for the foreigner: "Pride in their port, defiance in their eye, I see the lords of human kind pass by" was no longer a poetical hyperbole. The military heroes reeked of self-sufficiency, from the officer of the guard to the humblest captain of a marching regiment. The very politeness seemed machine-made. People met for social enjoyment in unions organised under the most rigid rules;

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nothing seemed to come with the charm of accident. To borrow a cant term from the new philosophy, it was but the will to good breeding as part of the will to power. Their sport was cultivated for the muscle, not the muscle for the sport. This method of approach seemed to extend to everything but the table manners, which still, from the pocket-comb to the management of the knife and fork, were those of the old dispensation. There was nothing of the soft play of life in it. It recalled a severe criticism of the *Sartor*, that Carlyle never forgot. "Our author reminds us of the German baron, who, when asked why he was jumping over the chairs and tables, said he was trying to be lively." Equestrians in the park put their steeds to the pace like circus riders, with swelling breast and haughty eye that seemed to solicit, or rather demand, a "hand" from the crowd.

It was part of my duty as a foreign resident to show my passport at the police office of my district. One day when I was doing that, a poor "Bobby" of the rank and file came in to give an account of his stewardship; and sheer nervousness, I suppose, made him blunder in some detail. His petty superior positively barked—there is no other word for it—a reprimand, until the other became speechless with terror and confusion. He, of course, took his revenge on the private citizen. I heard afterwards of an arrest for some small offence in the public street. The offender, who had suddenly taken to his heels, was pursued, tripped up, and in a trice found himself on the flat of his back with the points of two police sabres at his throat. I was calling one day on an old friend in a public office, when his chief entered the room to discuss some matter connected with the day's work. My friend, who was quite on the same social level, immediately sprang to his feet for the salute, and began every phrase of the conversation with a "*ja, Herr Direktor*," or a "*nein, Herr Direktor*," which, in any other country, would have been rather out of place as between an office-boy and a Prime Minister. The Kaiser took his daily drive in Unter den Linden with the same curious observances. The sentry at the Brandenburger Gate had to become aware of him in the distance, and as he came within hail to raise a raucous shout that brought out the whole guard to seize their rifles, stacked for the salute. He seemed a pathetic

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figure, as the only being in all his dominions without a superior entitled to the kotow.

Nothing seemed to come "natural" to them, except drill for every spontaneous movement of the soul. In literature they would have been capable of putting poets into commission, as in war they have already put Cæsar and Napoleon—not forgetting Attila and Tamerlane.

The first essay in modernity originated with the cult of Zola, by a band of precocious lads who, in the 'sixties, had been spoon-fed on his writings, and began to feel the longing for a new departure for its own sake. Of course, it was but another "Sturm und Drang," a something that seemed to derive its motive force from a steam-engine. German literature is peculiarly subject to these nervous disorders. The classic case is that of the Olympian Goethe and his *Sorrows of Werther*, in which he deliberately caught the complaint as the shortest way of getting it over.

"Down with tradition," was the cry. The topsy-turvy was to be absolute and not only in the arts, but in education, psychology, morals, politics, in the latter especially as the leading line of the new firm. All instruction that was not based on the intensive culture of the will was to die the death. The first leader of consequence was Michael Conrad, a Munich painter who saw literature as a sort of voluntary on the big drum. German-like, he founded a regular society for its propaganda, with a secretariat and an "organ" as a matter of course. This lively little thing manifested against "emasculated science," "fried fish criticism," "flunkeyism," and all else pertaining in hard words; though it was still but Carlyle's baron going methodically to work in the art of being without art. Berlin, naturally, was soon in the field, and, characteristically, it began by doubling the local leadership with the brothers Henry and Julius Hart. At first they fought Munich for supremacy, but soon all joined hands. The programme was naturally destructive at the expense of the old gang. Dahn, Freytag, Spielhagen, and others were immolated on the altars of the faith, as mad *dilettanti*, guilty in some mysterious way of furthering "the work of hell," while Turgenieff, Dostoieffsky, Tolstoy, Björnson, and Ibsen—assuredly to the surprise of many of them—were claimed as patrons of the new thought.

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The movement was much more serious in another field, history. It is deeply interesting to see how an outburst of creative energy in research that began with Niebuhr and universal sympathy should end in a Prussian school with a doctrine of universal conquest. Germany has long been the annalist of the world, but while she once wrote wholly in the service of truth, she now writes largely in the service of self-love. The change may be traced by the English reader in Mr. G. P. Gooch's recent *History and Historians of the Nineteenth Century*, a glory of British scholarship and learning in the literature of its kind. A History of Histories, it might more aptly be called, in its fascinating form of a history of historians. But the reader must find his moral for himself, for Mr. Gooch has none to enforce.

When beaten by Napoleon, the Germans naturally began to set their house in order to save them from extinction. They turned to history to learn what they had done in the past for national regeneration, and what they might hope to do again. We know how well they took the lesson to heart. Their success was so dazzling in 1870-71 that they began to dream of universal empire. They had conquered France, why not the planet next? It was intoxication, but the historians had their share, and a deep one, of the draught. History gradually became the handmaid of this ambition, and at last grew to be the degraded study which it is with some of them to-day. This was mainly the work of the Prussian or Prussianising historians.

The mighty Niebuhr was the founder of the science of history in its day of wisdom, justice, and power. His thesis was the evolution of freedom in human institutions, and he could afford to do full justice to all nations, and especially to ours, for their share of the work. Roman history was more especially his subject: he may be said to have dug up old Rome with his pen. He was too much of the period of national humiliation to be without his feelings, but he ever strove to keep them in due subordination to the facts. Nationalism and the dread of revolution were the dominant principles of his political philosophy.

Eichhorn, the most important of his immediate successors, went beyond this in his resolve to dedicate himself to history as a labour of constructive patriotism. Then

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came the Grimms, especially Jacob, with their glorious anthologies of the old German literature for the discovery of the Folk soul. If this was bias, it was only the natural one—for Germany, without being against the foreigner. "Prussia is done for," said Napoleon, "she has disappeared from the map of Europe." Even Goethe despaired: "shake your chains as you will, he is too strong for you." Wilken, a pupil of Eichhorn, went a step farther in his *History of the Crusades*, with Germany as the leading Power in Europe. A history of the Middle Ages, in his view, should begin and end with the German race.

Ranke, the other great monumental figure after Niebuhr, was from first to last a sobering force. With him history was simply a great object lesson in ethics and religion, and only with all possible reverence for the facts. He was as fair to the Popes as to Luther and the Reformation: balance was the only passion of his placid soul. He was fair to Prussia—too discriminatingly so to please many, Carlyle among them—for now, in the middle of the century, the taint of partisanship had become as indelible as a birth-mark. He simply refused to discuss the annexation of Silesia as a legal act. He was fair to England for the order and conservatism of her march of progress. He welcomed the war of 1870, but mainly as a triumph of conservatism over revolutionary Europe, and he was wholly free from the jingo taint. His rivals grew more and more impatient of his virtues: one dubbed him a sort of historian in kid gloves; another, a mere æsthete, whose outlook was that of an artist and not of a statesman. For all that, as Mr. Gooch shows, he was "the first to divorce the study of the past from the passions of the present, and to relate what actually occurred." And this, too, on the authority of the strictly contemporary sources of the period in hand. He founded the science of historical evidence and withal was "beyond comparison the greatest historical writer of modern times."

But the Germanising professors, if not the purely Prussian variety, were now maturing for their entry into politics as a party rather than a school. With them history was but a setting for the burning questions of the hour, and the idol of impartiality stood in their way. As far back as 1826 Leo had thought proper

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to censure what he was pleased to call Ranke's "timid avoidance of personal views," by which he meant his refusal to tilt the scale; and to talk of his work as mere porcelain painting for ladies and amateurs. His own work in history was certainly not open to that reproach: he seems never to have fastened on a theme without trying to make it serve the purpose of propaganda. "He glories in Hildebrand and Canossa, approves the inquisition and the Albigensian crusade, condemns Wycliffe and Hus, denounces Luther as the enemy of authority, and justifies Alva's reign of blood." This gave the patriots a method, if it did not give them a doctrine, worthy of the name, and they were soon able to claim the illustrious Gervinus as a leader. The active life, he declared, was the middle point of all history. One of his heroes was Machiavelli, who "dared all for the good of his country." In this instance, indeed, it was only action for the promotion of democratic, as distinct from merely nationalistic ideas. He witnessed the unification of Germany without enthusiasm, and denounced Bismarck for the war of 1864. He even kept his cap on his head when every other was in the air for Sedan. "I have always urged a federation, not a Prussian hegemony based on force." He "hardly belonged to any nation," said Treitschke, as he brushed him aside.

Waitz discovered that the early German tribes were highly civilised; and when one critic hinted that he ought therefore to have put them more into the picture, he excused himself on the ground that his authorities were chiefly "foreigners"—Tacitus, no doubt, among the number. Giesebrecht, a thorough conservative in politics, brings in the thin end of the wedge of the Imperial theme—a powerful empire, a vigorous church, a God-fearing people. He rises to enthusiasm over the emperors: "they made the German the people of peoples." Exactly what is thought at the Berlin Schloss to-day, exactly what its master thought when he got rid of Bismarck, in order to appropriate all the glory of the achievement to the dynasty. Even Sybel will hear nothing of this in regard to the emperors—the only hope of salvation for the bewildered reader is in the way these authorities contradict each other on the facts. He saw that all this reverence for the old empire was but a new-fangled thing, even if he did not fully suspect what

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purposes it was to be made to serve. Giesebrecht, he thought, would have done better if he had moderated his raptures, and struck a profit and loss account. The huge centralised empire of Charlemagne was detrimental to the races that needed free play. The subsequent failure of Otto's attempt to revive it was a blessing for German nationality. Still, he added, as though by way of putting himself in order, Prussia was the true leader. At the same time, a scandalised Slavonic scholar rapped out a warning note against the limitless idealisation of the German race. It passed all bounds; the German historian had two moral standards: one for Germans, another for the rest of mankind. While the Germans were extolled as the embodiment of every virtue, their age was bloody and dark.

The Prussian school began with Dahlmann, who had begun to write before 1848. But all he wanted was a Liberal empire under Prussian leadership, with constitutionalism for its corner-stone. Duncker, who followed, naturally wanted more: the German question was not one of freedom, but of force. He supported Bismarck in his conflict with the Parliament: "His writings breathe an almost mystical devotion to the dynasty." He had his reward, unsought in all probability, in his appointment as a kind of tutor to the Crown Prince Frederick, and Historiographer of Brandenburg. The next highest bidder was Droysen, pointing the moral for action, with a genial glorification of the military caste, and the militant statesmen. Prussia must not content herself any longer with being the second power in Germany—Bismarck is delighted with that. The old gang of moderation and common-sense protests against a book of this writer as "a bad novel," but he goes cheerily on to a verdict in favour of the Prussian claim to Silesia, in spite, as we have seen, of the fact that Ranke had declined to discuss it on its ethical side. Droysen discovers in his sources everything that he wants to find, even when it is not there. And finally he touches the bed-rock of false principles on which all his followers have since built with the declaration that the State, which is the all in all, is not the sum of the individuals whom it comprehends, nor does it arise from their will. The present Kaiser, in his turn, must have been delighted with this: he once sent a special message to Parliament to the

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effect that he had no knowledge of the people as the source or sanction of his power.

The current has now become too strong for Sybel, and he shows his effective repentance in a fierce onslaught on the French Revolution in every single energy of its being—an outburst that led Frederic Harrison to characterise him as “little more than a German Alison.” In a moment of unwonted candour he owns his weakness: “I am four-sevenths politician and three-sevenths professor.” After Sedan, he is Bismarck’s man, body and soul, and is ready to defend the awful crime of the doctoring of the text of the Ems telegram that goaded France into the war. It was “shortened” only, not altered. He met with his appropriate reward. He had retained enough of his old doubts, as to the supreme part played by the emperors in German history, to venture to show that Bismarck counted for more than his nominal master in the overthrow of France. This angered the new master, the Kaiser who is still with us. He not only vetoed the grant of a prize to Sybel for one of his works, but excluded him from the archives of the Foreign Office—a touch of petty spite that may help us to take his measure.

The greatest and last of the band was Treitschke. “The most eloquent of preachers, the most fervid of apostles, the most passionate of partisans,” says Mr. Gooch, “he most completely embodies the blending of history and politics which it was the aim of the School to achieve.” He simplifies the issue at the start, by adopting as his life motto: “In the dust with all the enemies of the Brandenburg.” Germany is to be not only one empire, but one State. The smaller fry are not to be federated into union, but annexed. Prussia is to attack them straight away, apparently without waiting for the formalities of a quarrel. Hanover, Hesse, Saxony “ripe and over-ripe for annihilation. My father will grieve over it—he was himself a Saxon—but.” He, too, stood the test of the Ems telegram, which is a sort of touchstone for the best or, rather, the worst of them, without a pang. Even Sybel, as we have seen, could find nothing better to say in defence of it than that nothing had been added, only something left out. The other disdains all finessing of that sort. “What a humiliation we have escaped! Had not Bismarck so

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cleverly edited the telegram the King would have given way again." The history of Germany, in which he reveals himself in these interesting lights, comes into universal acceptance, and not as a mere history with others, not even as the history, but as German History—for good and all. His brother professors bleat protest here and there, but he can afford to pay no heed to them: Germany has found what it wanted, its god of Grab. The old superseded deity of judgment and mercy was still able to discharge a Parthian shot before retiring from the scene. "God cannot take me away till I have written my sixth volume," cried Treitschke; yet he died while it was still to write.

He had all the gifts indispensable to a task which was to be brutal, reactionary, and a standing outrage on the human conscience from first to last, the magic of style, a power of loving and hating with almost volcanic force, a pen that was also a sword. All the catchwords of national and racial hatred were at his finger ends. He honours England with the bitterest detestation, "the Bible in one hand, an opium pipe in the other"—pipe and Bible as a matter of course. The Jews catch it in just the same way, and the anti-Semitism of Stöcker comes into its own. The hope of banishing war is not only meaningless, but immoral. The duel is a discipline for it: "If the strong vanquishes the weak, it is the law of life." It is history treated by a prophet scold of the first class, to meet the wants of the all-conquering race—history drawn and twisted into the required shapes like a piece of Austrian bentwood. It degrades colonisation to the level of a mere parochial extension of the German norm in every institution and in every detail of corporate life, the very thing it is not and never can be in our day.

The end and the be-all of the State, we are told, is power: he who is not man enough to look this truth in the face should not meddle with politics. A sacrifice made to an alien nation is not only immoral: it contradicts the idea of self-preservation which is the highest ideal of a State. God will see to it that war shall constantly recur as a drastic medicine for the human race. In one of his functions, Treitschke is a sort of understudy of the furies of the old horde, shrieking on the new one to rapine and blood.

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But one more prophet of wrath was wanted, and he came—Nietzsche. He is a thrice-told tale by this time, yet he has been strangely misconceived. His true significance, I suspect, is the one thing we have all missed. Historically, he continues the line of the great satirists of the world, as the Rabelais or the Swift of his time. To construe him literally is to degrade the estimate of his remarkable powers. He was a man-hater at war with his age, a super-sensitive, with a skin disease of vanity finally burrowing down to the roots of his being—a Timon of Athens, if you like, with Wagner for one of his ingrates. His philosophy is but his vengeance on the whole pack, in the form of fable. To take his Superman with a grave face as the forecast of the course of human development is to be in the same plight as the two right reverend prelates who discussed the import of Gulliver. There were some things in it, said one, that almost passed belief, while the other made bold to declare that, for his part, he didn't believe a word of it. Nietzsche's concept of the Son of Man as a patriot trickster in the service of the Rabbis was assuredly not his belief, but one that in his wrath he would fain attribute to the bulk of his fellow-creatures. His girding at morals was but compassion for its low estate, rendered, of course, in the terms of irony. His dog-whip, as the only instrument for the government of women, was, equally in the nature of the case, no personal conviction of one who owed everything to the love and care of the most devoted of womankind. His true mark was that scorn of the suffering mass, that deification of the merciless masters, which he found in the society of all time. He saw that the ages have known no other dominant type, and that humanity, as it stands to-day under the burden of its sorrows, is the tragic result.

The letter killeth; to take all this at its face value is but Sporus breaking his butterfly on the wheel. He saw that modern society was perishing of the megalomania of individualism, and he produced his monster of the Superman, as Rabelais produced some of his giants.

But this is exactly what Germany has done at the bidding of the fatuous Brandes, eager to make good his claim to the discovery of a new light in literature. He has no criterion of judgment but the "powerful personality." He might have known that Superman is but the exaggera-

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tion, in caricature, of a favourite fancy of the professor at whose feet Nietzsche sat as a youth in the lecture room. Bürckhardt revelled in his conception of the "universal man" of the Renaissance, the Tyrant and the Condottiere, who, "despite their ruthlessness, were men cast in a gigantic mould." It was the pupil's protest, not his confession of faith.

Bernhardi, with equal ingenuity in missing the point, is to Treitschke what Brandes is to Nietzsche. He hardly counts in any serious consideration of the case. He has degraded the Prussian historians to the level of mere quotations for his "trade circulars" of war, and is at best but a parasite of the regular growths. To be preached to death by a dull curate, as well as a wild one, is to suffer the superfluous pang. He stands for nothing but a pedantic scheme for the subjugation of the whole earth, until but one barbaric cry, and that a Hoch! shall be heard over the roofs of the world. He is about the only one of them known in this country. Yet, with all his imperfections on his head, he ought to be "appointed to be read in churches," not as an Apocalyptic warning of our national fate, but only to bring comfort to the citizen in his pew. England, of course, looms largely in his plan of campaign. She has long since found that those who set themselves to break Parliaments are apt to find Parliaments able to break them. Even the Prussian historians might have told him that those who undertake the larger task of breaking England run some risk of the same fate.

To form an idea of the extent to which all this has cast its spell over the German mind, we have only to turn to a curious manifesto from the German theologians, issued in the earlier stages of the war. It was addressed to "Evangelical Christians Abroad," and was, as the phrase goes, most influentially signed by professors, pastors, missionaries, evidently, by their official titles, of the highest standing in Berlin, Munich, Halle, Hamburg, Göttingen, Frankfort, Leipsig, and elsewhere. That nothing might be wanting to give it its peculiar character, it came at a time when no small part of Belgium was but a landscape of burned villages, and thousands of wretched creatures, who had lost their all, were tramping the blood-stained roads on their way beyond sea for a roof and a crust. In

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face of all this, the manifesto invited the sympathies of the Evangelical churches of Christendom for a German people, whose ideal was peaceful work, who desired to thrust none from its place, who claimed only "a modest share of colonisation in the primitive world," and who had only drawn the sword "to repel a wanton attack," and in defence of its individuality, its culture, and its honour.

The document concluded with passages from the Lord's prayer.

This far transcends hypocrisy, it comes out of the very night of the human mind, the atrophy of the human soul, and it will remain for many a day the most terrible weapon in the armoury of the adversary. From first to last, the cause of Germany is implicitly identified with civilisation, and the latter with "Teutonic Protestantism." No wonder that *Civilisation: Its Cause and Cure* is one of the most widely read of Edward Carpenter's works.

THE WAR OF LIBERATION

From a Journal

By May Sinclair

OSTEND, *September 25th*, 1914.—After the painful births and deaths of I don't know how many committees, after six weeks' struggling with something we imagined to be Red Tape, which proved to be the combined egoism of several persons all desperately anxious to "get to the Front," and desperately afraid of somebody else getting there too, and getting there first, we are actually off.

There are thirteen of us: the Commandant, and Dr. Haynes and Dr. Bird under him; and Mrs. Torrence, a trained nurse and midwife, who can drive a motor car through anything, and take it to bits and put it together again; Janet McNeil, an expert motorist, and Ursula Dearmer and Mrs. Lambert, Red Cross Emergency nurses; Mr. Grierson, Mr. Foster, and Mr. Riley, stretcher-bearers, and two chauffeurs, and me. I don't know where I come in. But they've called me the Secretary and Reporter, which sounds very fine, and I am to keep the accounts (Heaven help them!) and write the Commandant's reports, and toss off articles for the daily papers, to make a little money for the Corps.

We are off.

And we have landed at Ostend.

I'll confess now that I dreaded Ostend more than anything. We had been told that there were horrors upon horrors in Ostend. The state of the bathing-machines, where the Refugees lived, was unspeakable. I imagined the Digue covered with the horrific bathing-machines. On the other hand, Ostend was said to be the safest spot in Europe. No Germans there. No Zeppelins. No bombs.

And we found the bathing-machines planted out several miles from the town, almost invisible specks on a vanishing

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shore-line. The refugees we met walking about the streets of Ostend were in fairly good case and bore themselves bravely. But the town had been bombarded the night before and our hotel had been the object of very special attentions. We chose it (the Terminus) because it lay close to the landing-stage, and saved us the trouble of going into the town to look for quarters. It was under the same roof as the railway station, where we proposed to leave our ambulance cars and heavy luggage. And we had no difficulty whatever in getting rooms for the whole thirteen of us. There was no sort of competition for rooms in that hotel. I said to myself: "If Ostend ever is bombarded, this railway station will be the first to suffer. And the hotel and railway station are one." And when I was shown into a bedroom with glass windows all along its inner wall and a fine glass front looking out on to the platforms under the immense glass roof of the station, I said: "If this hotel is ever bombarded, what fun it will be for the person who sleeps in this bed between these glass windows."

We were all rather tired and hungry as we met for dinner at seven o'clock. And when we were told that all lights would be put out in the town at 8.30, we only thought that a municipality which was receiving all the refugees in Belgium must practise *some* economy, and that, anyway, an hour and a half was enough for anybody to dine in; and we hoped that the Commandant, who had gone to call on the English chaplain at the Grand Hotel Littoral, would find his way back again to the peaceful and commodious shelter of the Terminus.

He did find his way back, at 7.30, just in time to give us a chance of clearing out, if we chose to take it. The English chaplain, it seemed, was surprised and dismayed at our idea of a suitable hotel, and he implored us to fly, instantly, before a bomb burst in among us (this was the first we had heard of the bombardment of the night before). The Commandant put it to us as we sat there: Whether would we leave that dining-room at once and pack our baggage all over again, and bundle out, and go hunting for rooms all through Ostend with the lights out, and perhaps fall into the harbour; or stay where we were and risk the off-chance of a bomb? And we were all very

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tired and hungry, and we had only got to the soup, and we had seen (and smelt) the harbour, so we said we'd stay where we were and risk it.

And we stayed. A Taube hovered over us and never dropped its bomb.

Saturday, 26th.—When we compared notes the next morning we found that we had all gone soundly to sleep, too tired to take the Taube seriously, all except our two chauffeurs, who were downright annoyed because no bomb had entered their bedroom. Then we all went out and looked at the little hole in the roof of the fish-market, and the big hole in the hotel garden, and thought of bombs as curious natural phenomena that never had, and never would have, any intimate connection with *us*.

And for five weeks, ever since I knew that I must certainly go out with this expedition, I had been living in black funk; in shameful and appalling terror. Every night before I went to sleep I saw an interminable spectacle of horrors, trunks without heads, heads without trunks, limbs tangled in intestines, corpses by every roadside, murders, mutilations, my friends shot dead before my eyes. Nothing I shall ever see will be more ghastly than the things I have seen. And yet, before a possibly-to-be-bombarded Ostend this strange visualising process ceases, and I see nothing and feel nothing. Absolutely nothing; until suddenly the Commandant announces that he is going into the town, by himself, to *buy a hat*, and I get my first experience of real terror.

For the hats that the Commandant buys when he is by himself—there are no words for them.

We have left Ostend for Ghent.

We pass through Bruges without seeing it. I have no recollection whatever of having seen the belfry. We see nothing but the canal (where we halt to take in petrol) and more villages, more faces. And more troops.

Half-way between Bruges and Ghent an embankment thrown up on each side of the road tells of possible patrols and casual shooting. It is the first visible intimation that the enemy may be anywhere.

A curious excitement comes to you. I suppose it is excitement, though it doesn't feel like it. You have been drunk, very slightly drunk, with the speed of the car. But

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now you are sober. Your heart beats quietly, steadily, but with a little creeping, mounting thrill in the beat. The sensation is distinctly pleasurable. You say to yourself, "It is coming. Now—or the next minute—perhaps at the end of the road." You have one moment of regret. "After all, it would be a pity if it came too soon, before we'd even begun our job." But the thrill, mounting steadily, overtakes the regret. It is only a little thrill, so far (for you don't really believe that there is any danger), but you can imagine the thing growing, growing steadily, till it becomes ecstasy. Not that you imagine anything at the moment. At the moment you are no longer an observing, reflecting being; you have ceased to be aware of yourself; you exist only in that quiet, steady thrill that is so unlike any excitement that you have ever known. Presently you get used to it. "What a fool I should have been if I hadn't come. I wouldn't have missed this run for the world."

A church spire, a few roofs rising above trees. Then many roofs all together. Then the beautiful, grey-white foreign city.

As we run through the streets we are followed by cyclists; cyclists issue from every side-street and pour into our road; cyclists rise up out of the ground to follow us. We don't realise all at once that it is the ambulance they are following. Bowing low like racers over their handle-bars, they shoot past us; they slacken pace and keep alongside, they shoot ahead; the cyclists are most fearfully excited. It dawns on us that they are escorting us; that they are racing each other; that they are bringing the news of our arrival to the town. They behave as if we were the vanguard of the British Army.

We pass the old Military Hospital, *Hôpital Militaire* No. I, and presently arrive at the Flandria Palace Hotel, which is *Hôpital Militaire* No. II. The cyclists wheel off, scatter and disappear. The crowd in the *Place* gathers round the porch of the hotel to look at the English Ambulance.

We enter. We are received by various officials and presented to Madame F., the head of the Red Cross nursing staff. There is some confusion, and Mrs. Torrence finds herself introduced as the Secretary of the English Committee. Successfully concealed behind the broadest

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back in the Corps, which belongs to Mr. Grierson, I have time to realise how funny we all are. Everybody in the hospital is in uniform, of course. The nurses of the Belgian Red Cross wear white linen over-alls, with the brassard on one sleeve and the Red Cross on the breasts of their over-alls, and over their foreheads on the front of their white linen veils. The men wear military or semi-military uniforms. We had never agreed as to our uniform, and some of us had had no time to get it, if we had agreed. Assembled in the vestibule, we look more like a party of refugees, or the cast of a Barrie play, than a field ambulance corps. Mr. Grierson, the Chaplain, alone wears complete khaki, in which he is indistinguishable from any Tommy. The Commandant, obeying some mysterious inspiration, had left his khaki suit behind. He wears a Norfolk jacket and one of his hats. Mr. Foster, in plain clothes, with a satchel slung over his shoulders, has the air of an inquiring tourist. Mrs. Torrence and Janet McNeil, in short khaki tunics, khaki putties, and round Jaeger caps, and very thick coats over all, strapped in with leather belts, look as if they were about to sail on an Arctic expedition; I was told to wear dark blue serge, and I wear it accordingly; Ursula Dearmer and Mrs. Lambert are in normal clothes. But the amiable officials and the angelic Belgian ladies behave as if there was nothing in the least odd about our appearance. They remember only that we are English and that it is now six o'clock and that we have had no tea. They conceive this to be the most deplorable fate that can overtake the English, and they hurry us into the great kitchen to a round table loaded with cake and bread and butter and enormous bowls of tea. The angelic beings in white veils wait on us. We are hungry, and we think (a pardonable error) that this meal is hospital supper; after which some work will surely be found for us to do.

We are shown to our quarters on the third floor. We expect two bare dormitories with rows of hard beds, which we are prepared to make ourselves, besides sweeping the dormitories, and we find a fine suite of rooms—a mess-room, bed-rooms, dressing-rooms, bath-rooms—and hospital orderlies for our *valets de chambre*.

We unpack, sit round the mess-room, and wait for

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orders. Perhaps we may all be sent down into the kitchen to wash up. Personally, I hope we shall be, for washing-up is a thing I can do both quickly and well. It is now seven o'clock.

At half-past we are sent down into the kitchen, not to wash up, but, if you will believe it, to dine. And more hospital orderlies wait on us at dinner.

The desire of our hearts is to do *something*, if it is only to black the boots of the angelic beings. But no, there is nothing for us to do. To-morrow, perhaps, the doctors and stretcher-bearers will be busy. We hear that only five wounded have been brought into the hospital to-day. They have no ambulance cars, and ours will be badly needed—to-morrow. But to-night, no.

We go out into the town, to the Hôtel de la Poste, and sit outside the café and drink black coffee in despair. We find our chauffeurs doing the same thing. Then we go back to our sumptuous hotel and so, dejectedly, to bed. Aeroplanes hover above us all night.

Sunday, 27th.—Dr. Wilson has come. He looks clever and nice. We hang about waiting for orders. They may come at any moment. Meanwhile, this place grows queer and fantastic. Now it is an hotel, and now it is a military hospital; its two aspects shift and merge into each other with a dream-like effect.

I confess to a slight persistent fear of *seeing* these wounded whom I cannot help. It is not very active, it has left off visualising the horror of bloody bandages and mangled bodies. But it's there, it waits for me in every corridor and at the turn of every stair, and it makes me loathe myself.

We have news this morning of a battle at Alost, a town about fifteen kilometres south-east of Ghent. The Belgians are moving forty thousand men from Antwerp towards Ghent, and heavy fighting is expected near the town. If we are not in the thick of it, we are on the edge of the thick.

They have just told us an awful thing. Two wounded men were left lying out on the battle-field all night after yesterday's fighting. The military ambulances did not fetch them. Our ambulance was not sent out. There are all sorts of formalities to be observed before it can go.

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We haven't got our military passes yet. And our English Red Cross brassards are no use. We must have Belgian ones, stamped with the Government stamp. And these things take time.

We are all suffering a slight tension. The men, who can see no reason why the ambulance should not have been sent out last night, are restless and abstracted and impatient for the order to get up and go. No wonder. They have been waiting five weeks for their chance.

Our restlessness increases.

11 a.m.—I have seen one of them. As I went downstairs this morning, two men, carrying a stretcher, crossed the landing below. I saw the outline of the wounded body under the blanket, and the head laid back on the pillow.

It is impossible, it is inconceivable, that I should have been afraid of seeing this. It is as if the wounded man himself absolved me from the memory and the reproach of fear.

And here on the first landing is another wounded. His face is deformed by an abscess from a bullet in his mouth. It gives him a terrible look, half savage, wholly suffering. He sits there and cannot speak.

And at noon no orders have come for us.

They come just as we are sitting down to lunch. Our ambulance car is to go to Alost at once. The Commandant is arrested in the act of cutting bread. Dr. Bird is arrested in the act of eating it. We are all arrested in our several acts. As if they had been criminal acts, we desist suddenly. The men get up and look at each other. It is clear that they cannot all go. Mr. Grierson looks at the Commandant.

The Commandant looks at Dr. Bird and tells him that he may go if he likes. His tone is admirably casual, it conveys no sense of the magnificence of his renunciation. He looks also at Mr. Grierson and Mr. Foster. The lot of honour falls upon these three.

They set out, with the air of a youthful picnic party. Dr. Bird is the boisterous young man in charge of the champagne.

They have come back, incredibly safe, and have brought in four wounded.

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Later in the evening both cars were sent out, Car No. 1 with the Commandant.

They all come back, impossibly safe. They are rather like children after the party, too excited to give a lucid and coherent tale of what they've done. My ambulance Day-book stores the stuff from which reports and newspaper articles are to be made. I note that Car No. 1 has brought three wounded to Hospital I., and that Car No. 2 has brought four wounded to Hospital II., also that a dum-dum bullet has been found in the hand of one of the three. There is a considerable stir among the surgeons over this bullet. They are vaguely gratified at its being found in our hospital and not the other.

Little Janet McNeil and Mr. Riley, and all the others who were left behind, have gone to bed in hopeless gloom. Even the bullet hasn't roused them beyond the first tense moment.

Monday, 28th.—We have been here a hundred years.

If there are not enough wounded to go round in Ghent, there are more refugees than Ghent can deal with. They are pouring in by all the roads from Alost and Termonde. Every train disgorged multitudes of them into the *Place*.

This morning I went to the Matron, Madame F., and told her I wasn't much good, but I'd be glad if she could give me some work. I said I supposed there was some to be done among the refugees.

Work? Among the refugees? They could employ whole armies of us. There are thousands of refugees at the Palais des Fêtes. I had better go there and see what is being done. Madame will give me an introduction to her sister-in-law, Madame F., the *Présidente* of the *Comité des Dames*, and to her niece, Mademoiselle F., who will take me to the Palais.

And Madame adds that there will soon be work for all of us in the hospital. Yes: even for the untrained.

Life is once more bearable.

In the afternoon Mademoiselle F. called to take me to the Palais des Fêtes. We stopped at a shop on the way to buy the Belgian Red Cross uniform—the white linen over-all and veil—which you must wear if you work among the refugees there.

Madame F. is very kind and very tired. She has been

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working here since early morning for weeks on end. They are short of volunteers for the service of the evening meals, and I am to work at the tables for three hours, from 6 to 9 p.m. This is settled, and a young Red Cross volunteer takes me over the Palais. It is an immense building, rather like Olympia. It stands away from the town in open grounds like the Botanical Gardens, Regent's Park. It is where the great annual shows were held and vast civic entertainments given. Metres of country round Ghent are given up to market-gardening. There are whole fields of begonias out here, brilliant and vivid in the sun. They will never be sold, never gathered, never shown in the Palais des Fêtes. It is the peasants, the men and women who tilled these fields, and their children that are being shown here, in the splendid and wonderful place where they never set foot before.

There are four thousand of them lying on straw in the outer hall, in a space larger than Olympia. They are laid out in rows all round the four walls, and on every foot of ground between, men, women, and children together, packed so tight that there is barely standing-room between any two of them. Here and there a family huddles up close, trying to put a few inches between it and the rest, some have hollowed out a place in the straw or piled a barrier of straw between themselves and their neighbours, in a piteous attempt at privacy; some have dragged their own bedding with them and are lodged in comparative comfort. But these are the very few. The most part are utterly destitute, and utterly abandoned to their destitution. They are broken with fatigue. They have stumbled and dropped, no matter where, no matter beside whom. None turns from his neighbour; none scorns or hates or loathes his fellow. The rigidly righteous *bourgeoise* lies in the straw breast to breast with the harlot of the village slum, and her innocent daughter back to back with the parish drunkard. Nothing matters. Nothing will ever matter any more.

They tell you that when darkness comes down on all this there is hell. But you do not believe it. You can see nothing sordid and nothing ugly here. The scale is too vast. Your mind refuses this coupling of infamy with transcendent sorrow. It rejects all images but the one

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image of desolation, which is final and supreme. It is as if these forms had no stability and no significance of their own; as if they were locked together in one immense body and stirred or slept as one.

Two or three figures mount guard over this litter of prostrate forms. They are old men and old women seated on chairs. They sit upright and immobile, with their hands folded on their knees. Some of them have fallen asleep where they sit. They are all rigid in an attitude of resignation. They have the dignity of figures that will endure, like that, for ever. They are Flamands.

This place is terribly still. There is hardly any rustling of the straw. Only here and there the cry of a child fretting for sleep or for its mother's breast. These people do not speak to each other. Half of them are sound asleep, fixed in the posture they took when they dropped into the straw. The others are drowsed with weariness, stupefied with sorrow. On all these thousands of faces there is a mortal apathy. Their ruin is complete. They have been stripped bare of the means of life and of all likeness to living things. They do not speak. They do not think. They do not, for the moment, feel. In all the four thousand—except for the child crying yonder—there is not one tear.

And you who look at them cannot speak or think or feel either, and you have not one tear. A path has been cleared through the straw from door to door down the middle of the immense hall, a narrower track goes all round it in front of the litters that are ranged under the walls, and you are taken through and round the Show. You are to see it all. The dear little Belgian lady, your guide, will not let you miss anything. "*Regardez, Mademoiselle, ces deux petites filles. Qu'elles sont jolies, les pauvres petites.*" "*Voici deux jeunes mariés, qui dorment. Regardez l'homme; il tient encore la main de sa femme.*"

You look. Yes. They are asleep. He is really holding her hand. "*Et ces quatre petits enfants qui ont perdu leur père et leur mère. C'est triste, n'est-ce pas, Mademoiselle?*"

And you say: "*Oui, Mademoiselle. C'est bien triste.*"

But you don't mean it. You don't feel it. You don't

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know whether it is "*triste*" or not. You are not sure that "*triste*" is the word for it. There are no words for it, because there are no ideas for it. It is a sorrow that transcends all sorrow that you have ever known. You have a sort of idea that, perhaps, if you can ever feel again, this sight will be worse to remember than it is to see. You can't believe what you see; you are stunned, stupefied, as if you yourself had been crushed and numbed in the same catastrophe. Only now and then a face upturned (a face that your guide hasn't pointed out to you), surging out of this incredible welter of faces and forms, smites you with pity, and you feel as if you had received a lacerating wound in sleep.

Little things strike you, though. Already you are forgetting the faces of the two little girls and of the young husband and wife holding each other's hands, and of the four little children who have lost their father and mother, but you notice the little dog, the yellow-brown mongrel terrier, that absurd little dog which belongs to all races and all countries. He has obtained possession of the warm centre of a pile of straw and is curled up on it fast asleep. And the Flemish family who brought him, who carried him in turn for miles rather than leave him to the Germans, they cannot stretch themselves on the straw because of him. They have propped themselves up as best they may all round him, and they cannot sleep, they are too uncomfortable.

More thousands than there is room for in the straw are fed three times a day in the inner hall, leading out of this dreadful dormitory. All round the inner hall and on the upper storey off the gallery are rooms for washing and dressing the children, and for bandaging sore feet and attending to the wounded. For there are many wounded among the refugees. This part of the Palais is also a hospital, with separate wards for men, for women and children, and for special cases.

Late in the evening, M. P—— took the whole corps to see the Palais des Fêtes, and I went again. By night, I suppose, it is even more "*triste*" than it was by day. In the darkness, the gardens have taken on some malign mystery, and have given it to the multitudes that move there, that turn in the winding paths among ghostly

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flowers and bushes, that approach and recede and approach in the darkness of the lawns. Blurred by the darkness and diminished to the barest indications of humanity, their forms are more piteous and forlorn than ever; their faces, thrown up by the darkness, more awful in their blankness and their pallor. The scene, drenched in darkness, is unearthly and unintelligible. You cannot account for it in saying to yourself that these are the refugees, and everybody knows what a refugee is; that there is War—and everybody knows what War is—in Belgium, and that these people have been shelled out of their homes and are here at the Palais des Fêtes, because there is no other place for them, and the kind citizens of Ghent have undertaken to house and feed them here. That doesn't make it one bit more credible or bring you nearer to the secret of these forms. You who are compelled to move with them in the sinister darkness are more than ever under the spell that forbids you and them to feel. You are deadened now to the touch of the incarnate.

On the edge of the lawn, near the door of the *Palais*, some ghostly roses are growing on a ghostly tree. Your guide, M. P——, pauses to tell you their names and kind. It seems that they are rare.

Several hundred more refugees have come into the *Palais* since the afternoon. They have had to pack them a little closer in the straw. Eight thousand were fed this evening in the inner hall.

In the crush I got separated from M. P—— and from the Corps. I see some of them in the distance, the Commandant and Ursula Dearmer and Mrs. Torrence and M. P——. I do not feel as if I belonged to them any more. I belong so much to the stunned sleepers in the straw who cannot feel.

Nice Dr. Wilson comes across to me, and we go round together, looking at the sleepers. He says that nothing he has seen of the war has moved him so much as this sight. He wishes that the Kaiser could be brought here to see what he has done. And I find myself clenching my hands tight till it hurts, not to suppress my feelings—for I feel nothing—but because I am afraid that kind Dr. Wilson is going to talk. At the same time, I would rather he didn't leave me just yet. There is a sort of comfort and pro-

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tection in being with somebody who isn't callous, who can really feel.

But Dr. Wilson isn't very fluent, and presently he leaves off talking, too.

Near the door we pass the family with the little yellow-brown dog. All the day the little dog slept in their place. And now that they are trying to sleep, he will not let them. The little dog is wide awake and walking all over them. And when you think what it must have cost to bring him—

C'est triste, n'est-ce pas ?

As we left the gardens, M. P—— gathered two ghostly roses, the last left on their tree, and gave one to Mrs. Lambert and one to me. I felt something rather like a pang, then. Heaven knows why, for such a little thing.

Conference in our mess-room. M. le C., the Belgian Red Cross guide, who goes out with our ambulances, is there. He is very serious and important. The Commandant calls us to come and hear what he has to say. It seems that it had been arranged that one of our cars should be sent to-morrow morning to Termonde to bring back refugees. But M. le C. does not think that car will ever start. He says that the Germans are now within a few miles of Ghent, and may be expected to occupy it to-morrow morning, and that, instead of going to Termonde to-morrow, we had very much better pack up and retreat to Bruges to-night. There are ten thousand Germans ready to march into Ghent.

M. le C. is weighed down by the thought of his ten thousand Germans. But the Commandant is not weighed down a bit. On the contrary, a pleasant exaltation comes upon him. It comes upon the whole Corps, it comes even upon me. We refuse to believe in his ten thousand Germans. M. le C. himself cannot swear to them. We refuse to pack up. We refuse to retreat to Bruges to-night. Time enough for agitation in the morning. We prefer to go to bed. M. le C. shrugs his shoulders, as much as to say that he has done his duty, and if we are all murdered in our beds it isn't his fault.

Does M. le C. really believe in the advance of the ten thousand? His face is inscrutable.

Tuesday, 29th.—No Germans in Ghent. No Germans reported near Ghent.

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5.30. It is my turn now at the Palais des Fêtes.

It took ages to get in. The dining-hall is narrower than the sleeping-hall, but it extends beyond it on one side, where there is a large door opening on the garden. But this door is closed to the public. You can only reach the dining-hall by going through the straw among the sleepers. And at this point the Commandant's optimism has broken down. He won't let you go in through the straw, and the clerk who controls the entry won't let you go in through the other door. You explain to the clerk that the English Ambulance, being quartered in a Military Hospital, its rules are inviolable; it is not allowed to expose itself to the horrors of the straw. The clerk is not interested in the English Ambulance, he is not impressed by the fact that it has volunteered its priceless services to the Refugee Committee, and he is contemptuous of the orders of its Commandant. His business is to see that you go into the *Palais* through *his* door and not through any other door. And when you tell him that if he will not withdraw his regulations the Ambulance will be compelled to withdraw its services, he replies with delicious sarcasm: "*Nous n'avons pas prévu ça.*"

In the end you are referred to the Secretary in his bureau. He grasps the situation and is urbanity itself. Provided with a special permit bearing his sacred signature you are admitted by the other door.

Your passage to the *Vestiaire* takes you through the infants' room and along the galleries past the wards. The crowd of refugees is so great that beds have been put up in the galleries. You take off your outer garments and put on the Belgian Red Cross uniform (you have realised by this time that your charming white over-all and veil are sanitary precautions).

Coming down the wide wooden stairways you have a full view of the Inner Hall. This enormous oblong space below the galleries is the heart, the fervid central *foyer* of the Palais des Fêtes. At either end of it is an immense auditorium, tier above tier of seats, rising towards the gallery floors. All down each side of it, standards with triumphal devices are tilted from the balustrade. Banners hang from the rafters.

And under them, down the whole length of the hall from auditorium to auditorium, the tables are set out.

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Bare, wooden tables, one after another, more tables than you can count.

From the door of the sleeping-hall to each auditorium, and from each auditorium down the line of the tables, a gangway is roped off for the passage of the refugees.

They say there are ten thousand five hundred here to-night. Beyond the rope-line, along the inner hall, more straw has been laid down to bed the overflow from the outer hall. They come on in relays to be fed. They are marshalled first into the seats of each auditorium, where they sit like the spectators of some monstrous festival, and wait for their turn at the tables.

This, the long procession of people streaming in without haste, in perfect order and submission, is heart-rending if you like. The immensity of the crowd no longer overpowers you. The barriers make it a steady procession, a creditable spectacle. You can take it in. It is the thin end of the wedge in your heart. They come on so slowly that you can count them as they come. They have sorted themselves out. The fathers and the mothers are together, they lead their little children by the hand or push them gently before them. There is no anticipation in their eyes; no eagerness and no impatience in their bearing. They do not hasten each other or scramble for their places. It is their silence and submission that you cannot stand.

For you have a moment of dreadful inactivity after the setting of the tables for the *première service*. You have filled your bowls with black coffee; somebody else has laid the slices of white bread on the bare tables. You have nothing to do but stand still and see them file into the banquet. On the banners and standards from the roof and balustrades the Lion of Flanders ramps over their heads. And somewhere in the back of your brain a song sings itself to a tune that something in your brain wakes up:—

Ils ne vont pas dompter
Le vieux lion de Flandres,
Tant que le lion a des dents,
Tant que le lion peut griffer.

It is the song the Belgian soldiers sang as they marched to battle in the first week of August. It is only the end of September now.

FROM A JOURNAL

And somebody standing beside you says : "*C'est triste, n'est-ce pas ?*"

You cannot look any more.

At the canteen the men are pouring out coffee from enormous enamelled jugs into the small jugs that the waitresses bring. This wastes your time and cools the coffee. So you take a big jug from the men. It seems to you no heavier than an ordinary tea-pot. And you run with it. To carry the largest possible jug at the swiftest possible pace is your only chance of keeping sane. (It isn't till it is all over that you hear the whisper of "*Anglaise !*" and realise how very far from sane you must have looked running round with your enormous jug.) You can fill up the coffee bowls again—the little bowls full, the big bowls only half full—there is more than enough coffee to go round. But there is no milk except for the babies. And when they ask you for more bread, there is not enough to go twice round. The ration is now two slices of dry bread and a bowl of black coffee three times a day. Till yesterday there was an allowance of meat for soup at the mid-day meal; to-day the army has commandeered all the meat.

But you needn't stand still any more. After the first service the bowls have to be cleared from the tables and washed and laid ready for the next. Round the great wooden tubs there is frightful competition. It is who can wash and dry and carry back the quickest. You contend with brawny Flemish women for the first dip into the tub and the driest towel. Then you race round the tables with your pile of crockery, and then with your jug, and so on over and over again for three hours, till the last relay is fed and the tables are deserted. You wash up again, and it is all over for you till six o'clock to-morrow evening.

You go back to your mess-room and a ten o'clock supper of cold coffee and sandwiches and Belgian currant loaf, eaten with butter. And in a nightmare afterwards, Belgian refugees gather round you and pluck at your sleeve and cry to you for more bread : "*Une petite tranche de pain, s'il vous plaît, mademoiselle !*"

(*To be continued.*)

The Price of Nationality

By W. L. George

Hi there! Who will serve the King?
And strike frog-eating Frenchmen dead?
And cut off Bonyparty's head?
And all that sort of thing?

THE price of nationality is war.

Let it not be inferred from this statement that I belong to the "stop-the-war" party. For good or for evil this war has begun; it must be persisted in, whatever the cost, waged with the most extreme violence which man can conceive, brought to a successful conclusion. We are paying the penalty of living in historic times. I detest militarism, and though I will not concede that Germany has the monopoly of militarism, I can evidently have no love for its proficiency in the art of wanton aggression. But to say that this war will end war is to voice a sentiment which, however amiable, seems to rest on no foundation. This war will not end war, and no war can end war because war does not ingeminate the spirit of peace but the spirit of revenge. If the French win it is *La Revanche*. Jena was one for the French, Sedan one for the Germans; Berlin may be another for the French, and so on. After a war the victors are arrogant and swollen, particularly the non-combatants, seek further fields to conquer; that is not only the story of the Hohenzollerns; it is the story of Napoleon, of Alexander, of Charles XII. of Sweden, of every conqueror. Meanwhile the vanquished are sullen and mutter revenge: that is not only the story of France; it is the story of Prussia after Jena, of Italy after Custozza and Novara, of Britain after Majuba. War is like an animal or a plant; if fed it grows. And yet there are many who, carried away by sociological sentimentality, think to breed from the dogs of war the dove of peace, which is singular stud-practice. Among them is Mr. H. G. Wells.

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I do not like to cavil when Mr. Wells proposes; to do so is like tearing feathers from the haughty wings of Icarus. He has such hopes and in his maturity has not forgotten the road to the fountain Hippocrene. But . . .

But, in common with many people who believe in the possible first and the desirable next, I ask for lesser flights. Did not the sun melt the waxen links of the Icarian wings? We must examine the quality of the people with whom we deal and the conditions in which they have their being. Such an inquiry is obviously essential if we seek out the impulses of war, which are four in number:—(a) The armament firms and the Press. (b) The thrones. (c) The diplomats. (d) The national will.

No doubt the armament firms and the Press, this one half venal and half gulled, have been at the root of most modern wars. It is quite natural; a manufacturer of guns is not in business in a spirit of Undershaftian merriment; he is there to earn money, and if I were a maker of guns I would certainly open a special department to bribe and inflame the European Press; bloodshed would be my advertisement. But between the disease and the remedy a chasm lies which cannot, I fear, be bridged by Mr. Wells's otherwise excellent suggestion that weapons should be made solely by the State. There are various reasons, and one of them is that the State is sometimes mean and inefficient. Mr. Wells in this respect endorsed the verdict of Sir George Greenhill as to the superiority of the Berlin Military Technical Academy over Woolwich. I will not, however, labour this point, for the State is not always inefficient; more important is the fact that private armament firms are a reserve force which provides in war the excess over what is wanted in peace; even that reserve may prove inadequate, as is shown by Lord Kitchener's declaration that we cannot produce material fast enough. The State might indeed lay down plant adequate for an emergency, but unless it entered the open market it could not keep that plant employed; more serious still, it could not train enough workmen to use it, and if it did not do those things an emergency would find it helpless. (This is assuming that other wars will come; they will, and not because war has always been, but because the factors which make wars will remain at work.)

We will assume, however, that Governments alone shall

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manufacture arms; what guarantee have we that Governments will try to keep down their own industry? The Post Office does not; in 1913-14 it made a profit of £6,193,000; it did not increase wages much, nor lower rates of postage; it appropriated the profit. The German Government, which has borrowed at $3\frac{1}{2}$ -4 per cent. to build railways, makes a profit of $5\frac{1}{2}$ -6 per cent. It does not use the 2 per cent. to lower rates; it keeps the money. True, even the State is sometimes capable of self-abnegation. Mr. Bark, Minister of Finance, recently informed us that Russia had abandoned an annual vodka and alcohol revenue of £65,000,000, but he has ingenuously confessed that production and, therefore, revenue have improved; briefly, the paternal employer! I suspect that a Government monopoly of armaments, if effective in defence, would have to behave like a private firm. The German yards and the British yards would still have to compete to arm Brazil and Andorra; the Budget would rely on their profits, and the income-tax payer appreciate a penny off, balanced by blood-money. The State might even be tempted to subsidise the scare-foe papers . . . in countries where the State had no armament factories.

With the second cause, the thrones, we reach more obvious ground. For the thrones, too, personally ambitious, make for war by their desire to dominate. The connections between thrones and war are sometimes startling; a little while ago it was rumoured that a marriage between the Royal Families of Serbia and Roumania might procure the entry of Roumania into the war. 700,000 men would make a pretty wedding-present, and though incredible it is true. Likewise, I understand that the entry of Greece into the war has been impeded because that country's King is the Kaiser's brother-in-law, that Bulgaria has been held back owing to similar causes. I do not infer that all monarchs are evil men; and if they were I would not necessarily ask for their removal, as we need not pure, but efficient men. I suspect that the Kaiser has strong, if peculiar moral views, has a clear idea of right and wrong; he is, in other words, a Truly Good Man. This is not confined to monarchs; I believe that President Wilson is also a man with a moral theory. He, too, is a Truly Good Man. Nothing is so dangerous! A Fouché, a Talleyrand

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will give way because they do not care; a Truly Good Man will drench the world in blood because he must do his duty. The atmosphere of a monarch is too rarefied, too remote from that of the picture-palace and the 'bus; suppleness and political cynicism grow ill in such an air. Yet, this is not a war against thrones. Far from it! we will maintain thrones, we will make more thrones. If the Hohenzollerns are overthrown, a republic need not arise. And we cannot deprive Germany of her thrones; even if she hated them, just because we wanted to take them away she would fight to the death to retain menaced symbols. Still, let us assume that we break up Germany and Austria-Hungary; then Germany will produce one territory, three republics, and twenty-two thrones. These will breed endless rivalries, and I imagine Britain supporting Wurtemberg against Bavaria, so as to import spats under the most-favoured-nation clause; I conceive a savage attack by the Grand Duchy of Oldenburg on the Republic of Bremen, with the financial connivance of the principality of Schwarzburg Rudolstadt. The old game, but much worse; for the twenty-one chances of war that were in old Europe alone in its twenty-one States we should have forty-five. And if the Hapsburgs were overthrown we should exchange one throne for at least nine. Need one labour that thirty-three more courts, with thirty-three more flags liable to insult, thirty-three more groups of intensely patriotic papers, thirty-three more sets of diplomats anxious to be clever, would double the chances of war?

For the diplomats that fatten on the thrones which they undermine would surely then become to sick humanity what the surgeon is to the sick man, who cannot cure himself. The diplomat has a vested interest in snaky finesse. He has established a corner in secrets. Can you imagine him on peace day abolishing the network of embassies which give him his power? His chief occupation, of late years, has been to prevent Serbia having a port. He will not abandon his trade. And should he abandon his trade, should he indeed, as I think Mr. Wells desires, discuss publicly, then the scare-foe Press will seize upon every word, find an insult in every raised eyebrow. There is no second alternative; it is either secrecy and entanglement, or publicity and anger.

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Anger, indeed, is the soul of what is called the national will. To call it a will is perhaps too much; it is an instinct and mainly an instinct to hate. The people do not want to abolish war; they talk of peace and that is lip-service; they like blood as they like murders, boxing, the cinema. Many men know Lister, but many more remember Charles Peace. War is colour and romance. They love it because they like to hate, because hatred is strong; it is easier to shout "Down with the blushing Germans!" than "St. George for England!" (Will anyone who reads those words aloud deny that the cry of hatred is the more invigorating of the two?) The people hate the foreigner unless they despise him; they do not know him, and so cannot tolerate him; not all, but many like war for if they did not they would not enlist uncompelled; the word "empire" and what it implies makes their heart swell; phrases the property of all nations, "the bulldog breed," "*Impossible n'est pas français*," "*Gott mit uns*," are stirring as oriflammes. The impulse of the people is to hate. In a minor way there is hatred between North Country and South, between Welshman and Englishman, Ulsterman and Kerryman, just as there is hatred between "Chatsworth" and "Sandringham" at Tooting Bec. Every day I meet people ready to condone any atrocities that may one day be committed by the Allies in Germany; I meet some who hope by atrocities to "serve the Germans out," who clamour for the ill-treatment of prisoners of war, people whose phrases make a hymn of hate. Love of country is mainly hatred of other countries. There is love, too, splendid, ready for all pains, but it awakes mostly through hatred. A nation will find £1,400,000 a day to kill, but do not ask it for £1,400,000 a year for cancer research, to save. A million men will give three years of their time to slay; but do not ask of them an hour for social service. They want to maintain their nationality because it is a possession; it is something of theirs to defend and it is something of the other man's to take.

Because of this condition of the national "will" there is no backing for such ideas as those which Mr. Wells expresses. The people want to be separate; they want to be let alone until somebody suggests to them that the time has come for them to interfere with another

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nation. But it would not matter very much if, indeed, the people were pacific and anxious to let live; they are in the hands of a coalition, thrones, nobles, manufacturers, money-lenders, who have captured the machines of government. They are powerless against their Parliaments (even when it is war they want, assuming the Italian people, for instance, desire it); their Parliaments are powerless against their rulers because the machine is so centralised that if one part is taken out the whole may break up. The fate of the British Parliament in this war is argument enough. It was not consulted until the time came for the voting of supplies. It did not protest; it voted the supplies in forty-five seconds. What else could it do? If it had wanted to protest it could easily have been turned out by a platoon on the plea of national emergency. However anxious the people may be to express a desire, they cannot do so: the Press can be terrorised by the Censor; it can be suspended (as the *Libre Parole* has been), or muzzled like our own; meetings can be dispersed by paid soldiery; they can even be dispersed by conscripts if the Government is wily enough to quarter the men from the North in the South Country, and *vice versa*. Therefore, these millennial ideas are hardly worth spreading. Before we can organise peace we must do away with the elements that make for war, we must prepare for the political revolution. Only one war is necessary, the war against the nation idea. And let no man find contradiction between my contention that the people have no power to express their "will" and my desire to preach another gospel. The crusade against nationality is not for the people, but for a part of the ruling class. In Great Britain nobleman has faced King and merchant faced nobleman. Those have will and power too. The people will follow if well led.

I believe that this is an evolving world, that the goodwill that will not die will in the end make its way through the morasses of error and the thickets of hatred. The time will come when we realise that "war is an indecent word," but not yet. There will be many more wars; it is obvious, I think, that the ambitions of Japan, of Bulgaria, of Russia perhaps, of Italy certainly, will breed wars; and even Germany in time to come may be strong enough to try again. Let it not be forgotten, when we talk of crushing

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a large nation, that little Prussia, in 1807, was bound by the Treaty of Tilsit to maintain only 42,000 men, and that in 1813, *only five years later*, she had 150,000. War can be stopped only by removing that difference which we call nationality. An idea which would much more effectively than their patchwork adjustments have occupied the powerful pens of Mr. Wells, of Sir Randall Cremer, of Mr. Carnegie (who, in 1913, congratulated the Kaiser on his peaceful reign) is the destruction of nationality. I will be told: "Be practical; what is the use of preaching Utopia?" The answer is that Utopia was once preached to twelve men and became the greatest reality the world has ever known. The campaign must be against the gospel which bids us shed our humanity and hate the stranger; many ignoble phrases have been pronounced in history, and one of them is Nelson's: "Boys! Love your enemies, but hate a Frenchman like poison!"

Nationality means separation. Separation means ignorance. Ignorance means fear. Fear means hatred and striking lest you should be struck. It is a fiction, a monstrous illusion. Germany believes that she fights a stifling commercial tyrant; Great Britain believes that she fights an oppressive drill-sergeant. Both are wrong: it is a fight between German and British thrones, nobles, banks, shareholders, and merchants. The people who fight harbour the piteous illusion that they fight for an ideal; they fight merely for the nation idea. When the world was the playground of tribes nationality, a curse already, was understandable; Israelite must fight Ammonite to prevent him from looting his flocks. To-day private property is more or less respected,* war a sort of cricket. The protection of property kept the peoples apart, made them different, maintained their race pure. But examine the nations of to-day. Consider the French, whom Anatole France (now in uniform) calls "Gauls, Latins, Danes, Goths, Franks, and Saracens"; France, with her 1,050,000 full-blooded foreigners and her millions of men of foreign descent. Consider Russia, only 80 per cent. of whose population is Aryan, the other 20 per cent. being made up of Jews, Mongols, Caucasians, Chinese, Hyperboreans! And not even the Aryans are pure, for yet a tenth of them is German,

* Looting is accidental and local.

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Latin, Armenian. It is this hotch-potch of Slavs, Finns, and Eskimòs which feels such a sharp difference between itself and the hotch-potch of Germans, Poles, Frenchmen, Danes, that are subjects of the German Empire! Consider Austria-Hungary, with its two score languages and its two score hatreds; America, that "melting-pot" of the world. Is it for a hotch-potch a man must die? Nationality to-day is not even a true ghost; it is a pumpkin with a candle in it. I shall be told that I do not understand nationality, that it is a holy thing: many gods have been burnt; that it is a natural feeling: civilisation is the foe of nature. I see nationality as merely a bad habit of mind: Japanese fights Russian in 1904, fights by his side in 1914; our Boer "enemy" of 1902 is our "fellow subject" of 1915, subject, I take it, to the same errors and the same woes.

That is why I think so anti-social Mr. Wells's campaign for a Europe divided according to nationality. To begin with, it cannot be exactly realised because there are no true nations in any territory, because there are streets in Hungarian villages where one side is Magyar, the other Slovak. And even if it could be realised it would mean only that men would be more separate, more afraid, more inimical; they would cluster round their little altars, offer up yet more "smoking holocausts of slaughtered babes."

Peoples are much alike. I do not mean the middle classes, the backbone of the nation (so invertebrate sometimes), but the great masses whose business it is to find food, leisure, and little else. And even classes are as much alike from race to race as they are different inside the race; there is more difference between the British employer and his workman than between the British employer and the German employer. Mr. Wells has admirably shown this in the *New Machiavelli*, where he analyses the "intractable ore" of civilisation, a north-country manufacturer, harsh, money-grubbing, sensual, obstinate: "There are hordes of such men as he throughout all the modern industrial world. You will find the same type with the slightest modifications in the Pas de Calais, or Rhenish Prussia, or New Jersey, or North Italy. No doubt you would find it in New Japan."

Nations are artificial groups. They are, every one, the result of the ambition of princes and of the grasp of the money-maker. Even Britain is no nation; it contains at

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least four nations which respectively believe each other to be stupid (English), or mean (Scotch), or lying (Welsh), or flighty (Irish). For hundreds of years the four have thought out insults for one another, and are united only when they hate a fifth.

I will be told that we fight for systems; in other words, for national institutions. That is not true. Of late years we have clamoured for the foreigner's institutions. Tariff Reform has been the demand of the Tories—from Germany; the Insurance Act that of the Liberals—from Germany; municipal trading that of the Socialists—from Germany. There are no national institutions; there are only white men's institutions—and Japan has been taking them up. This raises a race problem, but I omit it here, for I do not believe it will endure for ever: Eurasians, negroid Brazilians, wavering Americans will unify the races in a day when nations are forgotten. I have a vision of that day when there will be no white, black, or yellow men, but only men.

Leaving aside, however, the realms of Utopia, where I fly uneasily, for places more proximate, I am convinced that the first step is the suppression of monarchy. This does not involve those who agree in an attack on the British throne; Republican agitation is slow and constitutional and is practised by moderate parties in Italy and Spain; if it succeeds it will be legally and bloodlessly, as in Portugal. Monarchs are not all evil: William of Orange, Napoleon, Lorenzo the Magnificent left great works. But the monarch makes the court and the pomp of country; his person demands a guard, his power an army; his officers and diplomats make for war, and wars for his glory. Royal arms and royal pennants hypnotise the vulgar, develop in them an enthusiasm born of their love of colour, noise, romance; in the East the ruler is the faith, in the West he is above the faith, for he can be seen and therefore believed in. If he has a family quarrel, millions espouse it; an Archduke is murdered, and to hang his murderers is not enough, for his murder is a stain on the "national scutcheon." But the chief danger comes from his attendants, snaky ambassadors, rising generals, fine ladies, and patriotic publicists; they are some of the people whom war rewards.

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There are other people whom war rewards, whom we cannot deal with yet, merchants and moneylenders whom it pays to maintain frontiers if they can be given special advantages beyond those frontiers at the expense of foreign merchants and moneylenders. Those people are found in the republics, too, but republics are less bellicose than monarchies. Monarchies fight for defence, interest, and honour; republics fight for defence and interest only, which more than halves the chances of conflict, for war does not pay. No man will argue that republican France and constitutionally monarchic Britain are responsible for this war equally with autocratic Germany, Austria, and Russia. The conclusion is that the activities of the peacemakers should after this war be directed towards the removal of one great war factor, the thrones.

For two States cannot be unified so long as they retain their thrones; no monarch will, save by force, accept an overlord, except where there is such a tradition. (As in Germany.)

But even maleficent capital preys on monarchy rather than on republic. This is because monarchy is expensive. The French President's salary is £48,000, while regal expenditures touch millions. That is only an indication of cost, but in a monarchy democracy is most hampered by the capitalist, who forms a *bloc* with the nobles whom he admires and exploits; profits are larger and their pursuit hotter: no court class will ever understand that "the race of delights is short and pleasures have mutable faces." The capitalist becomes rich enough and powerful enough to run his own Press or to terrorise the "free" Press by reducing advertisements; editor or advertisement manager, who shall rule? In the end the capitalist rules because he demands circulation, which is gained only by accepting the naval maxim that the speed of a fleet is that of its slowest ship, by making the paper most suitable for the crudely moral minds, for the muddled thinkers, for the unstable who are fit only for paragraphs,* especially for the great mass of drab lives who need excitement, *sensation*. What better sensation than war? War is like a cockfight; the nations put their money on their respective cocks. That

* Since the downfall of *The Tribune* the tendency has been to produce papers of lower and lower grade.

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I repeat, is the case in republics, too, if less so, and it can be remedied only by an economic revolution; that must be done when thrones have fallen and nations are less separate.

To-day the economic revolution, *i.e.*, Socialism, is proved powerless. The German Socialists voted the war credits; neither they nor their French friends even attempted a general strike; Mr. Hervé, who went to prison for anti-militarist action, joined the troops . . . with Mr. Anatole France; here Mr. Keir Hardie was left to wail in the wilderness while Mr. Henderson sat on the Parliamentary Recruiting Committee, and Mr. Grayson, one-time obstructor of the House of Commons, composed a dithyramb to the scions of the House of Lords. As for the people, they flocked to the recruiting offices and were content to accept higher wages . . . and higher prices. The time for economic action is not yet, for its roots are set in the people, who are without power and without will. It can come only after the political revolution, when the democracy is not smothered, when the masses, deprived of circuses, turn their mind to bread.

When this war is ended the republican movement, father and now successor of Socialism, will be the proper sphere for the activities of Mr. Wells. Why not? He might become a president. It will be said that republicanism is neither a certain nor a swift cure. That is so, but no more is the ambassadorial congress; the congress is an admirable and a practical idea, but it leaves standing the rivalries of monarchs and nobles. It does not protect us against some unborn Kaiser who will think that necessity knows no law. We will approach safety only if, for instance, the Germans are freed from their twenty-two thrones. There will be as much opposition as the most pugnacious pacifist can need; Reichskanzlers, Gentlemen-in-Waiting, Masters of the Horse will be against us, but it is possible to use the people against the powerful and the rich, for the people know how to hate: their remoteness, as that of the foreigners, may yet make the monarchies abhorred.

I imagine, when republics are many and strong, monarchies alive only in barbarous lands, the first steps towards the unification of the world, *until which there can*

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be no peace. It will begin modestly by customs unions (such as that of Luxemburg with Germany), by railway agreements (as at Bagdad), by post office conventions (as between Great Britain and the U.S.A.). Interests will knit up; closer financial relations will be found necessary, as they are between Hungary and Austria. This will involve joint commissions and boards, by degrees joint commercial treaties, then joint tariffs. Complexity will compel clarification, joint sittings of Parliaments or delegations, at last joint Parliaments. I suspect that the process must follow the rough national lines that exist; they are fictions, but must serve; in the beginning we must ignore the weight of the elephant. Thus I imagine those closer republican unions consisting in their childhood of Germany, Austria, German Switzerland, or of France, Southern Belgium, Spain, Italy, French Switzerland. Those great groups will close up and make war on each other until they understand their folly and more closely unite. I expect no swift change, no conversions; the hind that would be mated by the lion must die of love, and we do not want the world to die; that the lioness may be mated by the tiger is at first enough. Unification, so far, has proceeded only by force; the history of Britain is that of the conquest of Essex, Wessex, Mercia, Northumbria, York and Lancaster, Wales and Ireland by each other, broken by the happy day when the English throne received a Scotch king; the history of France is the conquest of the barons by the king, the filching of Strasburg, of the bishoprics of the Rhine from which sprang the debatable Alsace-Lorraine. Everywhere it is the same; nations have been made by force, ill made, jerry-built; joined by force the product cannot endure; it must be reborn of mutual acts of grace.

Let no one fear uniformity or clamour for freedoms. Unity does not exclude home rule. Even to-day, in a barbarous Europe, Welsh is taught in British schools; Poles have their Parliament in Austria; French and Flemish are official languages in Belgium, &c. If so much liberty can flourish in the midst of tyranny, how much more shall be given us when hatreds are deprived of their food and the bonfires of peace have been lit with frontier-posts?

Long before the economic revolution begins to move much of this must come about. If it does not, then the

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economic revolution will not avail and the workman, in the intervals of wars, must, as Mr. F. E. Smith eloquently said, "dive for crusts in the gutter." Until then we must maintain our armies and navies as a police. We must talk peace, attempt to disarm; but so long as States are not taught that they must fuse because they cannot live in amity, so long will suspicion reign, so long will war endure, so long will war be, when it comes, less a horror than an affair of romance and heroes.

NOTE.—This article is but a part of the case against nationality. A number of facts and theories have been omitted. Broader considerations and practical conclusions of a nature I cannot state here will be published in book form after the war.—W. L. G.

The Clash of Ideals

By Captain. R. F. A.

A LITTLE while ago the British Admiralty officially declared that German officers and men, captured from submarines, who were under suspicion of being concerned in acts of piracy and murder, could not be treated with the same leniency as other prisoners of war. There follows the natural presumption that these men will be brought to trial at some future date.

In a subsequent number of the *Times* there were published two letters protesting against such action of the Admiralty, on the grounds that the men and officers were but obeying the orders of superior officers, and of the German Admiralty. "Let the responsibility rest on the man who orders these things."

As this mental attitude, and all that it connotes, is probably representative of a certain section of the public, it may be worth while to discuss the question. In the first place, knowing our national temperament, it is fairly safe to infer that the stricter measures proposed by the British Government will still fall short of the harsh treatment which is the normal lot of the ordinary British prisoner-of-war at the hands of the German Government. I try to write dispassionately, but I vividly recall the barbaric cruelty inflicted upon some of our own helpless wounded by German soldiers.

Secondly, we may be certain that British Justice will condemn no man without absolute proof of his guilt. In the present case, such proof will probably be most difficult to obtain. Now let us turn to the broader issues.

The German War Policy is, as all the world knows, one of deliberately calculated ruthlessness and cruelty. The doctrine has been officially published under the auspices of the Government. These orders are general, not particular. They depend, for their successful execu-

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tion, upon the initiative of individual officers and men. But so potent is the poison, so subtly has it been infused into the veins of the German people, that this initiative is seldom lacking. That is the basis of Prussian Militarism. A single State, or, shall we not say, a few individuals, with the taint of leprosy upon them, have gone about amongst a healthy community and infected men, women, and little children with the hideous disease, until to-day a great nation has become as one vast lepers' settlement, to be shuddered at and avoided by all other healthy peoples.

The voice of the people has indeed become as the voice of a god, a god whom they have come blindly to worship. For them Right and Wrong, as the world outside their settlement recognise the terms, these have no longer any meaning for their atrophied brain. Willingly, eagerly have they exposed their bodies and souls to the infected touch. Now the poison has done its loathsome work, and in the blindness of mesmerism they work the will of their masters, well content to sacrifice individuality and personal liberty upon the altar of their god.

For let there be no misunderstanding. It is the German people with whom the Allies are striving for mastery. It is not the bureaucracy and militarism of Prussia. The German people have accepted, with their eyes open, the curse which has come upon them. They have hugged it to their souls and made it their god.

Prussia has issued its war commands in general terms, well knowing that its officers and men will act individually and collectively in full accord with the hypnotic suggestion of the poison. And the suggestion finds its expression in the enforced march before the German troops of women and old men; in the mutilation and outrage of young girls; in the hurling into a fire of an infant before its mother's eyes; in the bestial excesses perpetrated in French châteaux; in the nailing of women to door-posts with bayonets; in the never-ending catalogue of hideous and revolting crimes against God and man.

It finds its expression in the calculated ferocity and grinding insults heaped upon British officers and men lying helpless, maimed and wounded in filthy cattle-trucks at the mercy of their captors. Did the Prussian Government

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command these things? Their slaves are mere automata to obey blindly.

You in England have experienced a little of German ruthlessness in the deliberate murder of some three or four score civilians on the East Coast. I have heard that certain Prussian naval officers protested when given their orders to embark upon such an expedition. Their protests being over-ruled they obeyed orders. I have yet to learn that those officers, having done their duty to their country, expiated their crime against humanity in the only way open to them.

The commander of a German submarine engaged in the present piratical exploits of ship-scuttling and murder upon the high seas is not obeying definite orders. He is ordered, save in exceptional cases, to cruise about within a certain area, and there act up to the best, or worst, within him. Each separate attack is deliberate, and carried out upon personal initiative.

The attack upon the British hospital ship was deliberate attempted murder, despite the miserable and trashy excuses which the German Government have lately put forward in attempted repudiation. So also was the attack upon the French refugee ship. That murder has actually been done recently on certain of our merchant ships by German submarine officers, no one can doubt. But proof is difficult.

Are these German officers men of flesh and blood as we are, or are they but inanimate instruments in the hands of others, the real criminals? Our two correspondents in the *Times* assert that they are the latter. In other words, we should hang the murderer and not the murderer's knife.

Obedience to orders and strict discipline in small things as in great are the primary essentials in a soldier's training. In that sense, German officers and soldiers have set an example to the world. But a German officer, whether commanding a company or a submarine, is not an inanimate, inarticulate weapon; save in so far as he is impelled by the hypnotic poison of Militarism. The question with which the British Government is mainly concerned is not the scuttling of merchant ships, but the loss of their crews. The Prussian Government is certainly the instigator of the act; but its officers, though acting as

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soldiers should, in unswerving obedience to command, are still human beings. In their innermost consciousness, dulled though it be, they are dimly aware of the crime they purpose. On one occasion, at least, they have made a protest. On other occasions they have hesitated to carry out the act to its ruthless end, and have given ships' crews ten minutes' grace in which to save their lives.

It is, however, worthy of note that in such cases as these the officers have found it necessary to attempt some excuse in reporting to the German Admiralty. "We are afraid," they remark, "that the German people will view with disfavour such acts of clemency."

An officer who is driven to commit murder in obedience to superior authority has still a course open to him, a path which he may tread with honour. He will execute his orders to the letter, and he will then return to his superior officer.

"I have carried out your orders, sir, and I have the honour to request that you will forward my protest to the proper authority."

And with his revolver against his temple that officer will blow out his brains.

A German officer is a brave man, he fears death as little as does one of our own gallant gentlemen. He is ever ready to sacrifice his life for the sake of his Ideal, his Fatherland and all that it means to him, just as an Englishman is, a Belgian, or a Russian.

But there is this difference. The ideal of a German is a narrow one. It is bounded by the confines of his own land. It means to him just as much as his country means to him. With judgment warped and sight distorted by the poison of Militarism he can only visualise a world crushed beneath the weight of Prussian autocracy.

He may honestly believe that it is for the ultimate good of the nations that such domination should be imposed. He may be perfectly sincere in his conviction that everyone who refuses to be converted and bow the knee to the god of his idolatry is incontinently doomed in this life and the Hereafter.

The German ideal is a narrow one because it is one of Domination and Terrorism, and because its boundaries are certain and finite.

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The ideal for which Englishmen have ever fought and died is as infinite as the sea. It is none the less an ideal because an Englishman seldom, if ever, thinks of it as such.

Like a German he is ever ready to die for his country. But, unlike the German, he is unable fully to express in speech, unable, even, adequately to feel what that ideal implies. Were he able to do so his ideal would become as narrow as that of Germany's, and we should call him a prig, just as we now call Germans priggish.

And the ideal of England is Humanity, which is infinite in its compassionate freedom. It is this proud ideal of our race which flows unconsciously in the veins of English men and women; which sends English men to their death with a jest upon their lips instead of the shout of "England over all."

For in that phrase of "Deutschland über Alles" is summed up the whole creed of the German ideal. The ideal ends with the domination of Germany, and the imposition upon the world of German Kultur.

In this world war we have come to see clearly, as never before, that the English ideal of Humanity does, indeed, stretch far beyond the confines of a single country; that it is, indeed, infinite. For it is also the ideal of each one of our Allies to set free the world; to liberate for ever the weaker peoples from the menace which has for so long threatened them.

And the hardest task will be in the enfranchisement of the German people themselves. Until that is accomplished the war of liberation will have been fought in vain. Until "the people that walked in darkness have seen a great light" there can be no abiding peace. The sword of humanity and freedom must first stab through to the heart of them and cleanse away, as a surgeon's knife, the poisonous, leprous flesh.

It is the German nation, a great, united people, and not a ruling caste of bureaucrats whom we are fighting. The primary responsibility for the hideous acts of murder, rape, and arson may indeed lie with the ruling caste. But their commission is supported and encouraged by the German people.

The officers of their army and navy perpetrate the

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deeds, not as blind instruments of a stronger will, but as thinking men fully conscious of their acts. They have deliberately embraced the creed which has been given to them; they have gladly drawn the poison into their veins; shall they not stand at the bar of judgment and make answer?

No; our people, while setting before themselves the ideal of Humanity, must yet steel their hearts, or this war will end, not in liberation, but in some patched-up truce leaving the whole ghastly business to begin all over again.

Letters such as I have quoted have been aptly characterised by Sir Edward Russell as "mealy-mouthed." They are the products of that class which, to save further bloodshed and suffering, would conclude a peace now out-of-hand. They are as incapable of realising what this war means as any South Sea islander. They have not begun to appreciate the temper of the German people nor to what lengths that temper drives. The cataclysm which has engulfed Belgium and Northern France leaves them as unmoved as does an earthquake in Japan. Even the attack upon the East Coast towns has apparently failed to stir them.

To those of us, and there are still some left, who have seen this business through from the start, this state of mind is incomprehensible. Recalling the astonishing organisation which preceded and attended the dispatch of the Expeditionary Force, and which placed the Navy in its proper strategical position at the right moment, it seems curious that reasonable measures have not been taken during all these months to bring home to the "man in the street" the essential facts, causes, and methods of the war.

Instead, we are faced with *appeals* to workmen not to cut off our ammunition supply; with a long series of undignified recruiting posters; with the re-engagement of enemy waiters and others; with discussions about race-meetings; with pictures and lengthy articles on the change in women's dress fashions; with incoherent vapourings upon the alleged inaction of the Navy.

Then there is the nauseating hero-worship of certain men who have been lucky enough to win the Victoria Cross. Of course they have earned the distinction, but so have

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a hundred others whose names will never be brought forward. There is the incident, trifling in itself, perhaps, of four English women marrying German prisoners-of-war. There may possibly have been certain special reasons, but on the face of it, such an action by our countrywomen at a time like this is incredible.

Out in France we have come to see all these things through the eyes of our French friends, and although we know the nature and characteristics of our own people, we are unable to explain and defend.

Against an enemy like Germany has proved herself to be, organised and equipped in essentials which were beyond our wildest imaginings, the only policy to adopt is that of Lord Fisher. His motto should be emblazoned over every hearth in our land, stamped in letters of fire upon the brain of every man and woman in the empire. Thus only shall we win through and achieve a lasting peace with honour to our country and our individual conscience.

There are regiments of ours out in France who have seen their comrades treacherously struck down by weapons concealed under the white flag. These regiments do not forget. They have sworn a solemn oath to take no more prisoners. Neither France nor Belgium will forget when the day of the Great Advance arrives.

"Britain will win," said a well-known American early in the war, "but she does not deserve to."

We do not yet deserve to win, though thousands of our dead lie upon the blood-soaked fields of France, though thousands more of our lads must yet pay the price. Not until our land shall have passed through the hell of suffering; or if that, by God's gracious mercy, is withheld, not until our people, every man and woman of us, realise to their inmost being what this ideal of Germany's means, and steel their hearts to meet it, then only will Britain have won the right to share fully in the dictation of the terms of peace, and in the achievement of her own Ideal.

Cromwellism without a Cromwell

By H. M. Hyndman

A CLEVER lady whom I knew well in Melbourne some five and forty years ago once wrote me a charming letter, here at home, the closing words of which were: "And pray, my dear Mr. Hyndman, do not be so dreadfully Republican. If one King is so bad, what must a Committee of them be?"

The idea of a Committee of Kings struck me at the time as grotesque, not to say humorous. Little, however, did I imagine that I should live to see my friend's conception realised in this island. Nevertheless, it is. The Monarchy here is virtually in Commission, the House of Commons is reduced to the level of a "Bed of Justice," kept up to register Cabinet decrees, and the people are deprived of all control over their own affairs. Thus, the United Kingdom, with India and the Crown Colonies, is at the mercy of a self-chosen Board of Autocrats, no two of whom are in full agreement on any subject. Our subservience to the Trade Union of Lawyers is becoming so complete that we scarce have pluck enough left to chalk up on the walls, after the manner of the French, "A bas les avocats!" and then run away. In the course of a few months we have surrendered, with a light heart, the democratic work of seven centuries to a group of politicians who in July last had certainly lost the confidence of the nation—politicians who landed us in this terrific war (which they now admit they knew to be coming) without anything like adequate preparation. A Committee of Kings, indeed!

The situation would be ludicrous if it were not so dangerous. Yet at present nobody cares. Public interest is so concentrated on the events of the war that proceedings which, at any other time, would arouse a fury of popular indignation, are almost disregarded. We grumble a little at this or that high-handed action, tampering with our hard-won freedoms; but the country as a whole is so

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apathetic, and has become so careless in matters of crucial import, that we are drifting into irresponsible tyranny at home, as we drifted into the greatest war of all time abroad, without any security either for upholding democracy, or for obtaining efficiency. Nothing quite like it has been seen in our history. Even the Lord Protector himself could not reduce the House of Commons, so long as it remained in being, to the depth of servility to which it has descended at the beginning of the twentieth century. When, in spite of his threats, that ancient Assembly persisted in claiming the right of criticism, and the privilege of interference, he at least had the decency to avoid, for once, even the appearance of hypocrisy; he turned the whole of its members out by force of arms and locked up their own House against them. If Mr. Asquith would imitate old Oliver, and openly, instead of secretly, appoint a group of Major-Generals to run his lawyer-made rule, we should at least know where we really are.

People at large have no idea how far we are going, or are being driven, since public discussion in Parliament has been in abeyance and both the capitalist factions are at one. Nobody can tell us precisely what the law is, at the present time, in regard to personal and private liberties, which we have all of us believed from our childhood to be absolutely indefeasible. The Defence of the Realm Act, the Amendment to the Defence of the Realm Act, Orders in Council, Local Orders by military authorities, suspension of the Habeas Corpus Act, interference with trial by jury, and so on, make such chaos of the Statute Book that even capable lawyers are at a loss to know where we stand.

One of the most important measures of those submitted to the House of Commons for approval was not even distributed to members, and narrowly escaped being carried on the strength of what was contained in a single uncertified copy in manuscript. This recalls Lord Randolph Churchill's remark, when a similar trick was tried many years ago. In that instance, an amendment was copied in pencil on a sheet of paper by one of the leaders on his own side, and handed down to him, as valuable information, while he was speaking. Lord Randolph continued his speech and, glancing at the communication, said: "Things have come to a pretty pass in this House, when

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important amendments have to be discussed on dirty little bits of paper." Then, screwing up the note into a ball, he flipped it at the mover, and so disposed of the matter. Official personages have been pretty much the same in all periods; but nowadays they make the war an excuse for bureaucratic domination on a scale which is not even justified by a "dirty little bit of paper."

Since England entered upon war without due preparation, our rulers were bound to take some exceptional action if the nation was to defend itself adequately against an unscrupulous and treacherous attack, and to bear its share in the common policy forced upon the Allied Powers. Great Britain was of one mind on this point. No one complained when the Government, acting, as it averred, in the national interest, took control of the whole of our railway system. On the contrary, people felt that this extension of official authority was unavoidable, when troops and supplies and munitions had to be rapidly rushed to the Front. All criticism was suspended and the Government had a free hand. Its arrangement to protect the interests of the shareholders by guaranteeing them their dividends passed quite unchallenged, even by the workers on the railways, who themselves had no such assurance of good treatment.

Unfortunately, this assumption of the national administration of railways was not accompanied by a wide conception of the real problems of land transport. The Government itself being unable to survey the whole field of action, the old chaotic system of freight haulage by the separate companies and the trucks of private firms was continued; with the result that the railways were soon blocked. This caused a wholly unnecessary shortage of coal in the great cities, which played right into the hands of the coal merchants and distributors. Hence great hardship, not only to the poor in their homes, but to the children in the schools, whose buildings could not be properly warmed. Even such a commonplace reform as what has been called "pooling the waggons," namely, treating all trucks for freight haulage, those belonging to the companies and to private persons alike, as belonging to the whole railway combination, in the joint interest of the entire community, was not even considered, until the National Workers' Committee pressed it upon the Government. Hence, for months on

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end, empty waggons, many of them of very heavy tare, which might have been conveying necessary and remunerative freight, were being hauled hither and thither quite empty. This waste and obstruction went on, I say, for many months, and only quite recently a Commission was appointed to co-ordinate and simplify management, which admitted that the silliest mistakes had been made. The railways, in short, are now nationalised, or rather bureaucratised, under most expensive and antiquated methods; and when the war ends all this will be used as an argument against the useful and beneficial reorganisation of the entire system of national transport.

Our already vast irresponsible bureaucracy was, in fact, still further extended, without any possibility of instituting adequate public control, or of introducing really modern plans of conveyance. Unless great care is taken, so soon as the war is over, we shall again have all the drawbacks of monopoly wedded to all the disadvantages of competition in our national transport, and this at a moment when the pressure of German goods upon our own and the world market will call for the complete transformation of our industrial and distributive methods to meet it effectively. We are, as usual, attempting to muddle through with a haphazard Committee of Kings in regard to one of the most important portions of our national economy.

It is much the same with shipping. Obviously, the nation required that a large number of vessels should be at its disposal to convey troops to the Continent, to bring them from our Colonies and from India to the seat of war and Egypt, to keep up a constant stream of supplies for the Army, and so on. Equally clear was it that the Government could only obtain these ships by commandeering as many as were needed. We start with the nationalisation of railways, we proceed to the nationalisation of shipping. No fewer than 1,500 steamers were thus commandeered. Excellent. Nobody again raised a word of objection. We all assumed that when exercising its authority the Government would take steps to avoid any abnormal rise of sea-borne freights against the nation, by national action on behalf of the people. Not a bit of it. What was the result? We were elated, and justly elated, at the complete success of our Navy (which, by the way, the

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Independent Labour Party, many Radicals, and even the Labour Party did their best to reduce to danger-point before the war) in bottling up the German North Sea Fleet, in destroying German commerce destroyers, and in securing for ourselves and our Allies the entire command of the sea. But, the more successful we were in sweeping enemy vessels from the ocean, the more successful were we also in sweeping food out of the stomachs of the British poor. The irony of unconscious ineptitude was never, surely, better displayed.

Freights mounted up by leaps and bounds. Coal which had been carried from Newcastle to London by sea for 2s. 6d. to 3s. 6d. a ton before the war, now cost, for similar service, from 10s. 6d. to 13s. 6d. a ton. From Argentina, similarly, rates of freight for wheat ran up from 12s. 6d. to 60s. or more a ton. Yet, when the Premier and other members of the Committee of Kings were challenged on this matter, and were requested to use their autocratic power to reduce the stupendous profits of the shipowners, by further national action on behalf of the people at large, the old doctrine of "supply and demand," which had been thrown overboard with glee by the Government in the matters of sugar, of indigo, of wheat (in India), etc., was quoted against us with chop-licking relish. What is more, so powerful is the Shipping Ring, and so skilfully are its funds applied in subscribing to the needs of both the great political factions, that there is very little chance of any attempt being made to deal adequately with this vast Trust, organised as it is against the interest of the entire community. The people may work hard and fight hard and the poor may starve hard, but our Government giveth to its chosen shipowners the increase. Nay, the national credit is used to lessen the amount paid for insurance, in order that this increase may be the better insured!

The control of railways and the commandeering of shipping were long steps to take towards the constitution of a supreme bureaucracy of Class-State-Socialism, dominated by a Government which assuredly had no popular mandate for any such action. But the next move was in the direction of a complete abandonment of that very same private enterprise, and supply-and-demand principle of economics, which the Prime Minister and his

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colleagues still, nominally, adhere to. In this instance, Parliament has authorised the Government to take in hand, administer and organise all the factories and workshops which may be considered necessary, with the object of hastening the manufacture and supply of essential equipment and munitions for the troops. This, to use vulgar language, is a "very large order." So large that the Government itself had not even in mind the man who should be selected, as a sort of sub-dictator-in-chief, to carry out this unprecedented undertaking. Advertisement was suggested as the best means of obtaining a competent autocrat of industry. Something in this style, I suppose :—

"George V. R. et I. Wanted a sober and sagacious man of wide business experience and great powers of organisation to manage the industries (or such part of them as may be necessary) of the United Kingdom. Apply in writing, with copies of references and personal character from last place, to the Right Honourable David Lloyd George, M.P., Chancellor of the Exchequer, Marconi Buildings, 11 Downing Street, Whitehall, S.W. N.B.—Some knowledge of military methods advisable."

Since this notification was unissued, it appears that a thoroughly able manager has been duly appointed. He may be a very Carnot of organising faculty, a Kitchener for push, but it is quite certain he has never in his life had any direct experience of the management of factories. His administration has not been rendered more efficient by the further nomination of an Advisory Committee, and the surrender by the Trade Union leaders of much of what they have gained for the workers in the last seventy years.

Now, I believe the people of this country are absolutely determined to fight this war to a finish. But it is just those of us who believe that the Government has leaned too much to Haldane's Germanophilism, on land and on sea, who most strongly object to the measures now being taken to ensure efficiency and victory. Yet no body of people in any class have tried to hamper our rulers in regard to any of the industrial changes which have seemed necessary. For my part, as a Social-Democrat, I am confident that National Collectivism and National Bureaucratic Administration during the war will, sooner or later, help on the development of Co-operative Democratic Socialism when we return to peace. Meanwhile, the establishment of some sort of order, even under the management of the Class-State, is better than the perpetuation of competi-

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tive anarchy controlled by capitalism and companies. But, at the same time, we must keep a tight hold upon those democratic principles, which, however seriously they may be misapplied or checked in action under our present queer, out-of-date constitution, unquestionably underlie our whole political system. The people as a whole, I repeat, do not yet understand what a complete revolution has been made in their political and social affairs within the past few months. It would be well that they should begin to take account of this very important transformation. We are fighting side by side with the French, at any rate, in order to uphold the rights of democracies against the last military caste left on the planet, and to secure the independence of small nationalities. If we imperil our own freedoms while fighting for the liberties of others, the disillusion and the danger will be great indeed.

Far be it from a Social-Democrat, of necessity a philosopher, a collectivist, and a man of peace even at the price of war, to cavil at the use of the nation's resources under national management for the protection of the realm. But why should nearly all the burdens of this new bureaucracy fall on the producers, from the Dan of the Insurance Act even unto the Beersheba of compulsory abstinence? For this is only the beginning of the business, even if, for the sake of the suggestions of the name just used, I touch first upon the most recent phase of Cromwellian compulsion. Ours is a Teetotal Administration. "So they say!"—as the Mohammedan Guard at the Palace replied to the old Czar Nicholas I. when, on Easter Day, the Emperor addressed his Moslem subject with the time-worn greeting "He is Risen." However that may be, it is clear that, following hard upon the example of notoriously temperate Russia, our rulers are all eager to close the poor man's public-houses by force of Parliamentary enactment, or Order in Council. The Chancellor of the Exchequer is strenuously engaged in sawing off the branch on which the balance of his Budget depends, in order to convince us of his earnestness in this matter. Nay, more, he avers, with all the solemnity of the Nonconformist conscience in high office, that the delay in the supply of the munitions of war, for which his colleague and fellow-abstainer, Lord Kitchener, so well and truly yearns, is due to the drunken-

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ness of the munition-makers. Further, he gives the impression in his talk with the Shipbuilders' Federation that alcoholism—always among the workers, of course—is seriously on the increase.

Thereupon a sudden thought—advertised beforehand by the United Kingdom Alliance—strikes him. Let the decree go forth from the Lawyer-Kings in Council, with their hereditary Monarch in the ante-chamber, that all Britain shall be sober whether Britain likes it or not. And the House of Commons with one accord shall say "Amen." But the common folk declare that this charge of universal sottishness brought against the people is the most outrageously false imputation ever made upon the working-men of this country; that no German at home, or pro-German in England, had ever so traduced and insulted the mass of Englishmen, Scotchmen, and Welshmen who make the wealth of our nation. As they farther tell us, so much overtime is being worked in the factories, in the effort to comply with the demands of the War Office, that, unless the managers take the same sort of care of the men as the Krupp directors under official supervision do, nervous breakdown will be quite common; and, so far from drunkenness being the general cause of inefficiency, only a small minority of wage-earners now suffer from this vice, in itself chiefly the outcome of poverty and excessive strain. All which is indisputable and capable of proof. So, then, we have citations from Mr. George's speeches to show that he never meant what he was generally taken to mean, and that in reality he only says quite a few of the workers are given to drink. But is the whole country, then, to be knocked off alcoholic liquors because a minority of men and women are apt to take more than is good for them? Hard cases make bad law. To subject the vast majority to despotic regimentation, by reason of the shortcomings of the few, is foolish tyranny. Why, instead of attempting the impossible, at the dictation of a set of well-to-do fanatics, who never knew what starvation or physical overwork is, does not the Government see to it that good sound beer and other drinks are supplied, that public-houses become hosteleries for the public instead of mere bars for the supply of alcohol, and that adulteration should be punished as a crime? That is one of those mysteries which cannot be explained.

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This attempt upon the workers' liberties—upon the freedom of the class that is doing most of the fighting and all the production—though it has roused more feeling than all the rest put together, is but the most recent of a whole series of tyrannical enactments. Who would have believed a few years ago, for example, that any English Government would dare, without authority from Parliament, or any notification as to what was being done, to suspend the Habeas Corpus Act? and that, this having been decided upon, the Judges should be instructed not even “to state a case,” in order that the matter might be argued publicly in Court? Yet that is precisely what occurred in the case of the unfortunate man Dove, master of a steam-trawler on the south-east coast. On returning to port he accidentally ran down one of our submarines. There was not a tittle of evidence from the first to show that this was anything but a pure accident, or that Mr. Dove was in any way to blame, even for carelessness. Yet “the authorities” took for granted that the collision was brought about on purpose, that Dove was acting in the interest of the King’s enemies, and that he had no defence of any kind. He was therefore haled into custody, bail was refused, he could get no satisfaction under writ of Habeas Corpus through his counsel, and the poor fellow might be in gaol to this hour but for the intervention of Lord Parmoor and the House of Lords. This confession is not a little humiliating to a democrat and a Socialist who has always been opposed to any non-elected Assembly. But so it is.

To that reactionary House, also, is due the revival of trial by jury, which had been suppressed for certain cases under the original Defence of the Realm Act. As showing, likewise, what monstrous injustice might be perpetrated if Habeas Corpus and Trial by Jury were both removed from the list of our legal protections against arbitrary rule, it turned out in the end that the Government had no case at all against the man Dove. Not a single charge was formulated against him when he was brought from gaol into Court, and he was, of course, discharged without, so far as is known, any compensation whatever being paid him for his illegal and wholly unjustifiable incarceration. We may all find ourselves in his case if vigilance is relaxed; for class legislation was never so pronounced as now; and

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never, for good reasons as well as bad, was the public more apathetic about its own rights. Attacks on individual freedom, which cannot be beneficial either to the individuals or to the community, are now, indeed, quite common; but few of these are dealt with as they ought to be. Much, too, is being done and more attempted, under direct military law, of which the public hears nothing; and it is impossible to obtain the local enactments by which such petty tyranny is fostered. When, some time before the war, Mr. Winston Churchill suggested the organisation of military districts under military men of high rank, in imitation of Cromwell's instalment of Major-Generals, as the supreme authorities throughout England, people laughed. But that is the *régime* under which we are, to a large extent, actually living to-day. The military order for the regulation of women of loose life at Cardiff is only one out of many instances of high-handed action to justify which no law, nor even any Order in Council, can be cited.

Quite recently, large schools have been commandeered throughout the country for hospitals by the War Office, though there are plenty of empty private houses much better suited for the purpose which could be adapted at a fraction of the expenditure considered necessary for the luxury of German officers at Donington Hall. So it goes.

Where military men cannot very well act, the police are called in. Thus Jim Larkin's brother gets a month's imprisonment because, being boycotted by employers, he goes to his work under another name. I have no sympathy with Larkin's anarchistic opinions, but an Act of Parliament or an Order in Council which supports this sort of injustice towards a man who is unpopular with the capitalists is tyranny. Then it is assumed that a proportion of the wives of soldiers will use their payments and allowances for strong drink. All soldiers' wives are, therefore, placed by order under police superintendence—the very worst sort of supervision for soldiers' wives possible, no matter how capable the constables may be in the performance of their ordinary duties. This rouses serious opposition. The order is, in consequence, allowed, so it is said, to lapse. But, as a matter of fact, such inquisitorial and objectionable interferences may be revived

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anywhere at any moment, and in some places they are still going on.

Again, if there is one point on which public opinion has advanced more than another during the past thirty years, it is upon the employment of children in industry. Even in Lancashire, a genuinely strong democratic Government would be quite safe in putting an end to the half-time system; though, to their shame be it said, most of the fathers and mothers in that county support this sweating of their offspring, because it brings them in more money, and they themselves underwent similar treatment. But now the local educational authorities in the agricultural districts are being permitted to set back the clock in this matter by allowing young children to work in the fields in place of adults at ridiculous rates of wages. So far, no adequate opposition has checked this deadly attack upon the vigour of the next generation.

It would be easy to multiply instances of the way in which our liberties are being unnecessarily infringed, not for the public benefit or to ensure public safety, or even to increase our effectiveness as a nation in the tremendous war we are waging. From the incompetent and foolish meddling of the Press Bureau to the wholesale opening and, in some cases, the using and publishing of private letters in the *cabinet noir* of the Post Office, we are at the mercy, not of one powerful and capable if obnoxious dictator, but of a series of petty despots and jacks-in-office, who take advantage of the truce in party politics, and the general desire not to embarrass the Government to imperil and attack our ancestral liberties in every direction. We might all be ready to put up with a Cromwell for a time, if only we could make sure that he could be quietly removed when he had done his work. But to acquiesce in the present rule of a set of nominated Committees, with all sorts of unrestricted powers under the supreme Committee of a Cabinet, which was not elected for the wholly unforeseen and enormous work that it has in hand, is simply to create an inefficient and dangerous Cromwellism, minus the Cromwell, from which we shall find it no easy matter to free ourselves when the German military combination is crushed and peace is proclaimed.

Relief in Belgium: A Report

By F. Tennyson Jesse

[Since this article was written the National Committee for Relief in Belgium has been formed to secure donations throughout the British Empire for the relief of the destitute in Belgium.]

It is a common but a very natural error to look upon neutrality as essentially negative—something that is not anything, rather than anything that is something. Whereas, being neutral is very much like being good—there are two ways of being it, the active and the passive. You can be good by the simple expedient of never doing anything bad—that is negative goodness—and you can attain the state by performing deeds that are actually meritorious—that is the positive form. In the same way, it is possible to be a passive neutral, to stand aside not merely from participation in breaking a portion of humanity to bits, but even from helping to clear the bits up. On the other hand, it is equally open to neutrality to take the leading part in what may be called the peaceful side of war.

In such a case the neutral has a simplicity of view approximating to the divine; a view denied to a combatant nation. To the neutral, wounded men are wounded, starving people are starving, unclad people are cold—they are not French or German or English. At present, it is the Belgian nation which is hungry and destitute and cannot help itself, therefore it is possible for neutral nations, without any violation of their neutrality, to help it.

For there is a law which human nature has to obey—that if a man is in danger of death he has to be saved, even at risk to the rescuer, and quite irrespective of whose life happens to be of most value to the community. It is equally beside the point whether the man in danger is any

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relation to the rescuer and has what is called a "claim" on him or not. *It is the need which makes the claim.*

This is the law which, if a man be lost on a dangerous mountain-side, sends out a party in search of him; it is the same law which, on the occasion of a great disaster like that at Messina, draws vast sums of money from the various nations; and it is this same law which confronts neutrals when the civil population of a country is in dire danger from starvation. It is not a law that is legally binding—far more powerful than that, it works through one of the most deep-seated of the instincts. That the country which is starving has no "claim" on the country best able to feed it, is of no more importance than whether a man who falls in front of a railway train is, or is not, uncle to the passer-by who can drag him to safety. For it is always the need which is the claim. . . .

Nevertheless, it is open to a country, as to a passer-by, to ignore the need, and whether it does so or not makes the difference in the quality of its neutrality. In the present war the neutral nations have not passed by: Belgium the desolate has fallen among thieves, but at least she has found good Samaritans.

But it is only neutrals who can help effectually, simply because, though any nation can contribute money, only a neutral can get into Belgium to administer it. Therefore, though England is doing a certain amount, yet if it were left to England alone, millions of Belgians still in their own country would starve. For in German-ruled Belgium at the moment of writing, there are over a million people totally destitute, and nearly six million able to pay a little for food—but the only food obtainable is that sent by the Commission for Relief. Hence, there are in Belgium as many people who would starve if this food ceased as there are citizens in London, and rather more than in the cities of New York and Philadelphia put together.

These people have a claim on the charity of the world—not because Belgium has won immortal glory, not because she is affiliated in any way with any nation free to help, not even because she was most unfairly attacked—but simply because of their need. It is true that Belgium has performed the most astonishing feat of devotion at the dictates of honour, and it is also true that glory, though

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not a tangible thing, is yet a very real and precious one—but glory, though it stimulates the mind, does not fill an empty stomach; it warms the soul, but sets no thickness between an unclad back and the wind. All the glory of the world will not stop the mouth of one crying child.

The need, then, is plain; also the truth that the need constitutes a claim on that portion of humanity free to help. The next step is to consider who is thus free. The name of the most important of the outside Powers leaps to the mind at once—that of the United States of America. That she should still be an outside Power has been the cause of some heart-burnings to those already involved. The efforts of Germany to win over America have been strenuous if somewhat undignified. In England one meets here and there with the idea that the cousins over the water are “keeping out of it” so as to make as much as possible from the world’s distress. No one could think so who has had the opportunity of seeing the colossal work America is doing for Belgium, though in proportion to her size, it is probably Holland who has done more than any other nation for the refugees, although in times of peace there was never much love lost either way across the border. But when that tragic stampede began, then the Dutch forgot everything but their common humanity. By individual sacrifice, by official action, and by co-operation with, and concessions to, the Americans, the Dutch have certainly done more than the English to help the fugitives. In England, at one time, it was the smart thing to have a pet Belgian or so, but the reaction has set in. Yet the Belgians continue to get hungry with the regularity of clockwork. . . .

The cold facts are that at the present moment in Holland there are two hundred thousand refugees being housed and fed by the Dutch and clothed by the Commission for Relief; while in Belgium itself, seven million are being fed daily and supplied with clothing by the Commission. In other words, America and Holland are doing far more good by remaining neutral than they could, at present, by becoming combatants. . . .

Recognised by every nation, risking the mined waters, saluted by every flag and heart, the ships of the Commission’s fleet come in many times a week with their cargoes of mercy; and every day the neutral-marked trains

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and barges set out for Belgium. There need be no fear that the food goes into the wrong mouths and nourishes the sinews of war—the whole big, complex organisation is handled as a business proposition and runs on wheels. If the work is not supported those seven million lives dependent on it will lie heavy on the conscience of the world.

After recognition of the need and the fact that it is being met, comes consideration of how this is being done, which brings us to the question: What exactly is the Commission for Relief in Belgium?

The answer is not one that can be given all in a breath. For one thing, like the immortal Topsy, the Commission grewed. It was not until, as its guest, I had been a couple of days in Rotterdam, that I began to get the various articulations clearly defined—exactly where the Commission operates, and where Holland is the chief factor. The atmosphere built itself up bit by bit out of the enveloping greyness.

There is one thing that the Commission is not—it is not amateurish. All the Dutch relief work is being done under Government and not by society ladies falling over each other in their efforts; while the Commission is run like a business proposition on Wall Street, by business men who are giving all their time to it.

As to the actual organisation, that, to the outsider, first begins to make itself felt as a bewildering web of articulations. Broadly speaking, three factors are involved—the Commission for Relief in Belgium, which started as the American Commission, but soon became too cosmopolitan for that title, the various Dutch bodies—the Government and the National Committees, and the Belgian Provincial and Communal Committees. When one realises that all these bodies are independent of each other in most respects, but all are controlled by the Commission and depend on each other for certain things, and that each works into and through each like some interlocking machinery, an idea of the intricacies involved is apparent. And yet the whole great machine runs smoothly—as far as I could see there was no heart-burning, no competition, no jealousy, everyone is too genuinely bent on the work in hand, and no one is trying to make a reputation out of it; names are things

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only mentioned for business purposes—as one said, “No man who has seen a bread line in Belgium ever tried to get notoriety out of it.”

Of the great cargoes for the Relief Commission which come in sometimes three or four or even five times a week, many are gift-cargoes, like that of the *Treneglas*, bringing a mixed cargo of goods all donated by the people of Canada, and like the hundreds of crates of second-hand clothing which fill the sorting-houses in Rotterdam. Others are cargoes, mostly wheat, peas, beans, salt, sugar, etc., bought by the Commission from gift-money. England has given £186,000; Australia and New Zealand £100,000; the estimated value of Canada's food-stuffs up to date is £157,024; Belgium herself has contributed £151,000 in money and the value of £46,000 in food-stuffs. Spain and Italy stand for some £8,000 more, while the United States have sent cash for £39,000 and food to the value of £1,276,386. And with all this it still only suffices to supply each soul of the seven million in Belgium with about one quarter of a soldier's ration per day. . . .

Holland's share in this burden-bearing of the nations is to house and feed the 200,000 men, women, and children within her borders, and here the Commission for Relief helps with providing as many of the second-hand clothes as are needed. The schools started for the Belgian children all over Holland are supported entirely by Denmark and Sweden. And so on, and so on, but the outstanding thing is that the work is being done as expeditiously as possible, and that the deficit on this Commission's work is at present something like a million . . . but that the work must be carried on no one can deny. And of the burden-bearers, though all have done so well, it seems to me that for her size Holland has done best. It is not only that she has taken in these 200,000 refugees, that she is spending vast sums on them and facing difficulties herself for their sakes, but she has also forgone any benefit that might have accrued to her. The Dutch Government have conceded to the Commission for Relief free use of the telegraph wires, free passes for the lightermen, free import of automobiles, free use of local railways, and, while the waterways are not frozen, free use of a train for 500 tons daily to the Belgian frontier, and about seven trains daily should

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the canals be frozen over. A great list this for a little country, or for a big one either.

The sewing classes now started all over Holland will produce new clothing for the refugees there; meanwhile, second-hand goods, most of them in excellent condition, continue to arrive by the Commission's boats for the benefit of the destitute still in Belgium. These clothes are gifts, and come from many parts of the world. I went to one of the big warehouses where the garments are unpacked, sorted, and re-packed, article by article, so that a crate of shoes, coats, or whatever is needed, can be supplied at a moment's notice. Belgians are employed for this work, as, indeed, they are wherever it is possible without upsetting Dutch susceptibilities, but the balance of the labour market is a delicate thing.

In some of the camps which I visited, I saw a long line of people waiting at the clothing department in the same way that they waited in the bread and milk lines. Within the building, the garments would be arranged with the mathematical order that obtains in the sorting warehouse. The chief trouble was always with the boots, because, although all those sent are in good condition, and there are even some crates full of absolutely new ones, the foot of the Belgian peasant is large beyond the dreams of avarice. The boots intended for grown men just about fitted the boys.

There are several camps in Holland of special interest, such as the one at Nunspeet, where all the undesirables are drafted, and where there is a barrack entirely for the unfortunate women whom people are apt to refer to as "fallen." Further north, there is a camp strongly guarded, entirely for the criminals from the Belgian prisons. Altogether Holland is looking after two hundred thousand Belgian refugees, and looking after them magnificently, while the Commission for Relief sees to what goes on their backs. This last is in itself no small work, but the chief matter for the Commission is the helping of those who are still in Belgium; and though I could not go there myself, not being a neutral, I was able to see some of the great cargoes which are transferred at Rotterdam into the barges that carry them to their destination.

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There was one sunny day while I was at Rotterdam, with no extravagance about the sun, it is true, no perceptible warmth to it, and no strong glow. Rather a clear, pale shining that gleamed on the broad river, on the brightly-painted boats, even on the huge black cranes that looked like skeleton towers ranked against the cold blue of the sky. In this pale but brilliant light the loading of the barge from the tall, weather-beaten tramp steamer alongside took on something of the quality of a miracle; the great floating crane that separated the two and whose mighty engines were pumping up the grain from the ship's hold—up long black tubes that curved higher than the ship before they descended into her hold—was thrumming and throbbing with life, and the steel plates of the deck vibrated with it. From a great funnel that ended in mid-air above the barge poured a golden column of grain, blurred by the velocity of its own descent. The air all around it was filled with a fine golden dust, as with motes in a sunbeam. In the barge a great heap of grain was swelling and growing. As the column poured on to it, the fresh grain spread itself in an elastic tissue all over the surface of the mound, so that the whole heap seemed moving and instinct with life, every now and then surging and settling in one direction or another, but all the while with this living surface moving, moving, like films of running water. . . .

It was a magic sight, and on closer survey, the grain itself proved to be good, hard, autumn crop. Conditions in Belgium nowadays have reverted to the primitive, and bread takes quite a different place in the scheme of things from that to which we have grown accustomed. Bread and salt are the chief articles of diet in Belgium at the present day. There is a certain amount of local food in the shape of meat and vegetables which will last till April, but by then it will be all exhausted. Besides bread and salt, the Commission supplies condensed milk for the babies, and peas, beans, and some meat and bacon, but the fact remains that life has been translated into terms of bread and salt. For some time now, the German army of occupation in Belgium has had no bread, but is being served with cakes made of potato meal, and on the day that the first German soldier breaks the agreement made with the United States

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and touches a piece of the Commission's bread, the whole supply ceases, and the world is told the reason why. And so far the Germans have kept faith.

Imagine, if you can, the scenes in Belgium when the food arrives there. It is all distributed on a system of tickets, as soup is distributed to the destitute by our own soup-kitchens at home. Yellow and blue and red, the little pasteboard squares stand for so many more days of life . . . a very few more days, unless they are soon renewed. For all that grain I saw being pumped, two tons at every spurt, into the great barge, would only suffice to feed Belgium for two days. . . . Only forty-eight hours' security was represented by the weather-worn ship, the powerful busy steam-pump, the labour of the men, the swelling, growing heap of golden atoms that seemed so nearly alive itself. . . .

Holland is grey and dreary enough, but Belgium must be a thousand times worse, sunk in that blight of spirit which is like the grey disease that spreads over the hedges in bad years, withering their strength. Even when I was in Belgium in October, it was bad enough. No one has ever done justice to the greyness of war, especially as it affects the civilian population. The greyness, the dulness, the incredible boredom of it! It was in the air even then, making every breath heavy, but now, with any excitement of the alarums and excursions of war withdrawn, and nothing but the dead level of conquered quiescence remaining, it must be far worse. And, added to it, anxiety—the deadly anxiety of wondering whether the supply of bare necessities doled out by an alien but a friendly race, is going to stop. If it does, the Belgians will not live to see their country restored to them, will never be able to be compensated—as far as compensation is possible for such wrongs—for what they have suffered, individually and as a nation. It is individually that it is possible to save—as a nation, Belgium has already suffered everything but dishonour.

But the individuals, they are still there, seven million of them, each one of those seven million a sentient, hungry thing, and each one, down to the little children, intensely grateful for the help given them. The letters—probably compiled by a teacher, but deeply felt by the little signa-

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tories—which come into the office of the Commission from the children, all show a passion of gratitude.

The immortal Christmas ship probably brought more joy into Belgium—if joy is a measurable quantity, which it probably is in spiritual chemistry—than even the necessities of life have evoked. Or rather, that ship did carry the necessities, for she was the bringer of play, of actual happiness. Children can no more live as they ought without happiness than without air. One letter of thanks, sent by the children of Voroux les Liers, says that “the homes still remaining in our beautiful country are sad and desolate, tears are being shed, and Christmas would have been only a memory of lost happiness if it had not been for the children of America. . . .” Another letter tells, in the flowery metaphor of the Continental, with so terrible a measure of truth behind it, that “the war has made of our soil an immense tomb. Our eyes are red with weeping, and our lips are shrivelled with our sorrows. . . .”

Other letters there are from the heads of communities, burgomasters and the like, and these letters fall into two divisions—those written before help was sent and those written since. The former appeal for food, tell exactly the amount of souls in need in that particular district; the latter consist of thanks that all those lives are saved . . . for the time being. They are still being saved, and daily the pathetic lines are formed all over Belgium, in the midst of the ever-falling rain. Sometimes it is quite little children who stagger away, their arms piled high with loaves, and then that means a large family at home, with a mother who cannot leave the younger ones by themselves. . . . There is nothing slipshod about the methods of the Commission, or of the Comité de Secours, which works with it in Brussels. Every soul in the country is docketed, so that the authorities know his status, the size of his family and his needs, and the fateful tickets are served out to him in due ratio.

If the day ever comes when those long expectant lines form up to receive only the tidings that the world's charity has run dry, and there are no more instalments of life to be served out to them, then, and only then, the greatest tragedy, and the second greatest crime, of the war, will have been committed.

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A few days after I had seen that magical transfusion of fluid wheat along the great pipes from the ship to the barge, I went down to the dock to see the *Treneglas* unload her cargo. The *Treneglas* is the fourth gift ship which Canada has sent to the Commission, and she carried a mixed cargo amounting to 5,600 tons and worth half a million dollars. Altogether, Canada's gift ships amount in value to two million dollars, a fine total when one considers that, in spite of its vast area, Canada's population is only the same as that of Belgium.

The *Treneglas* was not unloading in mid-stream, but had berthed. She lay beside the grey quay looking like a ghost-ship. She was powdered white with flour, a fine white sediment that lay on her decks and hatches, on her rails and rigging. From her yawning hold the plump white sacks were being swung up in batches by men who were as white as millers.

The *Treneglas* came through a hurricane in mid-Atlantic, two of her forward life-boats had been stove in, a cabin door carried away, and the saloon flooded with three feet of water. She looked battered enough, patched with the different coloured woods with which she was being repaired, and the splintered fragments still lying upon her upper deck. But she had made good with her precious cargo. She had survived storms, the red tape of English officials when she had to put in at Plymouth, and the danger of mines as she crossed the North Sea. She had sighted some, of course, and had seen, also, a ship labouring along with her bows blown in, looking, as the captain put it, "like a pig with its neck stuck." She was safe in Rotterdam at last, and her cargo would keep Belgium alive for a few days more.

For that is the point that cannot be sufficiently emphasised. *It is no good giving unless you keep on giving.* Human nature is very apt to feel that comfortable little glow which is the grave of a good action. But if, having given once, you sit down and hug that glow, then you might just as well never have given at all. For of what use is it to keep people alive this week if you are going to let them starve the next?

The Law and the Bombardment of London

By Sir Thomas Barclay

A RECENT telegram from Washington communicated the following cable from Berlin sent by a Herr von Wiegand, described in the cable as a "well-known American correspondent," concerning the legality of a Zeppelin raid on London :—

"I have it in writing from both the German General Staff and the Admiralty that there is nothing in international law or in any international agreements against it. The standpoint then, is that London is a defended city, that its bombardment by Zeppelins would constitute no violation of the laws of war, written or unwritten, any more than if London were under the guns of the German army or navy, and that the docks, shipyards, arsenals, banks, railway stations, Government buildings, military establishments, buildings where aerial guns are mounted, &c., are all by the laws of war proper targets for Zeppelins."

The question of what constitutes a "defended" town or place does not seem to have been raised at the Hague Conference of 1899, when the rules and regulations for the conduct of warfare on land were drawn up. Art. 25 of these rules and regulations as then adopted read: "The attack or bombardment of towns, villages, habitations, or buildings which are not defended, is prohibited." At the Conference of 1907 the words, "by any means whatsoever," were inserted after "bombardment" to cover the case of aerial bombardment. The reason for this was that a special declaration, forbidding the use of aircraft for the dropping of projectiles altogether, adopted in 1899 for a period of five years, had not found favour with the Great Powers, except Great Britain and the United States. By the above addition to Art. 25 of the Regulations, aerial bombardment was assimilated to bombardment generally as between States which had not ratified the declaration specifically forbidding it.

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The sense of the word "defended," however, in 1907 gave rise to some discussion in connection with the special convention adopted at the second Hague Conference for the regulation of *naval* bombardments. Art. 1 of that Convention forbids the bombardment by naval forces of "undefended ports, towns, villages, habitations, or buildings," to which Art. 2 adds the following qualification:—

"Nevertheless, this interdiction does not comprise military works, military or naval establishments, dépôts of arms or war material, workshops or installations suitable to be used for the requirements of the enemy's army or fleet, and war vessels in the port. The commander of a naval force may, after summons with a reasonable delay, destroy them by cannon if no other means are possible, and when the local authorities shall not have proceeded to their destruction within the delay fixed."

As lateral damage to "innocent" property may be caused by bombardment, the second paragraph of the same article provides that, in case "involuntary damage is occasioned by the bombardment," the commander of the bombarding vessel or vessels "incurs no responsibility."

Then, as there is always the contingency of the bombarding vessel, not having time to comply with the prescribed formalities, "military necessity" may be alleged to justify any excesses and barbarity. "If," however, adds a third paragraph of this article, "military necessity, requiring immediate action does not admit of delay, it remains understood that the prohibition to bombard the undefended town continues as set out in the first paragraph, and that the commander will take all the desired precautions to occasion the least possible inconvenience to the town." It is left, as the reader sees, to the bombarding commander to inflict, as the French original mildly enjoins, "le moins d'inconvénients possible" on the place bombarded. In the above-cited first paragraph of Art. 2 we get a sort of definition, at any rate, of the alternative of "undefended." The presence anywhere of "military works," "naval establishments," "depôts of war material," "workshops suitable for use by the enemy army or fleet," "war vessels in port," are not, however, regarded as "defences," but as exceptions which, even in an undefended town, the commander may destroy. In the course of the discussion on the subject at the Conference of 1907, the German naval expert, Admiral Siegel, proposed to add "installations et provisions qui peuvent être utilisées."

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Asked to explain what he meant by "provisions," the Admiral stated that he had more particularly in view depots of coal. He ultimately withdrew his proposal, but he did so only on the ground that "war materials" covered his point, especially as they would include coal. It was pointed out that this view only applied to coal at a seaport. In this he seems to have acquiesced. The same Admiral claimed the right to bombard a railway junction or floating dock under the term "installations"; this was not disputed. It follows that a bombarding vessel may shell a railway junction and any dock capable of serving as a repairing dock, and, in fact, anything else which can serve the purposes of an army or navy. These provisions, I repeat, do not say or mean that a town ceases to be undefended owing to the presence within its area of things liable to be destroyed. Thus, the question of what constitutes an "undefended town" was still left without a precise definition. Thereupon, to meet this requirement as far as possible, General Den Beer Portugael, the Dutch expert delegate, made the following statement, which was accepted without objection, and declared in the protocol to be an interpretation of the term. I translate it:—

"What is a defended town?"

"In war on land there is no difficulty. An armed force is approaching a town. It may be fortified or open. Even if it is as usually open, the entrance may be defended by temporary banks, barricades, and other earthworks. It goes without saying that the attacking force has a perfect right to bring its artillery to bear on such defences and in such manner as it may think most effective in order to obtain possession of the town. Nevertheless, it will concentrate its artillery against these defence works and against the enemy artillery and forces, but it will take care not to direct its shells *en pure perte* against the town itself, seeing that they might result in loss to the civil population. In so doing the true soldier respects the honourable traditions of his profession.

"In maritime war the circumstances are less simple.

"Suppose that an enemy tried to land on the Dutch coast; for instance, at Scheveningen, which is practically a suburb of the Hague. Dutch forces would be sent to oppose the enemy's landing. Would this defence justify

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the bombarding of the Hague, which is an undefended city? Assuredly not. Such defence would not constitute the Hague a defended city. In these conditions, to bombard it would be contrary to the law of nations, because it would be unnecessary cruelty. It would be worse than unnecessary. The destruction of the habitations of peaceful civilians, the setting fire to its public buildings would not only not help to overcome the forces which would have to be defeated in order to obtain a landing, but it would stimulate their ardour in fighting against such unmitigated barbarism. In short, a 'defended town' means, and means alone, a town which is itself directly defended."

This interpretation of the sense of the word "defended," it is seen, tallies with the wording of the Convention itself.

These are all the materials we possess concerning the Hague provisions relating to bombardment, military or naval. London is both an inland city and a sea-port. All the rules relating to bombardment may be said to apply to it. As regards naval bombardment, the preamble to the convention relating to bombardment by naval forces states that its object is, as far as possible, to extend to such bombardments the principles of the Regulations of 1899 concerning war on land. We have seen that in the article of these regulations relating to bombardment the delegates of 1907 inserted a clause to cover aerial navigation. We may, therefore, say that the rules set out for bombardment generally apply also to aerial bombardment. Assuming it to be so, to what calamities of war are the inhabitants of the London area legally exposed in case of a visitation by German air-craft? They may be summed up as follows:—

1. The German commanders may lawfully attack all undisguised military and naval establishments, such as those along the Thames, including Woolwich;

2. They may destroy installations capable of being used for the needs of the military and naval forces, that is, railways facilitating communication between them and wireless stations;

3. They may destroy workshops for the manufacture of materials serviceable for the requirements of army or navy. This gives a commander a very wide discretion

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indeed. Admiral Siegel, we have seen, stated that "materials" covered what he meant by "provisions." In this case a German commander might consider himself within the law in destroying private factories in the most densely populated districts.

4. Lastly, and obviously, they may attack all batteries or guns installed for defensive purposes within the populated area. This raises the question of where or whether such batteries or guns should be installed.

The above German note includes banks, Government buildings, and railway stations among the legitimate objects of an attack. How the destruction of banks and Government buildings can diminish a belligerent's means of defence it is difficult to see, and as regards railway stations in this country, they can play no part in the war, unless their destruction synchronises with the landing of invading forces.

Bombardments from the air in the case of Paris have never yet succeeded in effecting their alleged purposes, and the best that can be said as an excuse for the damage they have done is that it has had the character of "involuntary damage occasioned by the bombardment," for which, the second paragraph of Art. 2 says, no responsibility is incurred.

German commanders have shown no disposition to carry out either the humane objects of the Hague Conventions or their terms. In their naval bombardments, far from confining their operations, as required by the Convention, to the things legitimately subject to attack, they have deliberately fired into private houses, as if the presence of an "installation" liable to destruction, even at an isolated extremity of a town, authorised the bombardment of the whole agglomeration. British aviators, on the contrary, have consistently confined themselves to the legitimate purposes of attack by air, and in all cases, be it said to their honour, they have been successful without causing the lateral damage, voluntary or involuntary, which has disgraced the futile attacks of the enemy. Both at Düsseldorf and at Hoboken the British aviators, to avoid doing involuntary damage, descended, at the imminent risk of their lives, to a proximity from which they could direct their aim with accuracy. The German aviators have not

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distinguished themselves by any such courage or any such accuracy. Their excuse for setting fire to the roof of Notre-Dame in Paris was that it was lateral damage caused in an effort to destroy the wireless station on the Eiffel Tower, three or four miles away!

Such exploits are on the same level as the other futile destruction of which German commanders have been guilty. With clumsy doggedness they may be hoping to redeem their barbarous aerial failures by some success so colossal that it will be an answer, at any rate, to the charge of futility. This, however, can hardly be effected by a raid on London, which would obviously be useless for any military or naval purpose, and it is improbable that the German commanders will wish to make another futile and illegal addition to their misdeeds when with legal effort they can do work more effective and less illegal elsewhere.

For the Unborn

By Austin Harrison

IN a famous address delivered by "Bob" Ingersoll on Decoration Day—a day devoted in America to the decoration of all the graves of those fallen in the War of Independence and in other wars—he began without any opening or formal introduction with the words: "The dead in these graves are the altars of our hearts." The words are memorable to us to-day. There will be many who will die this summer destined, alas! to be drenched with blood. We may say, too, that these dead in their rude graves in France and Flanders, abroad and on the seas, will be the altars of our hearts—of the heart of England. They will live for us and for their country long after the madness which is destroying the male strength of Europe will have subsided and the earth is young and green again.

And if we so honour our dead surely we should care for the living, still more for those who are yet unborn. Of these latter there are many shortly to come into the world, the fruit of joy and circumstance—war babies, numbers of whom will know no fathers, no guardians, and, as likely as not, not even a home, hardly indeed a mother. They have done no harm, these little children. In almost every case their father has been a soldier. It is war. If there are no dead, there is always life. They are the life, the blossom of youth and passion. And they are English, like their begetters. In a word, they are the human side—perhaps the only human side—of war.

As our laws now stand, these coming little people and their mothers are in parlous state. Such conditions were not anticipated, and so not provided for by our law-givers and ecclesiastics. But nature is more elastic. Its business is to fill, to replenish. Of sin, so-called, it is difficult here to speak. These love-matches and their consequences are part of the eternal law of creation, of self or race preserva-

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tion; the man who would denounce them, who for the sake of principle or traditional theory would judge them according to the canons of the law obtaining in the land in the blithe times of peace, passes sentence perforce on himself. It is he, the condemner, who stands outside the pale of humanity, not they; not those young mothers who knew their soldier lovers in the ardour and beauty of their hearts. The times are only too real. When death is rampant so there will be love which is its happy counterpart. Where there is much sorrow, anxiety, and dislocation of life's dull routine there will be yearning, romance, passion, and irresponsibility. When every man is, or longs to be, a soldier, it is but natural that women should desire to be lovers, to bear their part, too, in the scheme of country as mothers. War is always a great mating time. Naturally so, for nature is a cunning leveller. Men die willingly enough, but man's highest sense is still love. It is always woman's.

"Thou shalt not kill." What a mockery the commandment is to-day, with half Europe a field of battle and the whole energies of all the great European nations concentrated on the business of slaughter—the greatest slaughter possible, assisted by all the diabolic death-bringing agencies available! But what is right for man is also right for women. No sane man would point to the eighth commandment to-day and say this is the law of Church and country. For the time being there are no laws. Many of the clergy have joined the Army. In France, thousands of priests are with the flag in the trenches. War is a sad custodian of codes and the moralities. We chronicle with open glee the numbers of the enemy killed and wounded. We speak of so many German losses with unmitigated satisfaction. A sniper deliberately shoots ten Germans and he is delighted and so is his regiment, and so are we all. "Kill as many as you can," we say to the parting soldier, "and God be with you." And the French woman says the same words to her son, and the German mother says the same thing to her son. For the while there is no morality in our modern civilisation. Its office is to slay, to slay more, to slay again, cumulatively till the end.

But with the young mothers of the soldiers it is not so. The old-time British law still stands. Though men are

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urged to kill, women are not suffered to create. To them, the commandments still hold good. The woman who gives birth to a child not born of wedlock is still pilloried with shame. She is a social outcast. More. Her child is a bastard, and to be a bastard in this country is a life-long humiliation.

Our bastardy laws are indeed a cruel survival of ecclesiastical tyranny, entirely anomalous, whether regarded from the point of view of ethics or sociology. Just think what it is to be a bastard, to be a war baby born of some happy soldier who went away to fight the Germans and gave his life for his country. His child can *never be legitimatised*. Even if the mother marries, the child has to bear her maiden name. By the law, it may not have a father. Once a bastard always a bastard—such is the law. The little creature goes through life branded, like an unclean animal. In its frantic mediæval desire to crucify the offender, the ecclesiastical-made law of the land places a social ban upon the helpless children, ostracising them from the good-fellowship of humanity. The question of alimony seems to have been made purposely difficult for the mother. To obtain an affiliation order, the mother has to obtain a summons, and pay for it. In many cases the woman cannot afford it. And when the order has been obtained, the law does little to help her. So far as the protection of the mother and the maintenance for the child are concerned, the law lags far behind that of other countries, and is on the face of it grotesquely offensive, both to common sense and the very conception of motherhood.

But *punishment* is no longer the idea of progressive States which to-day legislate *remedially*. We call ourselves a democratic people. More and more we hear of the State, of Socialistic ideals, of emancipation from the trammels of antiquity. What, then, is the meaning of this indifference of the State towards the birth of an illegitimate child? Every birth is a social fact. It is obviously of direct advantage to the State to look after its own family, to see that the individual is assured a fair start on the road of life. To grant Old Age Pensions while turning some million illegitimate children born in a single generation into wastrels and shame-branded outcasts is as illogical as it is senseless. The fact that a child born one week before the

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father marries the mother deprives that child of all right of legitimatisation, and the father of all legal right to claim his offspring as his own, constitutes a stigma on our national intelligence that no ethic or appeal to morality or precedent can justify. The law is unspeakably cruel. It says the illegitimate child is to remain illegitimate. It has no kin, no right of inheritance. The father goes unpunished, whereas the child carries the so-called shame to its grave, according to the vindictive decrees of dogma. And on the mother the whole burden of care and responsibility falls, and she, too, is branded with State shame. So we treat motherhood in Merry England, the motherhood of love, which, with hypocritical morality, we extol as the altar of the family.

I am not pleading for illegitimacy, I am pleading for the luck of the roaring camp. Illegal parentage is, and must be, a social evil, which it is the business of the State to combat. It is to the present state of our Bastardy Laws that I would call attention in this, the ninth month of the war, when all over the country unhonoured mothers are preparing for the little ones that are coming unwanted, and branded even from birth, into the world.

The question has been bravely taken up by Mr. Ronald McNeill, M.P., in the Press; also the women of the Free Churches are appealing to women in every district to form local committees of women for purposes of help and instruction. It is not sufficient. The evil lies in the law. So long as our Bastardy Laws are suffered by public opinion to obtain, there can be no redress, and no justice done to these innocent war babies, born of sin and battle. The soldier may return to his love and marry her, but his child will not bear his name. At home he may call him father, but at school, in public, he is a bastard. Men and women, no doubt, will be lenient, seeing that he is a war bastard. But how will that help the little chap, perplexed that he may not think of his father, who fought in the Great War, as a son; or so speak of him, as, by the law of life, he is entitled to? And there will be many in such plight. Thousands, perhaps tens of thousands.

There is not much time. We have had our debates about the Derby and the ethics of horse-racing, and settled them to the satisfaction of the horses. But this is a question

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which concerns the women of the country and the unborn. In every way they are as important as the horses, though our lawgivers may not think so. These unborn children are left to us in trust by our soldiers. Socially and humanly it is a heritage we should respect.

Kind words, protestations, mothers' meetings, reasonable committees, frank offerings, sentiment, and platitudes are of no use whatever. It is the Bastardy Laws that must be changed, brought up to the standards of other enlightened countries, and to those obtaining in our own colonies. This reform, of course, can only be effected through Parliament. It rests then with the public, with the men and women of the country. No doubt, Ecclesiasticism would object; so much is to be expected. And yet I cannot bring myself to believe that the Church, in the face of the situation that is arising, would venture to crucify these soldiers' babies. Many of the clergy are fighting. The Bishop of London has been out in France speaking brave words to the men. Is it to be supposed he has no thought for their womenfolk, for their children? In reality, it should not be an ecclesiastical concern.

It is the concern of the State. Useless to argue about the morality of the problem, which is actual and urgent. In any case, the sin of these women is nothing compared (humanly and religiously) with the crime of the war, of which it is in truth a most human portent. Indeed, in the larger and higher sense these children are Nature's answer to slaughter. They come of the spirit of war to create, to be themselves fighters in the world, and they are the *children of Love*.

The children of Love. Let us not deceive ourselves by the phrase. All the chances are that these children will be good births, useful citizens of the State, far more likely to grow into fine men and women than the offspring of arranged marriages and the unlovely union of only too many of our modern wedlocks blessed by both State and Church. Only the hypocritical will deny the fact. Every one of these children born is a citizen of the Empire. If he is to owe allegiance to Britain, the country at least owes legitimacy to him. It owes it doubly to-day in the memory of his father.

The usual political tinkering will help nobody—this

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is not the time for the spirit of compromise, or the pink pills of charity. All the practical aspects of the situation are gravely serious. There is only one way whereby the mothers and the yet unborn can be freed from life-long ignominy, and that is by reforming the Bastardy Laws. They ought to have been reformed years ago. At this hour some thousands of children are awaiting delivery. Will it have to be recorded that England honoured her dead and branded their offspring with shame? Are we to bastardise the seed of those who fought for us? I cannot think so. I cannot believe in such brutality.

If there is any human sense or charity in our Government of lawyers they will find time to consider the mothers. But they will not do so unless the other mothers, the mothers with rings on their fingers, raise up their voices in protest. "Wait and see" spells earthly damnation to every luckless child so born. Biologically, the State has precious need of these little ones. There may yet come a time in this country, owing to the war, when motherhood will be a national duty—in Germany and probably in France it will be a State necessity. The lot of these little ones lies with the legitimate mothers of England. If they merely fuss and sentimentalise no good will accrue, and the laws will remain to shame us. Women say there is no *esprit de corps* among women; their test is at hand. They have but to demand justice for the young girls and women who are to become the mothers of war babies, and they will receive it, and by law will have won to a higher place in the long march of progress. If every man is to be a soldier, let every woman at least think like a mother and have done with this obsolete and cruel legislation, which in present conditions threatens the very sanity of our civilisation. I say, with all the earnestness of which I am capable, it will be a lasting disgrace if we do not repeal our wicked Bastardy Laws, so that these children may be suffered to come into the world free from ban and social degradation, and the soldiers who begot them may at least die with a bright heart for Liberty.

Our Duty to the Prisoners

By Austin Harrison

THE news that reprisals have been taken against British officer prisoners of war as an answer to our treatment of German submarine crews will not surprise anyone with the smallest knowledge of German military methods, and shows once more how singularly the authorities (whoever they may be) in this country fail to understand the German war idea. But the matter is too serious to be left where it is. Anything in the shape of reprisals would of a certainty bear disproportionately heavily on our men. Always it will be our soldiers who will get the knock. The problem which has arisen in connection with the prisoners is one calling for urgent and public treatment.

It is said that when the German officer, Andler, was caught the other day he expressed something like mild surprise to learn that he was not going to be shot. That is the German idea. To us, such disciplinary severity may appear inconceivable, to the German it is the custom and accepted thought. We must remember—perhaps we do not know—that German officers are forbidden by their military code to give their parole. They thus hold themselves entirely free : to escape, to do any damage they can ; and the same code applies, generally speaking, to all German subjects who, since the Delbrück laws, cannot forswear nationality, and are still regarded, even when nationalised, as subjects of the German State.

But our Government has no excuse for its remissness in not inquiring into the treatment of British captives in Germany. Article 14 of the Hague Regulations lays it down that an information bureau shall be established in each of the belligerent States and, in given circumstances, in neutral States, whose duty it will be to answer all inquiries relating to prisoners and inform itself about every-

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thing which concerns such prisoners of war. So far as I am aware, no such information bureau has been established in Germany. So far as we have been told, little effort has been made even to obtain the customary information about these prisoners.

If the Government will consult that invaluable work, *The German War Book*, translated by Professor J. H. Morgan, they will discover sufficient reason, it might be thought, to urge them to think seriously about the whole question. On page 73, the German code expressly asserts that prisoners may be put to death for four reasons. No. 4 is instructive. "*In case of overwhelming necessity, when other means of precaution do not exist and the existence of the prisoners becomes a danger to one's own existence.*"

At first blush, this paragraph looks vague enough. But vagueness is part of the German method. Put in plain language it means this. A belligerent nation can destroy its prisoners if their presence, care, or responsibility are militarily irksome: that is the point it behoves not only Britain, but the Allies conjointly to consider.

We speak of crushing Germany, but to crush the German Armies the Allies will have to penetrate into German territory. This, it may be, will be the case with the Russians forcing their way into Austria-Hungary, in which eventuality it is clear that the condition of paragraph 4 might be regarded as actual. We know that the Germans possess an unprecedented amount of prisoners.* It is obvious that if ever the Russians or the Allies come to fight on German (Austrian) soil grave difficulties may arise in connection with the safeguarding of the prisoners who, in certain not unrealisable conditions, may become a source of veritable danger to the German defensive forces. It will be too late then to enter into negotiations about them. Moreover, from the German military point of view, these men constitute a moral or political weapon to be used accordingly. I know that if Germany is ever seriously put to it within her own territory these prisoners, the moment they constituted a military inconvenience, would stand in the gravest danger. In the last extremity, the Germans would have no hesitation in doing away with them.

* The German official report claims up to April 1st 812,803 prisoners; 20,827 British and more than 500,000 Russians.

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There is not the smallest exaggeration in this statement, which I make deliberately. The German law of fighting admits all forms of annihilation and slaughter as inherent in the war power of a combatant. Ruthlessness is the German war motto. Moltke was always the advocate of terrorism, holding that all the resources of the foe were liable to attack. Since his time the ethics of German *Kriegsritte* have not moderated. In a defensive war such as the Germans will, it is to be hoped, shortly be engaged on, they recognise no laws or restrictions whatsoever. In defence of the Fatherland all means are regarded as justifiable. We may count upon it they will display them.

It is my deliberate opinion that we shall be incurring a grave responsibility if we allow this question of the prisoners to drift on till the crisis arrives. Reprisals in any form should be avoided, if only out of consideration of our own honour. But we can, and we ought to, make this question a world-wide concern. And we ought to let the Germans know our intentions.

The law, precedent, sentiment, foggy appeals to the regulations of Peace Congresses will avail nothing. We are dealing with a military people who only recognise military, or (as they say) Roman standards of life and conduct. To imagine that by electrifying a country residence we are winning the sympathy of the Germans is to misunderstand their attitude. They regard that sort of thing as a sign of degeneracy (I am not sure that it isn't). Diplomatic representations will pass unheeded. Even on American initiative we must count less and less the more the Germans drift into unveiled hostility to America, which very possibly will be their ultimate aim in order to force the United States into the fray in the guise of an interested peace-maker. The time is approaching when great events may take place. We cannot afford to lose a moment.

It is just possible that if the Government pressed the matter strongly on a reciprocal basis, we might arrange with Germany to have all British prisoners removed to a neutral country, but, unfortunately, the number of neutral countries is exceedingly limited, and, short of Spain, I can see no State likely to be willing to accept the responsibility; added to which there is the serious difficulty of removal. In any case, such a scheme could hardly apply to the

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enormous masses of Allied prisoners now in the hands of the Germans.

But we can state our position, and we can announce to the world the attitude of the Allies. The Germans should be given clearly to understand that in the event of the maltreatment of prisoners or of their slaughter, the Allied Powers will hold the crowned heads, the Princes, Generals, Ministers, and higher officials responsible, who will be tried accordingly. Sooner or later there will come peace, and the Germans will have to accept the Allies' terms. On that day of reckoning judgment will be passed. We sent Napoleon to St. Helena. If the Germans kill these prisoners, we must send the Kaiser and his confederates to their deaths.

We ought to proclaim this to the whole world—now. It is the only way to deal with the Germans; moreover, it is the way they would deal with us. It is suggested in France that the Allies should not discuss terms with the Kaiser and his Generals, but with delegates of the German people. The idea is good, but to carry it out we have first to beat the Germans to the necessary point of submissiveness, which is to say, we have got to humble them. It is there that the danger to the prisoners lies. The imagination reels before the idea of a Russian invasion of Austria with the consequent madness of the German soldiery, the utter ruthlessness of the means they would adopt to defend their homes. In such a crisis the prisoners may well become a source of trouble. Those who think the Germans would place the welfare of their prisoners before their own safety ignore the German character. If ever such a crisis occurs, there will be deeds done in Germany unrecorded in all history.*

* The cold-blooded murder of Mr. Hadley is characteristic of the German military attitude.

The Use of Cotton in War

By Sir William Ramsay, K.C.B., F.R.S.

TILL recently, the old-fashioned black powder, which was said to have been known to the Chinese in remote times, but which was re-invented by Roger Bacon, was the only ammunition serviceable for the propulsion of shot and shell from guns. It consists of a mixture of charcoal, sulphur, and saltpetre; the two first are combustibles; the last serves to supply these with oxygen, and make them burn. As a rule, burning bodies obtain their oxygen from the air; gunpowder, on the other hand, contains its own source of oxygen. When the charcoal and the sulphur burn, the charcoal is changed into two gases, one of which is named carbon monoxide; its chemical formula is CO , showing that it consists of an atom of carbon, in union with an atom of oxygen; the other has the formula CO_2 , and is the familiar "carbonic acid gas" of soda-water; its systematic name is carbon dioxide. The sulphur, when it burns, gives sulphur dioxide, of which the formula is SO_2 . These are all gases; and as it is a law that gases, when heated, expand greatly, the heat developed by the burning of the charcoal and the sulphur raises them to a very high temperature. The volume of the gases is over four thousand times greater than that of the powder from which it is produced. This gas is developed with great rapidity; each grain of powder, in changing to gas, sets fire to its neighbour; and as the particles are close together, the combustion spreads, and the pressure rises; for the volume of the powder in the gun is small, and the gases originally occupy the volume of the powder. But as the powder begins to explode, the pressure rises, owing to the expansion of the gases formed; the bullet begins to move, and as the combustion spreads, more powder burns, and increases the velocity of the bullet in the barrel, until it issues from the muzzle of the gun with a certain rate, which is termed the "muzzle-velocity."

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In driving the bullet down the barrel, the expansion of the gases exerts energy; theoretically one pound of black powder should raise 500 tons through one foot; in practice this is not reached, for only one-fifth to one-tenth of this energy is developed. It may be more comprehensible if the statement is put in a different form. Suppose that the energy developed is 100 foot-tons, this is equivalent to the raising of a bullet weighing one pound to 224,000 feet, or 127 miles! Needless to say, this is never achieved in practice; for the energy of the powder is by no means expended when the bullet leaves the barrel; and the friction of the bullet in the barrel, and that of the air after it leaves the barrel enormously decrease this theoretical estimate. Moreover, the gases cool themselves on expanding, and so diminish the theoretical pressure.

Each grain of black powder is easily visible to the eye; and each grain explodes separately. The grains are coated with blacklead, or graphite, also a form of carbon; it is one which does not easily burn; and so it protects each grain more or less from its neighbours. This is intentionally done, in order that the explosion may not be too rapid; if it were, the gun might burst before the bullet had been made to move sufficiently for room to be given for the gases to expand. Now, chemical substances are known in which the materials which explode are not separated from each other by a considerable distance, as in black powder, but are as near together as atoms can come; the distance between two atoms in a compound is almost infinitesimal. Hence if such a body explodes, there is almost instant union between the carbon and hydrogen which it contains, and its oxygen. Such a substance is gun-cotton. But there is another reason why gun-cotton explodes more powerfully than gunpowder, and that is, because when it decomposes it gives off much heat; there is not merely the heat evolved by the burning of the carbon and hydrogen with its oxygen, but the very act of its decomposing is accompanied by an evolution of heat. The gases which are formed therefore, the oxides of carbon, steam or water-gas, and nitrogen are enormously hot, and consequently occupy a much larger volume relative to that of the gases of black powder. Whereas the temperature developed by black powder when it explodes is about 2,200° Centigrade, that of gun-cotton

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is about 4,000° Centigrade; hence the expansion of the gases is about double that of the gases from black powder, and the consequent pressure nearly double as great.

Gun-cotton was discovered in 1845 by the Swiss chemist, Schönbein; he prepared it by treating cotton-wool with a mixture of nitric and sulphuric acids; the "cellulose," to give cotton-wool its proper name, is "nitrated," that is, it takes from the nitric acid groups consisting of an atom of nitrogen combined with two atoms of oxygen. It is then washed with water, and dried; its appearance hardly differs from that of the cotton-wool from which it is made. When it explodes, the oxygen of these groups unites with the carbon and hydrogen which are constituents of the cotton, while the nitrogen is set free as a gas, such as forms four-fifths of ordinary air.

The effect of gun-cotton is not obtained by setting it on fire, as is the case with black powder. When a light is put to it, it simply burns with a rapid flare; it does not explode. To make it break up suddenly, it requires to be "detonated." This can be brought about by hitting it a hard blow on an anvil; but the blow is better given by use of a "detonator." A detonator is a substance similar chemically to gun-cotton in this: it is also a very unstable substance, and it also gives out heat when it decomposes. The first known of these substances was discovered in 1797 by the Englishman Higgins; he named it fulminate of gold. Three years later, Howard discovered fulminate of mercury, which is still used as the best available detonator. It is made by dissolving mercury in a mixture of nitric acid and alcohol. It is a greyish-white powder, and is the material used for percussion caps. The slightest sharp blow or rise of temperature causes it to explode violently, and although it gives very little gas, still its explosion has the effect of a sudden blow in causing gun-cotton to explode almost instantaneously.

The explosion of gun-cotton, however, is too rapid for its use in a gun; before the bullet has time to move, the gun would burst.

A substance similar to nitro-cotton, or gun-cotton, was first prepared by a Frenchman named Sobrero, in 1847; it is made by mixing glycerine with nitric and sulphuric acids; it is an oil, which settles out, and is washed free from

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acid with water. It, too, explodes almost instantaneously when a drop is placed on an anvil and hit with a hammer; indeed, it is less stable than gun-cotton and explodes under slighter provocation. It was for long used as a blasting material in mines, but its use was always attended with danger, and many lives have been lost owing to its accidental explosion. Like gun-cotton, it can be fired by means of a detonator of fulminate of mercury. This was discovered in 1864 by Alfred Nobel, a Swede, and in 1868 Sir Frederick Abel found that fulminate causes gun-cotton to explode. To detonate gun-cotton, the fibre is compressed into a cylinder, in which the fulminate is embedded; and when it is detonated by means of a blow or a fuse, the gun-cotton explodes; the fulminate, unlike nitroglycerine or gun-cotton, detonates when heated. The explosion of one cylinder of gun-cotton sets off another cylinder placed alongside it, if the distance between them is not too great. Indeed, a comparative idea of the stability of a sample of gun-cotton may be obtained by measuring the distance at which the explosion of one will set off its neighbour.

Nobel greatly increased the safety of handling nitroglycerine by soaking with it an infusorial earth, named kieselguhr, which consists of microscopic silica shells. Each of these fills with the nitroglycerine, and it forms a pasty substance termed "dynamite." But, of course, dynamite, though a good blasting material, is of no use for ammunition, for the granules of silica would abrade the gun.

The amount of oxygen in gun-cotton is not quite sufficient for the complete combustion of the carbon and hydrogen which it contains. On the other hand, nitroglycerine contains a small excess of oxygen. Nobel made the very useful discovery that by kneading gun-cotton with nitroglycerine, the latter is absorbed and dissolves the gun-cotton, forming a rubber-like mass. This mixture is comparatively stable, and contains enough oxygen for complete combustion. In the compact state it is used for blasting purposes; but its explosion is too sudden for it to be possible to use it in guns. It can, however, be made suitable by sub-division into granules, or threads. The ammunition of most foreign nations consists of granules of "blasting

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gelatine" to which one or other addition is made to moderate the explosion; the British ammunition, cordite, so named from its cord-like form, consists of strings of this substance formed into threads by forcing it through a die.

While rifles fire solid bullets, the larger ordnance nowadays always fires shells; hollow projectiles, containing some explosive material which can be set off either by a time-fuse, in contact with fulminate of mercury, or by impact of a fulminate capsule with the object struck. Gun-cotton, either alone or as blasting-gelatine, is, however, unsuitable for filling shells, owing to the fact that if a shell charged with it were fired from a gun, it would explode in the gun, and rupture it. Hence it is necessary to replace it by some other explosive which will withstand the shock of the explosion of the ammunition in the gun without itself exploding. Of these there are two chief varieties. The first is picric acid, made by the action of a mixture of nitric and sulphuric acids on carbolic acid or phenol, one of the constituents of coal-tar; the second, trinitrotoluene, or "T.N.T.," is produced by similarly nitrating toluene, a light oil, also distilled from coal-tar. Picric acid has the disadvantage that it attacks most metals, among others iron, forming salts, which are themselves much more unstable than the picric acid itself. Hence, a shell filled with picric acid has to be protected in its interior with some material on which the picric acid will not act. Trinitrotoluene, on the other hand, suffers from no such disadvantage. Picric acid does not contain enough oxygen to consume all its carbon and hydrogen; hence its explosion is accompanied by clouds of black smoke; at the same time, the poisonous gas, carbonic oxide, is produced; and some of the picric acid escapes burning, and stains yellow the hands and faces of those exposed to its fumes. Its explosive power is often increased by the addition of substances which will add oxygen, such as nitrate of ammonium. Ammonal, for example, which is largely used by the Austrians, is picric acid with which nitrate of ammonium, charcoal powder, aluminium, and trinitrotoluene have been incorporated. It is a more powerful explosive than picric acid, and is very safe; but it does not always explode, for it is apt to become moist.

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Trinitrotoluene, "T.N.T.," "trotyl," "tritolo," "tolite," "trilite," or "tritol" (to mention some of the names by which its various makers have called it) is very safe, for it requires a heavy detonation to make it explode, and it can be melted and poured into shells without any danger. It has also the advantage of not wetting with water. It is largely used by all the combatants in the present war.

We see, then, that there are four kinds of explosive; first, black powder, which is a mixture of substances, one of which gives off oxygen with which the others burn, producing a large volume of hot gases; it is not sensitive to shock. Second, nitroglycerine, gun-cotton, and the various mixtures of these, to which other materials are sometimes added, generally to supply more oxygen. These are fairly sensitive to shock; they can be exploded by a smart blow, or by a detonator; when set on fire, they burn vigorously, but do not explode, as a rule. Third, picric acid and trinitrotoluene, sometimes with additions. These are not easily exploded; they are safe to handle, and require a strong detonator to set them off. Fourth, the material of detonators, fulminate of mercury; it is very sensitive to shock, and also explodes when heated.

For propulsive ammunition, black powder, which, however, is now discarded, and the gelatinised mixtures of nitroglycerine and gun-cotton are alone available. For filling shells, black powder may be used, but it is ruled out in favour of the more powerful explosives, picric acid or trinitrotoluene. For a detonator, fulminate of mercury is practically the only compound employed.

The raw materials required in the manufacture of these explosives are: for black powder, nitre, sulphur, and charcoal; for nitroglycerine, glycerine, nitric and sulphuric acids; for gun-cotton, cotton and the acids mentioned; for the modern powders made from them, alcohol, acetone, and other solvents are sometimes used; for picric acid, a product of coal-tar named phenol or carbolic acid; and for trinitrotoluene, toluene, another oil from coal-tar, along with nitric and sulphuric acids. For fulminates, mercury, nitric acid, and alcohol are the necessary materials for manufacture. A list of all the essentials will comprise sulphur and sulphides, the chief of which is sulphide of iron, or iron pyrites. Sulphur is exported chiefly from Sicily and vol-

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canic districts; there is none as such in Germany and Austria. Iron pyrites come chiefly from Spain; there are also deposits in Norway. It is not abundant in Germany; but in the Hartz and in Silesia there are deposits of ores containing sulphur, such as galena (sulphide of lead), blende (sulphide of zinc), and some others. Sulphur and sulphides are raw material for sulphuric acid. Nitre, or saltpetre, the chemical name of which is nitrate of potassium, is extracted from the soil in northern India; but that source is insignificant, and is, moreover, not available for our adversaries. Nitrate of sodium, or *caliche*, serves as a manure; it is found in the soil on the high plateaux of the Andes, and is exported in enormous quantity from Peru and Chili. In ordinary times, the amount used for ammunition is trifling, compared to that required for agriculture; large as that stock must have been in Germany at the beginning of the war, it is probably nearly exhausted. When distilled with sulphuric acid, it yields nitric acid, which, in conjunction with sulphuric acid, is used in "nitrating" glycerine, cotton, phenol, and toluene, producing nitroglycerine, gun-cotton, picric acid, and trinitrotoluene respectively.

It is now more than fifteen years since two Norwegians, Professor Birkeland of Christiania, and Dr. Eyde, invented a process by which the oxygen and nitrogen of the air are made to combine by electric heat; the resulting gas, nitric peroxide, when passed through water, gives nitric acid; it can also be combined with lime, yielding as a product nitrate of lime, which is coming into use as a manure. Norway is particularly well adapted for this industry, on account of its cheap electric power, derived from the energy of waterfalls. But, of course, it can be made where a supply of coal is available; and that is the case of Germany; all that is required is to rotate a dynamo. Doubtless the Germans are procuring nitric acid by this means. Still more recently, however, a process has been worked out by Professor Haber and Mr. Le Rossignol, in which atmospheric nitrogen, completely separated from the oxygen of the air by liquefying and fractionation, is made to combine with hydrogen by electric heating; the product is ammonia. Ammonia is also produced in large amount during the distillation of coal, in the manufacture of coal-

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gas, and in coking coal. It is known that the Germans have just installed very large works on the Rhine, near Mannheim, in which Haber's process is in operation. But ammonia as such is of no direct use in the manufacture of explosives; it must first be oxidised to nitric acid. This is achieved by the method of Ostwald and Kayser. It is also known that the German Government has recently subsidised this manufacture to the extent of £10,000,000, so it would appear as if that were their chief source of nitric acid.

Glycerine is a product of the soap works; when fats are boiled with caustic soda in the process of soap-making, the glycerine remains in the watery layer, after "salting-out" the soap, and is recovered from it by distillation. There can be no lack of glycerine in Germany; although the supply of the various fats and oils, which normally comes from hot countries, may at present be cut off.

Cotton consists of cellulose, the chief constituent of wood. It is grown in the southern States of America, in Egypt, and in India. The last two sources of supply are, of course, cut off from Germany. Allusion will be made later to the American supplies. It may be stated here, however, that other forms of cellulose are ill-adapted for gun-cotton; much depends on the physical condition of the material; and cotton fibre has been found to be best. In peace, the short fibre, rejected by the spinners, serves to satisfy the needs of the sporting world for powder; but at present, the consumption of cotton fibre must be prodigious. Alcohol, acetone, and other solvents are not likely to be lacking to our enemies, although the price of the latter has doubtless gone up. It is produced from acetic acid, itself obtained by the distillation of wood.

Coal-tar is certainly being produced in large amount in Germany and Austria. There is no reason to doubt that coal is being distilled as usual for illuminating gas; and although the production of iron, which requires coke, for industrial purposes is probably not nearly so large as in time of peace, still, Krupp's works must require very large quantities of steel for guns of all kinds, and for other purposes connected with the war. Hence it may be taken that the coking furnaces are going as usual, and producing their quotum of coal-tar. From it phenol and toluene can

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be separated. The last raw material to be considered is mercury; its chief source is Spain and South America. But the total amount required for fulminates is by no means great; and it would appear probable, therefore, that our enemies have a sufficient supply on hand.

It would have been well, at the commencement of the war, to have taken every possible means to exclude materials which could serve the enemy for ammunition. But the policy appears to have been that so dear to our Government—"Wait and See." The chief desiderata of our adversaries are probably sulphur and cotton. Very high prices are being offered for both of these; and it is known that supplies of the former are entering Germany from Norway and from Spain, both neutral countries, and both within communication with Germany; the former through the Baltic; the latter *via* Genoa.

There is no use in crying over spilt milk, or rather, over the milk of human unkindness, with which our enemies have been supplied. It would have been reasonable, and would have raised no ill-feeling among neutral nations, had all ships, conveying cargoes likely to serve any purpose of munitions of war to Germany, or to neutral nations, been captured, taken possession of, and *paid for*. Germany and Austria, according to the Cotton Spinners' Federation, which has compiled its information from actual returns made by the cotton spinners of these countries of the cotton used in the cotton-spinning mills, imported during the years 1911, 1912, and 1913, the following quantities in bales from America, India, and Egypt:—

	1911.	1912.	1913.
Germany.....	1,730,355	1,797,371	1,691,582
Austria	782,886	864,096	837,065

The weights of bales of cotton differ, however, according to the source; thus, the weight of an American bale is 500 lbs., of an East Indian bale, 400 lbs., and of a bale from Egypt, 700 lbs. Allowing for these, the average import for spinning purposes during the three years was:—

Germany.....	383,587 tons.
Austria	178,463 ,,
	<hr/>
	562,050 ,,

The Board of Trade returns show that the average for the two countries lies, for the past five years, in the neigh-

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bourhood of 700,000 tons. The difference, about 140,000 tons, is supposed to be used for wadding, upholstery, and gun-cotton. Now, ten tons of cotton furnish about eighteen tons of gun-cotton. It is impossible to guess how much of this extra 140,000 tons was used for purposes other than the manufacture of gun-cotton; but knowing, as we do, that the present war was not begun by Germany on the spur of the moment, but had been carefully prepared for, it may not be unreasonable to suppose that 100,000 tons a year were reserved for making 180,000 tons of gun-cotton. If this preparation had been carried on for five years, it implies a store of 900,000 tons of gun-cotton.

That this is not a wholly unreasonable supposition is revealed by the immense preparations which Germany has been making for the present war. Still, it is only a guess; and we have no right to act on this guess as if it were a fact.

Let us next see how much cotton is required during the present war by our enemies. A German Mauser rifle-cartridge contains 48·4 grains of gun-cotton; and as one part of gun-cotton requires 0·55 part of cotton, the 48·4 grains would have been produced from 26·6 grains of cotton. The next part of the calculation refers to the number of shots fired. Assume 3,000,000 men, and that each, on the average, fires ten rounds a day. Then we have an expenditure of fifty-one tons of cotton a day, or 18,600 tons a year, as a minimum for rifles. The expenditure on machine guns is enormously greater, owing to their very rapid firing. It may safely be taken as of equal amount; together 36,000 tons a year. Next, ordnance is being used very largely; here, again, we can only form a rough estimate. Suppose the Germans are using 5,000 guns, that each fires ten shots a day, and that the average charge is about 50 lbs. If that be so, then 1,000 tons a day, or 365,000 tons a year, would be required. It is probable that the number of shots fired is much over-estimated. The reader can make his own estimate. Anyhow, the annual expenditure cannot be less than 100,000, and may be as great as 300,000 tons a year.

Now, no one knows how long the war will last. It may be for months; we hope it will not be for years. But of one thing we are absolutely certain—that the more materials

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for ammunition we allow to enter Germany, the longer the duration of the war.

The importance of excluding materials of ammunition from Germany was not realised by the Cabinet for many months, although representations were frequently made to its members. It was said that Germany had already taken precautions to store all the ammunition she would want. And, most unfortunately, Sir Edward Grey, replying to a letter from Mr. Page, the American Ambassador, on January 7th, wrote:—

“His Majesty’s Government have never put cotton on the list of contraband; they have throughout the war kept it on the free list, and on every occasion, when questioned on the point, they have stated their intention of adhering to the practice.”

One can only gasp, and ask: “For Heaven’s sake, why?”

Various reasons have been alleged why cotton should not be declared contraband; it would appear as if our Government were anxious to take no steps to prevent it from entering Germany. Mr. Primrose, answering for the War Office, when asked on the 14th inst. in the House whether it was the intention of Government to exclude cotton, merely referred to previous statements; these were to the effect that as Germany had plenty of cotton in stock, there was no reason for preventing her from having more!

It may be said that the Order in Council of March 15th will have the effect of excluding cotton. It may also be supposed to exclude copper and wool, both of which are placed on the contraband list. It is fair to conclude that by making this distinction between wool, unsuited for ammunition, and cotton, an absolute essential, there is some difference in their treatment. It is known that there are large cargoes of cotton in the sheds at Gothenburg; it is also known that the normal consumption of American cotton in Sweden is 5,000 tons; it is also known that enormously high prices are being offered for cotton by Germany. The imports of cotton from other sources into Sweden are not insignificant. There are in Sweden about half-a-million spindles; and the normal amount of cotton for a year’s use of that number of spindles is about 8,000 tons. But it would appear that 24,000 tons reached Sweden in 1913–14; hence about 12,000 tons must have been re-shipped from Sweden to other countries in that year.

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It is also known that cargoes are consigned to Holland *via* Genoa, and that to reach Holland they must pass through German territory, or territory occupied by Germany. Is it likely that it is permitted unchecked transport through our enemy's country? Is it not more likely that it is confiscated, and doubtless paid for by the Germans?

When a port is declared to be blockaded, all ships attempting to enter, whether enemy or neutral, can be captured and confiscated with their cargoes, whether contraband or not. But by the treaty of Paris (1856), no blockade is valid unless enforced by a fleet sufficient to make it effective. A nation cannot blockade a neutral port, and hence the Government have never declared the German ports to be in a state of blockade. But they have declared that all ships, whether carrying contraband or not, shall be stopped if going to Germany. This is wholly illegal, and is justifiable only as a reprisal. The declaration has all the force of a blockade, except that if a neutral ship is stopped, the ship and cargo must be restored to the owners; contraband goods, however, may be retained. Cotton, not having been declared contraband, is allowed to proceed, unless destined for Germany. If belonging to a neutral, it might be retained, but would have to be purchased. If it were declared contraband, it would *ipso facto* be forfeited; but, doubtless, payment would be made to its possessors, if they were neutrals.

It is difficult for an outsider to judge of such matters. It would appear, however, that the simplest plan would be to place cotton under the same category as copper, wool, etc., and to declare it contraband. In this case the captain of a ship would have no doubt as to his course of action. As it is, he must examine the papers of the ship which he has stopped; if he finds that the consignees of the goods which it contains are neutrals, he has no option but to let them pass. The consignees, of course, are exposed to heavy temptation to make enormous profits by sending war materials to Germany, and it is unlikely that all will resist.

There remains to be considered the susceptibilities of America. There are two lines of argument which might be applied. First, the precedent of their own action during their Civil War might be quoted. It is all in favour of making cotton contraband. Second, it might be pointed

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out that all cotton retained will be purchased from the owners at market price. Supposing the whole crop were thus dealt with, it would involve an expenditure of some £20,000,000—a large sum, but relatively small, when the daily cost of this war is considered. Moreover, it is unlikely that there would be any material loss; there would, on the contrary, be a prospect of gain. For the price per lb. of “middling” American cotton in 1911-12 was $6\frac{1}{10}$ pence; in 1912-13, $6\frac{3}{4}$ pence; and it is at present quoted at $5\frac{3}{4}$ pence. Hence the Government might do a good deed and make a profit.

But we have Sir Edward Grey’s promise to Dr. Page. Is it this “scrap of paper” which prevents action? Doubtless it is. But circumstances alter; and there is no disgrace in giving due notice of the termination of a promise when its keeping results in the loss of innumerable lives. Should the Americans protest, then the loss of life would lie at their door. Doubtless they are concerned, not to help the enemy with ammunition, but to make sure that their traders are not exposed to loss. This assurance could be given to them, and would certainly be accepted.

This matter is of extreme urgency; every day means the sacrifice of the lives of our Allies and our own brave men. If the Government refuse to take what is obviously the right course, they must be compelled to do so by a national protest. We cannot allow our rulers to connive at supplying ammunition to our enemies; they must be forced to declare cotton contraband.

Books

FICTION

THE INVISIBLE EVENT. By J. D. BERESFORD. Sidgwick and Jackson. 6s.

A conscientious study. It is perfectly true that the loves of this rather humdrum couple are not a very exhilarating subject; that the heroine—especially in the earlier half of the volume—has certain teasing tricks of indecision and prevarication which would have tried the patience of men less hopelessly enamoured than her Jacob; that the problem presented is neither new nor solved in a new fashion. But this problem is an everlastingly interesting one and is adequately dealt with; and as to the other objections—well, the author would doubtless retort that he is giving us nothing more than a piece of realism, and that one must not ask for things which lie outside the scope of his work. Still, we wish he could have made us feel a little more pleased, or a little more displeased, with these two not very youthful lovers. It is all so very drab—drab folks in a drab environment; there is not a gleam of humour or joviality from cover to cover. Such people exist, no doubt; but they are not the kind of people one cares to meet, even as curiosities—they are not curious enough. And if so, why should we be expected to like reading about them? To make Jacob and his Betty really vital would require an insight and constructive imagination such as Mr. Beresford has not displayed in the present case. He has given us careful photographic reproductions from middle-class society.

THE RAT-PIT. By PATRICK MACGILL. Herbert Jenkins. 6s. net.

This is a welter of misery and squalor. It is to the author's credit that the Irish and the Scotch surroundings of his characters are suggestively differentiated—more so, indeed, than the personages themselves, who are rather deficient in distinctive features; altogether, the volume bears the stamp of veracity and first-hand experience. The

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technique shows considerable improvement on the last work of Mr. Macgill. But he strikes us as not yet having attained a proper distance from the life he describes. There is little *substance* in the tale; and it is not only spun out to excessive length, but also liable to degenerate into melodrama, as in the closing scene, or in that meeting of brother and sister that recalls Maupassant's story *Le Port*. The chief defect is this: that the handling is not sufficiently objective to turn the book into a purely artistic achievement, while, on the other hand, it is too impersonal (not bitter enough) to gain its fullest possible force as an indictment of certain social conditions. Lastly, we venture to think that the reader's sympathies will not be sharpened, but blunted, by such a litany of suffering. Instead of rising exasperated from its perusal and vowing vengeance on a system which permits such atrocities, he will heave a sigh of relief and feel thunderingly glad that the heroine has at last thought fit to die. Now, whose fault is that? Is it the author's yet defective sense of measure, or the publisher's determination to have so many (unnecessary) thousand words for this six-shilling venture?

BRUNEL'S TOWER. By EDEN PHILLPOTTS. Heinemann. 6s.

This novel has a setting of unusual interest—one of those old countryside potteries with their immemorial craftsmanship, their peculiar lore, their traditions of technique handed down from father to son. And the artistic delineation of the characters has that delicate touch, that cleanliness and restraint, to which we are accustomed from Mr. Eden Phillpotts. It is the kind of book that deserves to be widely read not only for its intrinsic attractions, the beauty of its style, and the charm of the Devonshire landscape which it describes, but for the deep human problem it touches. For it deals with a clash of ideals—a conflict of two moralities, the old and (possibly) the new. The author has worked out this theme with fine philosophy and discrimination.

HISTORY AND BIOGRAPHY

THE HEALING OF NATIONS. By EDWARD CARPENTER.
George Allen and Unwin. 2s. net.

This collection of thoughtful papers (two of their number have already appeared in the pages of the ENGLISH

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REVIEW) should be read by all who wish to look a little deeper into the causes which underlie Germany's attitude towards us and our Allies. The exposition is lucid in the extreme, the arguments convincing; there is no rhetoric, no invective, no piling up of statistics. It is a book by a man who has delved down to the roots of the matter, who has pondered the issues, immediate and remote, that are involved in the present conflict—a hopeful book, and one that cleanses the mind.

NAPOLEON IN EXILE: ST. HELENA. By NORWOOD YOUNG.
2 vols. Stanley Paul. 32s. net.

We have already had occasion to speak well of Mr. Norwood Young's study of Napoleon in exile at Elba. The present volumes attain the same high standard of research, and may well be found even more interesting than that other one, by reason of the tragic gloom that involves this period of the Emperor's history. The author personally visited St. Helena in order to obtain first-hand knowledge of local conditions; he has gone through the enormous literature of this last phase with great diligence and discrimination; he presents the fruits of his labours in pleasing form. Figures like those of O'Meara and Hudson Lowe stand out clearly and often in a new light—"General Bonaparte" himself is shown in all his spectacular pathos. Quite a feature of this work are the hundred odd illustrations from the wonderful collection of Mr. Broadley; the publisher, too, has done everything possible to make it attractive.

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